

Deep (feat. Lil Wayne)

Big Sean

Do or die nigga
I'mma keep poppin' this champagne
(Ain't worried about shit)
Finally famous nigga Man I look up to God
I wonder if I fell from the sky
Will I hit the ground or will I learn how to fly
I'm pretty sure you see it in my eyes
Sometimes I wonder if I already died
That shit get deep, deep, deep
Man I swear to God that shit just get so deep, deep, deep, deep Man I swear to God it get so deep though
That sometimes I just gotta wake my ass up out my sleep though
And wonder what if all the shit I reaped then got repoed
And the girl I gave it all up for ain't love me for me though
See I got a stack of problems that could use a fucking steamroll
Got off in the game don't need no cheat code
As long as I know the G code
Being paranoid done turned me to a creep
You ain't got that metal on your side
Police gon' work it like Magneto if they need to, it get deep
Deep, deeper than telekinesis
Deeper than your sister dying and you're telling your nieces
The deeper it gets, boy the pressure increases
But pressure make diamonds
And my name is Sean cause I shine, it's self explanatory
I architect the flow, rapping all of these stories on stories
You know the story
If my back against the ropes, then I'll finish don't call it
My opponent probably praying for postponement
You fuck with the best rapper don't even know it
It's written in the stars man the sky is the author
I pulled the sword out of the stone I'm King Arthur
Motherfuck your armor nigga, only weapon I'm scared of is Karma
You watching the son turn to father, fucking life and her daughter
Nigga that shit just get deep Man I look up to God
I wonder if I fell from the sky
Will I hit the ground or will I learn how to fly
I'm pretty sure you see it in my eyes
Sometimes I wonder if I already died
That shit get deep, deep, deep

Man I swear to God that shit just get so deep, deep, deep, deep
Been going hard all day, wish a nigga would fuck
with me
Then I blow the candles out on my cake
And niggas always thinking it's a game, 'til we ran them out the arcade
Stunting in my southern player, reach the caddy like Andre
I talk that cash money shit
YM plus CMB you can do the math for me bitch
Jail time a slap on the wrist
Cut your head off get it mailed out stamp on your lips
You can tell I'm grinding by my wrist
Anything can happen cause a broke man is an optimist
Well tell them I'll be waiting in suspense
I got some miles on me but it's cool cause I never get an inch
And I don't give two fucks about what your mouth say
'Cause shit is deep and in rap I cannot say
That shit enough times like somebody rewind me
Like shit is deeper than rap, I cannot say that shit enough times
I feel like Sean, don't get enough shine
Is it because he ain't got the tattoos, he ain't throwing up signs
Well let me throw up mine and also let me show this vision of mine
Fuck the finish line, just finish in lines
And if getting your point across crosses the line
Some of the time, then cross it with pride
That's real my nigga, remember that
And ain't nobody if they remember you they remember rap
So just spit it back and hope somebody diggin' that
'Cause this shit is deep, deep
Deep as empty pockets, nigga
We come empty pockets before we have empty pockets slime
That shit get deep
Man I look up to God
I wonder if I fell from the sky
Will I hit the ground or will I learn how to fly
I'm pretty sure you see it in my eyes
Sometimes I wonder if I already died
That shit get deep, deep, deep
Man I swear to God that shit just get so deep, deep, deep, deep

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