

Rwt

Big Sean

Yup, yup
I look up
Cause I can't look down on you bitch niggas no mo, man
If that casket ain't 24 karot gold when I die
Then I ain't made enough fucking money man and that's real talk
God
This my roll weed time
Don't turn it into dead in the street time
Her legs do the peace sign
Know the hood so well don't need street signs
Young rich
and iconic
Big titties I'm signin'
Burnin' bitches and chronic
Big white smoke clouds every time I talk, does it look like I'm in a comic?
Everything I rock I designed it
realer nigga, won't find it
Okay, I be stackin' that cheddar, bet that shit won't expire
Got me ballin' so hard, I need me Jerry Maguire
I made a mil before twenty-five, man and I ain't even no lie
Bitch I ain't sayin' that shit to brag neither, I'm sayin' that to inspire
I'm like, damn boy, fuck you sayin' boy?
Hatin' on me, knowin' that you is a fan boy
When I'm around you call me Cuz like we fam boy?

Rappin' like me let's me know that I'm the man boy
Okay, Hennessy and Bombay is a real nigga entree
I gave her my grande,
my food is picante
My girls is Beyonce,
your boyfriend beyond gay
I seen him hang with Deandre and they was lookin' like prom dates
One time for my hood 'til I go in the ground
I'm throwin' it up cause they holdin' me down
I'm perverted as fuck, got a pole in the house
Got your girl and your girl and they hoein' it out
But you standin' outside cause no hoes is allowed
If you work like I work, you would throw in the towel
Once you get in this life, man, there's no comin' out

And haters look at me like snow in the south
Surprise nigga
Man fuck it, I'm on, you off and I hope you die nigga
Why you alive nigga?
I'm stackin' dough cause my momma addicted to spas
Yeah I'm the one that these hatin' niggas despise
You better take off your fuckin' disguise, nigga
Bitch-made is in your eyes nigga
Lies nigga
everything'll be fine
Cause this my roll weed time

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