

Control (Ft. Kendrick Lamar & Jay Electronica)

Big Sean

I look up
Yeah and I take my time
I'mma take my time, woah
Power moves only Boy I'm 'bout my business on business
I drink liquor on liquor
I had women on women
Yeah that's bunk bed bitches
I've done lived more than an eighty year old man still kickin'
Cause they live for some moments, and I live for a livin'
But this for the girls that barely let me get to first base
On some ground ball shit
Cause now I run my city on some town hall shit
They prayin' on my motherfuckin' downfall bitch like a drought but
You gon' get this rain like it's May weather
G.O.O.D. Music, Ye weather
Champagne just tastes better
They told me I never boy, never say never
Swear flow special like an infant's first steps
I got paid to reverse debts
Then I finally found a girl that reverse stress
So now I'm talkin' to the reaper to reverse death
So I can kick it with my granddad, take him for a ride
Show him I made somethin' out myself and not just tried
Show him the house I bought the fam, let him tour inside
No matter how far ahead I get, I always feel behind
In my mind, but fuck tryin' and not doin'
Cause not doin' is somethin' a nigga not doin'
I said fuck tryin' and not doin'
Cause not doin' is somethin' a nigga not doin'
I grew up to Em, B.I.G., and Pac bitch, and got ruined
So until I got the same crib B.I.G. had in that Juicy vid
I can't motherfuckin' stop movin'
Go against me, you won't stop losin'
From the city where every month is May-
Day at home, spray your dome
Niggas get sprayed up like AK was cologne for a paycheck or loan
Yeah I know that shit ain't fair
They say that Detroit ain't got a chance, we ain't even got a mayor
You write your name with a Sharpie, I write mine in stone

I knew that the world was for the taking and it wouldn't take long
We on, tryna be better than everybody that's better than everybody
Rep Detroit, everybody, Detroit versus everybody
I'm so fuckin' first class I could spit up on every pilot
The city's my Metropolis, feel it, it's metabolic
And I'm over niggas sayin' they're the hottest niggas
Then run to the hottest niggas just to stay hot
I'm one of the hottest because I flame drop
Drop fire, and not because I'm name droppin'
Hall of Fame droppin'

And I ain't takin' shit from nobody unless they're OG's
Cause that ain't the way of an OG
So I GO collect more G's, every dollar
Never changed though, I'm just the new version of old me
Forever hot headed but never got cold feet
Got up in the game won't look back at my old seats
Clique so deep we take up the whole street

I need a bitch so bad that she take up my whole week, Sean Don
Miscellaneous minds are never explainin' their
minds

Devilish grin for my alias aliens to respond
Peddlin' sin, thinkin' maybe when you get old you realize
I'm not gonna fold or demise

(I don't smoke crack, motherfucker I sell it!)

Bitch, everything I rap is a quarter piece to your melon
So if you have a relapse, just relax and pop in my disc
Don't pop me no fucking pill, I'mma a pop you and give you this
Tell Flex to drop a bomb on this shit
So many bombs, ring the alarm like Vietnam in this shit
So many bombs, make Farrakhan think Saddam in this bitch
One at a time, I line 'em up and bomb on they mom
While she watchin' the kids

I'm in a destruction mode if the gold exists
I'm important like the pope, I'm a muslim on pork
I'm Makaveli's offspring, I'm the king of New York
King of the Coast, one hand, I juggle them both
The juggernaut's all in your jugular, you take me for jokes
Live in the basement, church pews and funeral faces
Cartier bracelets for my women friends I'm in Vegas
Who the fuck y'all thought it's supposed to be?
If Phil Jackson came back, still no coachin' me
I'm uncoachable, I'm unsociable
Fuck y'all clubs, fuck y'all pictures, your Instagram can gobble these nuts
Gobble dick up 'til you hiccup, my big homie Kurupt
This the same flow that put the rap game on a crutch
I've seen niggas transform like villain Decepticons
Mollies'll prolly turn these niggas to fuckin' Lindsay Lohan

A bunch of rich ass white girls lookin' for parties
Playin with Barbies, wreck the Porsche before you give 'em the car key
Judgement to the monarchy, blessings to Paul McCartney
You called me a black Beatle, I'm either that or a Marley
(I don't smoke crack motherfucker I sell it)
I'm dressed in all black, this is not for the fan of Elvis
I'm aimin' straight for your pelvis, you can't stomach me
You plan on stumpin' me? Bitch I've been jumped before you put a gun on me
Bitch I put one on yours, I'm Sean Connery
James Bonding with none of you niggas, climbing 100 mil in front of me
And I'm gonna get it even if you're in the way
And if you're in it, better run for Pete's sake
I heard the barbershops be in great debates all the time
Bout who's the best MC? Kendrick, Jigga and Nas
Eminem, Andre 3000, the rest of y'all
New niggas just new niggas, don't get involved
And I ain't rockin no more designer shit
White T's and Nike Cortez, this is red Corvettes anonymous
I'm usually homeboys with the same niggas I'm rhymin' wit
But this is hip hop and them niggas should know what time it is
And that goes for Jermaine Cole, Big KRIT, Wale
Pusha T, Meek Millz, A\$AP Rocky, Drake
Big Sean, Jay Electron', Tyler, Mac Miller
I got love for you all but I'm tryna murder you niggas
Tryna make sure your core fans never heard of you niggas
They dont wanna hear not one more noun or verb from you niggas
What is competition? I'm tryna raise the bar high
Who tryna jump and get it? You better off tryna skydive
Out the exit window of 5 G5's with 5 grand
With your granddad as the pilot he drunk as fuck tryna land
With the hand full of arthritis and popping prosthetic leg
Bumpin Pac in the cockpit so the shit that pops in his head
Is an option of violence, someone heard the stewardess said
That your parachute is a latex condom hooked to a dread

Songwriters

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