

Big Sean "Bet Cypher"

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[Kanye West]Uh, Good music, this our year
Backing drums by DJ Premier
Now let me count it down, who the f-ck up in here
Common, Don, Old G, battle rap, oh
That n-ggas know you can't really f-ck with that
Pusha T, the Clipse just made a classic
Good music together we too Jurassic, you stay plastic

Ramadan with the flow, guaranteed everyone fasting
Big Sean is a don
Cyhi da Prince
Why you so nervous dog stop being tense
If you aint talking bout Rash we aint got nothing in
common
F-ck that and that's just common sense what the

[Pusha T]Came in the game, 8 years prior
8 years later, your mans on fire
My Book of Eli, to all my subscribers
Play the two doors, street car named desire
Came in Grindin', Ye' came throught the wire
But at the crossroads, Bone thugs inspired
1st of the month, Trump to the buyers
Rent too paid on the coupe you been fired
Smooth criminal, no prior's
Man in the mirror, check no liar
Still like that butterfly like Mariah
Show me the money the black Jerry MaGuire
Tom Cruise on that couch if that money right
West Hollywood feels like a bunny night
With GOOD company and better jewelers
To the Good Life, we GOOD music

[Big Sean]Man, I wake up to a wet dream
Every day's a Friday and every nights a sex scene
Every week is fashion week and every day I'm pressed
clean
Detroit's Angel, I even got red wings
I'm headed to the ball, me and three prom queens
My life's prom night and guess who's the Prom King
They having a kissing fight and I'm Don King
Everybody know I'm coming soon like LeBron's ring

I'm Big L, Notorious, Big Pun,
Shawn Carter, Sean Combs and Connery all in one
Whoever told you sky's the limit is looking dumb
Cause I'm 22 and I'm moonwalking on the sun
Oh that's your girl
She feelin on my water right next to a couple boaters
And she tryna motor boat her and I'm coming from the
W-w-westside of the Motor
You might find banana clips 'cause it's Guerilla warfare
Last year I was watching this from the couch and now
I'm here
That's to let you know what I'm about
Reaper black suit cuz my whole team's killing
Had to keep setting trends cuz your whole team stealin
Many tell me I'm the man I aint made it yet
Tell me who the baddest, I'll see if I see them naked yet
Won't stop til I get that Mercedes 700 CLK and
Mercedes aint made it yet

[Cyhi Da Prince]I'm Mr Got bread like Quizno's
Better known as MJ with the big nose
I swear your artist couldn't see me on his tip toes
Only on TV I gotta take a quick pose
Let me stop I forgot this was a big show
And being dope made you broke I aint piss poor
I'm big poppa plus I'm 2pacalypto

My mind is a weapon what I need to pop a clip for
Huh, I'm doing this for hip hop
I'm coming after you, him and his spot
Still tied to the streets like a ish knot
Aint nothing fake, I'm not a Rolly with a tick tock
Atlanta repper in the home of the yankees
Rose wood suit on with the hanky
I got rich from the zones of the stanky
So everybody know my money long, lanky!
So I'm flexible stretching out my decimel's
Switching up the flow got the crowd going testicles
Can't bleep it out cuz there wasn't nothing sexual
I'm blowing loud, somebody check the decibels
I'm impeccable they put me on the pedestal
And if you bite me, it's good for you like a vegatable
Shows by the several, schedule full of festivals
And if I ever do time than you know it's federal
Uh, incredible, yeah

[Common]F-f-fam fam fam I'ma monster too
You don't see I do things that the monsters do
The incomparable, remarkable, articles
About my audio technique, my technique
I recognise games like the ESPY's

Cold to myself I say God Bless me the truth
So I speak live and directly
You, I will set free my mic is where my check be
Rah, I echo, I echo, I echo, the sounds of the ghetto,
future of the retro
Prolly in the metro just so I can get dough
The name is Common but the frame is special
Leave requested from the years I've invested
Arrested, develop, addressed it, envelope
The body of the black party from Farley to Bob Marley
Go home or go hard, at home is life hardly

[Kanye West]the plan was to drink till the pain over
What's worse, the pain or the hangover?
Fresh air rolling down the window
Too many urkels on your team that's why your Winslow
I sold my soul to the devil that's a crappy deal
Least it came with a few toys like a happy meal
This game you could never win
Cause they love you then they hate you then they love
you again
Get away from me loniless
Get away from me misery
Get away from me fake sh-t, I can't take the phoniness
Get away from me wack tracks
I can only make only hits
I'm an only child lost in the World
Where did the lonely kids go when the bell ring
Feeling like hell rings
Bringing me back down
Checking my background
It's ironic what's happening
Imagine if I didn't have the ends
I would'nt have so many imaginary friends
I'm spaced out Dog, I be on that Moon talk
Wonder if God ask Mike how to moon walk
I swear to momma wish me and my father talk more
That's that vision around the time I was a sophmore
I guess everything I hate about me I see in him
And I aint finna change, so we'll never agree again
Just a few things pouring out my soul
Rosewood we could see her with our eyes closed

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