

## Big Sean "First Class"

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[Hook] Fell asleep in first class  
Hoes callin' my phone but f-ck it  
I get to 'em when I land  
And I aint tryna land cause time is money  
So while you worry bout the hoes, I kill shows  
and bag more clothes  
It's Polo: check  
These Jordan 4's: check  
These women know, What I'm on  
(what I'm on)

[Wale] Look, doing life from the 36th floor  
Tryna renovate the game, I aint happy with the score  
Hol' up  
Insubordinate for good reason  
As I coordinate the perfect feature  
Uhh, a working genius, a work of art  
Thats how I see it  
Cause I can bring you to your dreams like Salvia  
Holiday season, Obama's good neighbour  
I aint talkin to neither but got comma's in my statement  
My bitches f-ck me good  
In the morning make me bacon  
And even when I make 'em, mad still make em naked  
And I don't take no dames out  
I just spit my game out  
She don't give her nigga head cause I f-ck all her  
brains out  
Hey, thats cold blooded  
Hey, these hoes love it  
Roll up was \$4, Doja was four hundred  
Dolce Gabbana stuntin'  
A young nigga love it  
Why ya'll be gettin' mad  
We only gettin' money

[Hook]

[Big Sean - Verse 2] Okay today I was the freshest in my  
area

Freshest in the neighbourhood

Freshest in America  
F-ckin bitches chasing paper  
I feel like I'm alterior  
Boi, I'm historical  
I cause the hysteria  
Ok, whats a better accessory?  
My all gold Rolly or the bitch thats standing next to me  
Or the one in front of me  
Or the chick leaving  
Lightin' reef up like it's the holiday season  
Woah there, woah there, these niggas can't f-ck with  
me  
They too little  
I'm animal you can't talk to me  
Unless you are Dr Dolittle  
Welcome, we-welcome to the GOOD life  
Heard you had a bad day, well lets make it a good  
night  
But they say we aint BIG  
Turn us to a Suge Knight  
Lets swim in alcohol and hop up on that red-eye kush  
flight  
And when I'm old, I'll probably die getting some head  
I'm just multiplying my money and dividing the legs  
B-l, boi, boi,

[Hook]

[B.o.B - Verse 3]From my shell toes to my brim brim  
I'm an old soul with my pimp limp  
I roll up and I sip sip  
Whole team full of OG's packing fo-fo's on the hip hip  
But we stay cool, we don't miss miss  
Through the grapevine yeah they diss diss  
When they feel safe on some bitch shit  
I'm first class on my trip trip  
With two chicks, sadistic  
We touch down in Moscow and take flicks like click click  
She so hysterical, she say my life aint regular cause  
I be doing rich shit, you know, baller shit, etc

[Hook]

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