

No Favors

Big Sean

Make it, make it, make it, boy, we gotta make it
You can save your hand, I ain't gotta shake it
Everything lined up for the taking
And what I need from 'em? No favors
Clique too big, bread? Gotta break it
Cause these others lowkey with the snaking faking
Everything lined up for the taking
And what I need from 'em?
No favors, no favors
What I need? No favors
Everything lined up for the taking
And what I need from 'em? No favors

I'm about getting the job done, boy up every night
I'm about rolling a seven, when I toss up the dice
I'm about getting my logo off, flooded with ice
I'm about taking a risk, that might fuck up your life
Tell 'em point and shoot like camera crews
In front of cameras too (brrrr)
Damn, Sean, what happened to the humble attitude?
I'm like "niggas took the flow but I'm still standing too"
Thought I had the Midas touch and then I went platinum too
Mother fuck all your comparisons
I've been talking to God like that's my therapist
I'm African-American in America
I ain't inherit shit but a millionaire under 30
So He must be hearing shit
Don, don, don, life, I do this for the crib
The D to Flint who get sick with lead
Others get the hit with the laugh
From where they need a handout
But they tell you put hands up
Only deals I have is from the Sam's Club
Now it's blue blood in my veins, so you know where I came from
Born in a world going where they told me I can't go
In my lane, though, I'm in the same boat as Usain Bolt
Get ahead by any means so the head's what I aim for
When my grandma died, I realized I got an angel
Show me everything's a blessing depending on the angles
Look, I am the anomaly, never needed favors or apologies
That's my new lifetime policy
Wood grain steering wheel this bitch feel like a pirate ship
How many hot verses till you bitches start acknowledging
The pictures we been painting, my nigga
Connected to a higher power
How I know? 'Cause I don't write this shit, I think it, my nigga
Look, all I ever did was beat the odds
Cause when you try to get even it just don't even out
Never stopping like we hypnotized
Watch what we visualize on the rise, be the G.O.A.T
While we alive when we die, we gon' be the gods

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If she was flavor I won't savor
No taste buds, hoe later
Fuck you looking at, hater?
I saw them eyes like an ass raper
Try to copy my swag like a cheating classmate
I'll be the last face you see before you pass
When you get your fucking ass graded like a math paper
So ahead of my time late means I'm early, my age is reversing
I'm basically 30, amazingly sturdy, zany and wordy
Brainy and nerdy, blatantly dirty
Insanely perverted, rapey and scurvy
They blame me for murdering Jamie Lee Curtis
Said I put her face in the furnace, beat her with a space heater
A piece furniture, egg beater, thermos
It may be disturbing, what I'm saying's cringe worthy
But I'm urinating on Fergie, call Shady number 81
Surely I'm turning into the Aaron Hernandez of rap
State of emergency, the planets having panic attacks
Brady's returning, matter fact I may be deserving
Of a Pat on the back like a Patriots jersey
Inexplicable stomach growl from the pit of it
Like a fucking Terrier hittin' it
Despicable, dumb it down, ridiculous
Tongue is foul shoot off at the fucking mouth
Like a missile, a thunder cloud
100 pound pistol pull the trigger this gun will sound
And you'll get a round like Digital Underground
And fuck Ann Coulter with a Klan poster
With a lamp post, door handle shutter
A damn bolt cutter, a sandal, a can opener, a candle rubber
Piano, a flannel, sucker, some hand soap, butter
A banjo and manhole cover
Hand over the mouth and nose smother
Trample ran over the tramp with the Land Rover
The band, the Lambo, Hummer and Road Runner
Go ham donut or go Rambo, gotta make an example of her
That's for Sandra Bland ho and Philando
Hannibal on the lamb, no wonder I am so stubborn
I'm anti, can't no government handle a commando
Your man don't want it, Trump's a bitch
I'll make his whole brand go under (yeah)
And tell Dre I'm meeting him in L.A., white Bronco like Elway
Speeding, I'm bout to run over a chick, Del Rey CD in?
Females stay beatin 'em, bet you they'll lay bleeding
And yell, "Wait!", pleading-but screaming is pointless
Like feeding Michel'le helium
Leaving them pale faced medium sized welt
Straight treating 'em like a cell mate
See me I'm climbing hell's gate
Bitch, I'm like your problems: self-made
Meaning someone else is self Made needed?
Cause I'ma-

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(I know you feeling yourself right now
But I'm not sure she's the one
I would call them in)-"Hey, I'm outside"
What are you doing here?