

## Outro

Big Sean

Okay now, why you wanna go and do that, do that?  
Sometimes I say that I'm the best, I guess I had to prove that  
You know I had to cop that mansion on the hill and pool that  
You know I don't rely on 8 balls, no, I never pooled that  
You know I always like the best, roll it up and pull that  
Now baby, don't get too deep on me, I might have to pull back  
I got weed rolled, drinks po'd if you wanna do that  
And I be in and out of love, the OGs be like true that  
Cause you know sometimes man, that shit can get way too irritating  
Say the wrong thing to the right girl, you might not make it  
Dark skin with a lightskin girl like Taye Diggs  
And you go from tryna save her to her taking your savings  
And when she do, man, watch how them bitches shit talk  
Wonder how they would feel if our lives got criss-crossed  
What if you lost your homie and you felt like Kriss Kross?  
Double cross, I swear that Christians don't even get this cross  
Talk so much shit that a nigga pissed off  
She talk so much that she done fucking made my dick soft  
Pushing all my buttons, this ain't fucking pinball  
I guess women are sometimes like a jigsaw  
Sometimes you hit a lick, sometimes you get ripped off  
Sometimes you gotta sit, sometimes it's time for lift-off  
Sometimes I just shut up and let my wrist talk  
It be like "we don't got time for bullshit, dawg"  
You know I'm 1 of 1, just like the prototype  
You look like the "um, you owe me" type  
Oh, hardly never taking pictures, not the photo type, no  
Please don't Instagram this shit and be up on me like  
"Oh, you owe me likes"  
Man, I swear these bitches don't know what the fuck is more important to em  
The more I kick philosophy, the more I'm boring to em  
The more champagne I pop, the more I'm pouring to em  
I just hope that's not the only single thing that's going through em  
I hop up on a beat like it's the '08 me  
When we was riding four deep, boy, no AC  
Headed to the game for okay seats  
Now I'm courtside at OKC, I know KD  
And all these singing bitches know me like do-ray-mi  
Fa-so-la-ti-do but dough come first  
No late fees, Kool-Aid smile, Colgate teeth  
The bigger that I get, the more I need shrinks  
I be in and out of cars like a fucking crash dummy  
Spending money till it's dizzy but I still stash something, you know  
But I'm tryna get that real real money, like um  
White people with a black son  
And first time I met Oprah, that was motivation  
Went from standing in court to starting up a corporation  
Went so hard last night that we made the morning paper  
Plus my girl's rated R, all your hoes overrated, damn  
Niggas say I changed, how they damn how they do  
Say I'm hard to get in contact with, oh, is that true?  
But what about now? 313  
515-8772, bitch, call me