

Complex Freestyle

Big Sean

Yeah
Hit-Boy on the beat, man
Complex
Yeah
Ayy
Ayy
Look

Never wore a wire, but you gon' have to wire me
Face off in the Wall Street Journal off of treatin' beats like they a diary
Ridin' to my own shit
You boys don't inspire me, these hoes don't inspire me
And really think they pressin' 'me-tss! The irony
The storm comin' quietly
Guess it's time to wreak havoc on you so-called prodigies
P and Coach K flow-I control the quality
I mean, I might have to even throw 'em a lil' boat-pff
I'm seein' niggas gettin' drowned out, 'cause they can't switch up the flow
Just give 'em a year or two, and they gettin' exposed
Dark sky-my son already here, but I'm still in that mode
And I'm done bein' thoughtful to people that's thoughtless
Or there for people who ain't all-the-way there
I'm done givin' my heart to people that's broken-
hearted and then wonderin' why I'm exhausted

Ayy
My OG from the mud-he don't know about mud baths
He never seen a spa-boy, the streets is a bloodbath
Invested in myself fully-why would I cut back?
This time, they gotta one-up the score when I touch back
Talkin' to the mayor like, "Where is the judge at?"
How far we had to dig to bring 42 Dugg back
They really tried to lowball us-we above that
They gotta be pussy-all I'm thinkin' is, "Fuck that!"
If you studied me back then, you gotta re-learn me
That part you thought you knew wasn't even part of the journey
And I got receipts on all y'all when it's time to return it
You spend more than you earnin'
And I know y'all feelin' the heat from the bridges you burnin'
And when I turn yo' ass to ash, you still didn't earn it
If you think we on bad terms, then call my attorney

Just know you haven't touched what I touched, or who I touched, or where I t
ouched
No matter how you look at it, it's unfair as fuck
Talkin' crazy 'til you bitches are forgivable
You never had a hit
I swear, yo' wife not even hittable
You worried 'bout a body count instead of what the biscuit do
Survivin' through some shit not even livable
Don't fuck up whatchu doin' over what somebody did to you
Rememberin' the future is just manifestin'
Put it in your ritual
Fast forward, I'll be right there, waitin' on a richer you
You only understand it if it's meant for you
Yeah, the main attrac
I run this bitch

They can't keep track
Yo' shit not hittin'
It's low impact
It's not a diss if this shit facts