

Friday Night Cypher

Big Sean

This that clipse sample
Fuck that talking let the clip slam 'em
Yellow bands around them hundreds you know how much that is
Too much to give me cash they had to wire me the back end
Niggas in here looking tough you know that I got Mag in
Ask me am I only rapping you know I got that bag in
Band man like Lonnie, want my head, come find me
Lil' bro in that bitch chilling he ain't trying to come home cocky
He come home to a dollar and a mansion and a choppa
And a desert on a dirt bike VLong shirt and the Pradas
Big nigga fresher than you, fuck you and your stylist
Paid 90 for my grill and lost it, that's why I ain't smiling
You got Sean, you got Hit, you got Grizz, Kash Dolla
Paint you red, throw you in the water
They gonna think you a lobster, nigga

I just dropped a kit you dropped out of school
These hoes wanna be famous 'til they make the news
All my bitches winning how it feel to lose?
Nigga trying to get the box like he finna move
Bitch, I'm at my pinnacle I used to shop at Pinnacle your nigga still drink
Pinnacle
Bitch your taste is pitiful
I talk cash shit you ain't cash shit call up baby choppa Cash Kidd is still
my cash kid
You stay back like ad libs, I buy, I don't ask shit, I pop shit and pop tags
, bitch
This New Era be cappin'
Me Sean T off that Pusha T, ain't no pushing me, bro might put you on to T
Dot my Is and cross my Ts, bro might put you six feet or bro gon' put you on
your feet
But bro can't put you on to me A+ pussy worth a B, nigga
You niggas ain't with no B, fuck outta here

I keep dying in my dreams but life's great when I stay woke
Bet you love dreaming that's the only time you ain't broke
Try me 40 make you back up like Dej Loaf and Big Sean
Get triggered down Jhene Aiko
Gotta keep Glock in the fanny nigga you know I'm finna to handle it
Put a body on a ratchet I feel like Dr Miami
Niggas try to ride my wave like they stopping a taxi
On a six, in a Lam, but I'm not that bitch Mary

But once they counted me out I came back with a vengeance
And back-to-back Benzes, back-to-back winning
Rap failed, oh well, gimme back my scale and a burn-
out cell, I'll grow clientele
41 P I don't sell dreams, I wholesale P's, want half's nigga don't call me
Don't insult me, wrist frosty, 'bout eighty what this shit cost me
Don't worry I'll make it back before you sip coffee
I roll with hustlers n' bosses, bosses n' hustlers, had to find my hustle I
was lost in the gutter
Got out that jam now it's foreigners with the seats peanut butter
Bitch it's BYLUG for life never crossing my brothers

I fuck with six mile, not too much the seven, they free to fall
That's your bitch, huh? well, get her together she fucking bro

You know them road trips still a dub in, sub in
Even if the party was seven the strip club ten
I'm all in this bitch on the tether I'm throwing dubs still
I put her in the Bentley matching rims free
Told her keep the G Wagon plain don't even tint these
Came fucking with a lame, dog you got her head big
300 a line for the wop I'm sipping red still
I know how the feds feel I make it hard to catch me
'Cause selling corn still code word for reggies
I ain't sign a deal yet fuck it I don't need 'em
Everybody with me eating free my niggas 'til I see 'em
He ain't dead, we ain't even jet back, ante up bitch
Free them boys

We gon' make it off the Ave, get a half then I shake it
Some like a bad habit we ain't have it we gon' take it
Came up off a fifty slab now my bag big as yappers
Workers begging me for time off asking me for raises
Playin' me since I was the accountant, bubble wrap it up and tape it
All my bitches want allowance, plug asking me for favors
I been out of town so long had to get reacquainted with the neighbors
On the block all these cash we been raking

Way before the rap when I was writing verses
We was beating up the Ike like I was Tina Turner
We was loading up the Glock and filling up the hearses
Now I'm preaching like it's Sunday trying to teach the sermon
Trying to teach 'em how to get it fill up they mammas' purses
So they ain't standing in front of judge listing to the verdicts
'Cause we was standing on the block thugging with the serpents
Get caught with Curtis Blow on me and they gon' close the curtains

Million-dollar cars you can't merge in, BasedGod how I got my curse lift
She gonna play her part so well you thought that she rehearsed it
Don life worship, holly temple, synagogue, tabernacle, churches

Look, I can't even chill I get active, overdoing everything my best and worst habit
Shit be impossible 'til it happens, I never thought I'd see Kobe got before Magic
That taught me first no seconds to waste, only waist I like is her legs wrapped around my face
Fuck you think she doing over here watching Netflix, beard game might just let it grow down to my neckless
I don't hope for wins I expect it, adrenaline in me like it got injected
My girl said I got communication issues, no I don't
I just don't like sharing all my problems more than the results
I bring the plan back to my team tell them go wild
God, body, my physique, and my profile
I did every single goal that I wrote down, checked it off it's old now
And that shit give me chills, fuck I gotta take yours
I'm the originator make it then I make more written in stone you can't forge
You ain't on my level even if we in the same building on the same floor
Oh boy, black out, dough boy, cash out, payroll, contract maxed out, cash kidd, cash cow, tapped in, now can't tap out
Bitch keep thinking I'm sleeping, it's Tony on the monitor, I see your ass creeping in
Little bitch, if it weren't for me you wouldn't exist, you get the gist?
Fuck a cease and desist, they shooting up seats in exits, throwing plays to my bros, I'm leading the league in assists
Hop scotch, black top, I ain't been skipping a step since
Realist stays, 'zilla every day, bitch I might just change my profession
Got so many rainy days, it changed my complexion

Hang up on your ass and say I lost the connection, I turned out to be the man that I manifested

Fuck the bullshit, I ain't here to make no friends can't get boo with me
Since an adolescence I was ignorant up in school tripping
Pistol at my desk I was sitting up in school with it
Put your bitch hand in my corner pocket play pool with it
She gonna eat the dick, both balls licked, and do it to me (What else?)
Ain't go to college I ain't want no pussy nigga' rooming with me
Still coulda went to college Sada ain't no fool nigga
Every clip we got extended yellow perkies look like minions
Put Church's Chicken on you niggas scrap them boys for half a biscuit
You know I like the burner but I'll beat your ass to shit personally
Hit a nigga in his shit with this fifty or thirty do

Name a nigga outta the D as solid as me
I unlocked a lot of dollars nigga knowledge is key
I did it all without a college degree
I went from hottest signed artist dondaada to G
Street lord, Rock bottom, Godfather and P
D boy, rockwiller Sean sada and T
Standing on the corner three days phone is on Motorola prepaid
Theodora or a Gold Elleses these are ordered from the older East Bay's
She either rolling with the owners or the lessee
A kind man knows a blind man holds grudges
A wise man knows a wise man knows nothing
I thought I told you motherfuckers I ain't need a budget
I ride with them guys that society begrudges
We been thuggin worldwide got arenas buzzin
We survived getting fronted by Ilinea's cousin
Before you could sell like Cole and Adale or go NFL be Kobe or Kellz
The plight of the rich is to throw you in jail
The fight as been fixed since the opening bell
And you know who posting your bail who promoting your L
Who be hoping you fail nigga Oprah and Gayle
Ignore the hate show the world that we love the opps
Call the aura great while they make great wrestle docs
Nah

Bitch you have never said a clever line ever
You murdering in the booth is the furthest thing from the truth
Rest assured I'mma treat this booth like I'm peeling off the plastic
On a pill bottle, I'm tearing the ceiling off
Ripping rappers like they were wrapped in Saran, ditch 'em
I'm strapped up with ammunition and single-handedly taking over the game
Like I had an actual hand missing but I only need one to clap
Animal ambition, the only fucking way that you're strapped is for cash
Wish you could slap in the damn clip in that motherfucking imaginary little
hand gun you're brandishing
Bitch, if you pull up with the stick it's a car with a manual transmission
Chances of loading one that I will overcome my bipolar one
Voodoo dolls, I'm just poking fun, pins to me are like loaded guns
When I'm holding one if I'm just fiddling with it
This motherfucker discharges like me checking myself out of the fucking mental hospital
And I get off like an acquittal, I spit it, you critique it, it feels like I
'm being belittled by midgets
It's like holding a nuke or damn bazooka and walking right up in the middle
of a little kids fucking pillow fight with it
You want smoke, I'm like hookah
Man, I remember back when I used to get jumped for my fucking Pumas, run home
and go fuck my room up
These streets will try to vacuum you up that's why the avenue where I grew up

p was 8 Mile and Hoover (What?)
'Cause it sucked like a Rumba but even if I would've went the Indie route
I don't have any doubt I would still get blown like a windy out
Shoot 'til the clip is emptied out
This is the beginning of the ending but I'll put another clip in and spit these rounds
If I dig deep down but I'm in my bag like Fendi
Who am I offending now?
Got so many fucking detractors feels like I'm getting plowed
Had to put my money on a diet I got too many pounds
You would think I'm turning pages the way that I'm flipping paper
Middle fingers them bitches get to waving like friendly neighbors
I'm talking loot like I'm rioting thing is so big it can't fit the entire thing through a tire swing
But I don't think it would be logic to say I'm retiring
But I should say bye bye or things cause I'm back on Uranus fucking up this grinding beat
I took the pain and learned how to put that shit into a song
You listen for flaws and strip it and try to pick it apart
So when I am ripping it's hard to tell where the impetus
Really because how I feel about amateurs with the bitch that you are
Like I never had to get my clothes at fucking St Vincent de Paul
Like I don't make sure every sentence and bar with a pencil to sharpen like I'm quick on the draw
So win that Pulitzer Prize like Kendrick Lamar
You need to walk the Yellow Brick Road and find the chick with the dog cause y'all missing a heart
Plus your bitch is giving out brain like the Wizard of Oz
This shit is like sitting in the principal office getting scalded for skipping, ya'll got detention
While I'm severe like Benzo withdrawal, bitch your skin's gonna crawl
I'm invincible, I've been through it all, like I never thought about just ending it
Until I got pissed off and put a fist through the wall
While my back was against, now I rap like I'm possessed, that's nine tenths of the law