Jit/Juke

Big Sean

Ho, I got my cell phone ringin', nowadays it's hard to get me
Nine times out of ten, if you ballin' then you busy
Sippin' Henney, sippin' Rémy like it's Chrissy
And I pop that champagne like it's my birthday, really it's a Wednesday
All about the benjis, I've been gone all year
Came back, I swear you niggas ain't done moved an inch or centi
Mind movin' like a semi, pop pop pop, the truth is
I feel like masseuses when I back off in this bitch, I feel the tension
Ho, you've got your hand out, what that mean, like gimmie?
What you need your ass, a penny? Better off askin' for kidneys
I know thug ass niggas that'll run in your house
You lock the door, you lock the window, they gon' come down the chimney
Skinny nigga but I walk inside this bitch like Dikimbe
I'm the Laurent St., I keep a angel face with me
You got your hand out, ho, again, what that mean, like gimme?
What you need you, a penny? Better off askin' for kidneys
If a bitch don't suck my dick, I swear that shit just offend me
Ho, I'm really from Detroit, I went to Cass and not Renni
Actin' like you can't die tonight, what, you gon' come back like Kenny?
I roll up spazzin' like Timmy, hand is attached to the benjis

Atta-tached to the benjis, not attached to these feelings
I don't love these hoes, I'd rather fuck me a million, I mean it
If I said it, I mean it

If I said it, I mean it
If I said it, I mean it

Nigga, I be the most imitated, my crib renovated
My old bitch assessin', my new bitch is waitin'
Just like a doctor with my operation
I got me my check-up but still got no patience
All of these texts and calls I'm not takin'
My phone overflowin', that shit can get drainin'
I signed up with Ye, and he just explained it
How we gotta get it like Jay-Z and Damon
Did back in the year that they came in
Stuck between a ROC and the G.O.O.D. place is where I'm remainin'
Bitch, it's finally famous
What you doing today I could do before breakfast
Young nigga T-rexing
My old bitch wish that she would've got pregnant
Tryna be the first lady because my wrist won a presidential election
Bitch, and I hope you offended
I said it, I meant it, I hope that recorded
I just broke a Guinness
I flew in from Italy through the Pacific
Shout out to Kourtney, Kim, Khloe and Scott Disick
When you see my pretty face, shut the fuck up and kiss it
And just know that my hands

If I said it, I mean it
If I said it, I mean it

It's goin' down, down in the earliest round
And baby, we'll be goin' down swingin'
I'll be your number one with a bullet

I've got a loaded God complex, cock it and pull it
It's goin' down, down in the earliest round
And baby, we'll be goin' down swingin'
I'll be your number one with a bullet
I've got the safety off, cocked back, ready to pull it

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