Typecast

Big Sean

Yeah
Just been all about expansion, you know?
You know they hate when I talk like this
Ayy

I got pimpin' in my blood
Got my main girl in the tub, all she wearin' is some suds
I done bossed up to the point that all I care about is love
Turn the family all execs, no such thing as rich enough
Too Real Under Sean Teachings, acronym for trust (Trust)
Initials in the sheets, got my logo in the rug
Built-in alarm clock, ain't got to tell me to get up
When I walk in the arena, I feel like I'm Jerry Buss (Bust it)
And we shut down Coachella, they thought it was Harry Styles
Except the skin same color as a black and mild
Meditatin' blackin' out, J. Cole, a middle child
But you know I get my fuckin' way, like an only child
Downtown pimpin', city slickin', rockin' crocodile
Yeah, they tryna pipe me down, but you gotta wipe me down
Could tell from my handwriting, I got signature style
I should write a fuckin' book on how to get it off the mile

They used to look right past me (Swerve)
Niggas can't even catch up to the past me (Swerve)
She just wanna love me down and harass me
They want me to play my role, but you can't typecast me (Bitch)
Yeah, typecast me
Makin' sure my son straight, makin' sure my girl straight
Makin' sure the fam straight, then I can die happy
They want me to play my role, but you can't typecast me (Bitch)

Yeah, multi-million dollar salaries, for all of my legalities
And we comin' black tux when we movin' casually
Could build a damn positive affirmation gallery
Passin' plays to my niggas, so the income is passive
My genre isn't rap anymore, it's under classics (Classics)
Look, I knew back on Griswold
When ain't nobody have my back, 'cause it was against the wall
And Waun got hit with that fed case
And he was livin' through me for that decade, to balance his head space
Man, first thing I think about, boardin' a jet
Is how my mom and dad was flight attendants, that's how they met
No wonder why my head's in the clouds, it makes sense
Every day I wake up, I'm one day closer to death
So what you gon' do with the time you got left?
Ball on these pussies, damn, look at my neck
I used to sell CD's outside of my history class
What a foreshadow that was, when I'm lookin' back
From the blog era, had to get through the tabloids
Just like MJ had to get through the bad boys
My son first Christmas, he finna have mad toys
I'll probably get his ass a S-Class if he ask for it
But he gotta learn the hard way, life's a crash course
And stick to the task, while dodgin' the task force (Of course)

They used to look right past me (Swerve)
Niggas can't even catch up to the past me (Swerve)

She just wanna love me down and harass me
They want me to play my role, but you can't typecast me
Yeah, bitch
Makin' sure my son straight, makin' sure my girl straight
Makin' sure the fam straight, then I can die happy
They want me to play my role, but you can't typecast me (Bitch)

They used to look right past me
Ain't wanna do right by me
Fuck it, alright by me (Fuck it)
So I couldn't do this and couldn't do that
But niggas can't typecast me
Niggas can't typecast me, niggas can't typecast me
Fuck it
Better me than you, shit, I gotta see it through