

Deep (feat. Lil Wayne)

Big Sean

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BIG SEAN LYRICSPay the Big Sean Quiz

"Deep"

(feat. Lil Wayne)Do or die nigga

I'm a keep poppin' this champagne

Don't worry bout shit

(Finally famous nigga)Man I look up to God

I wonder if I fell from the sky

Will I hit the ground or will I learn how to fly

I'm pretty sure you see it in my eyes

Sometimes I wonder if I already died

That shit get deep, deep, deep

Man I swear to God that shit just get so deep, deep, deep, deep

Man I swear to God it get so deep though

That sometimes I just gotta wake my ass up out my sleep though

And wonder what if all the shit I reaped when then got repoed

And the girl I gave it all up for ain't love me for me though

See I got a stack of problems that could use a fucking steamroll

Got off in the game don't need no cheat code

As long as I know the G code

Being paranoid done turned me to a creep

Yee'ain't got that metal on your side

Police gon' work it like Magneto if they need to, it get deep

Deep, deeper than telekinesis

Deeper than your sister dying and you telling your nieces

The deeper it gets, boy the pressure increases

But pressure make diamonds

And my name is Sean cause I shine, it's self explanatory

I architect the flow, rapping all these stories on stories

You know the story

If my back against the ropes, then I'll finish don't call it

My opponent probably praying for postponement

You fuck with the best rapper don't even know it

It's written in the stars man the sky is the author

I pulled the sword out of the stone I'm King Arthur

Motherfuck your armor nigga, only weapon I'm scared of is Karma

You watching the son turn to father, fucking life and the daughter

Nigga that shit just get deep

Been going hard all day, wish a nigga would fuck with me

Then I blow the candles out on my cake

And niggas always thinking it's a game, 'til we ran them out the arcade

Stunting in my southern player, reach the caddy like Andre

I talk that cash money shit
YM plus CMB you can do the math for me bitch
Jail time a slap on the wrist
Cut your head off get it mailed out stamp on your lips
You can tell I'm grinding by my wrist
Anything can happen cause a broke man is an optimist
Well tell them I'll be waiting in suspense
I got some miles on me but it's cool cause I never get an inch
And I don't give two fucks about what your mouth say
Cause this shit is deeper than rap I cannot say
That shit enough times like somebody rewind me
Like this shit is deeper than rap, I cannot say that shit enough times
I feel like Sean, don't get enough shine
Is it because he ain't got the tattoos, he ain't throwing up signs
Well let me throw up mine and also let me show this vision of mine
Fuck the finish line, just finish your lines
And if getting your point across crosses the line
Some of the time, then cross it with pride
That's real my nigga, remember that
And ain't about if they remember you they remember rap
So just spit it back and hope somebody diggin' that
Cause this shit is deep, deep
Deep as empty pockets, nigga
We come empty pockets before we have empty pockets slime
That shit get deep
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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