

# 10 2 10

## Big Sean

Imma' be paid forever  
I look up  
Finally Famous Nigga I woke up working like a Mexican  
That mean I work from 10 to 10  
Then 10 to 10, then 10 again  
Nightmares of losing everything boost my adrenaline All this bread can't be good for my  
cholesterol  
Don't come round' talking loudly, fucking up my repertoire dawg  
I can't lie bruh lately I've been stressing heavily  
I'm sipping, popping, smoking on whatever take the pressure off  
Diss you, FF Imperial til my burial  
Dodging every bullet and venereal  
Anti-fuckboy material til I'm dead, I'm living proof,  
If you focus on what's in front of you and not what's in the peripheral  
It's gone, word? Boy I seen drama on drama  
Drama on drama over comma on comma  
I'm bringing home dead prez, my house done feel like its haunted  
I put the city on my back, right along with my garments  
Went to sleep, snoring  
I woke up working like a Mexican  
That mean I work from 10 to 10  
Then 10 to 10, then 10 again  
Nightmares of losing everything boost my adrenaline I got 3 jobs like I'm Jamaican though  
I need 3 wives like I was Haitian though  
One cook, one clean, the other PMS'ing, ho Hablo ingles'  
If police have questions they don't know what that mean nigga  
They say Detroit going through the great depression  
Still it's been depressed so long I can't even tell depression here  
My homeboy still gon' pull up on them rims big as a Ferris wheel  
So many rides up on the curb my lil cuz thought the fair was here  
Like oh, I'm primo, top spot redeemed ho, for who? My team  
And we might take a trip to Jamaica, Montego, pussy and flamingos  
Got me thinking the fuck I need to sleep for?  
I woke up working like a Mexican  
That mean I work from 10 to 10  
Then 10 to 10, then 10 again  
Nightmares of losing everything boost my adrenaline  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <https://lyrics.songs.pk/>

