

# No Favors (feat. Eminem)

## Big Sean

Make it, make it, make it, boy, we gotta make it  
You can save your hand, I ain't gotta shake it  
Everything lined up for the taking  
And what I need from em? No favors  
Clique too big, bread? gotta break it  
Cause these others lowkey with the snaking faking  
Everything lined up for the taking  
And what I need from 'em?  
No favors, no favors  
What I need? No favors  
Everything lined up for the taking  
And what I need from 'em? no favors  
I'm about getting the job done, boy up every night  
I'm about rolling a seven, when I toss up the dice  
I'm about getting my logo off, flooded with ice  
I'm about taking a risk, that might fuck up your life  
Tell 'em point and shoot like camera crews  
In front of cameras too (brrr)  
Damn, Sean, what happened to the humble attitude?  
I'm like "niggas took the flow but I'm still standing too"  
Thought I had the Midas touch and then I went platinum too  
Mother fuck all your comparisons  
I've been talking to God like that's my therapist  
I'm African-American in America  
I ain't inherit shit but a millionaire under 30  
So He must be hearing shit  
Don, don, don, life, I do this for the crib  
The D to Flint who get sick with lead  
Others get the hit with the laugh  
From where they need a handout  
But they tell you put hands up  
Only deals I have is from the Sam's Club  
Now it's blue blood in my veins, so you know where I came from  
Born in a world going where they told me I can't go  
In my lane, though, I'm in the same boat as Usain Bolt  
Get ahead by any means so the head's what I aim for  
When my grandma died, I realized I got an angel  
Show me everything's a blessing depending on the angles  
Look, I am the anomaly, never needed favors or apologies  
That's my new lifetime policy  
Wood grain steering wheel this bitch feel like a pirate ship  
How many hot verses till you bitches start acknowledging

The pictures we been painting, my nigga  
Connected to a higher power  
How I know? 'Cause I don't write this shit, I think it, my nigga  
Look, all I ever did was beat the odds  
Cause when you try to get even it just don't even out  
Never stopping like we hypnotized  
Watch what we visualize on the rise, be the G.O.A.T  
While we alive when we die, we gon' be the gods  
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And what I need from 'em?  
No favors, no favors If she was flavor I won't savor  
No taste buds, hoe later  
Fuck you looking at, hater?  
I saw them eyes like an ass raper  
Try to copy my swag like a cheating classmate  
I'll be the last face you see before you pass  
When you get your fucking ass graded like a math paper  
So ahead of my time late means I'm early, my age is reversing  
I'm basically 30, amazingly sturdy, zany and wordy  
Brainy and nerdy, blatantly dirty  
Insanely perverted, rapey and scurvy  
They blame me for murdering Jamie Lee Curtis  
Said I put her face in the furnace, beat her with a space heater  
A piece furniture, egg beater, thermos  
It may be disturbing, what I'm saying's cringe worthy  
But I'm urinating on Fergie, call Shady number 81  
Surely I'm turning into the Aaron Hernandez of rap  
State of emergency, the planets having panic attacks  
Brady's returning, matter fact I may be deserving  
Of a Pat on the back like a Patriots jersey  
Inexplicable stomach growl from the pit of it  
Like a fucking Terrier hittin' it  
Despicable, dumb it down, ridiculous  
Tongue is foul shoot off at the fucking mouth  
Like a missile, a thunder cloud  
100 pound pistol pull the trigger this gun will sound  
And you'll get a round like Digital Underground  
And fuck Ann Coulter with a Klan poster  
With a lamp post, door handle shutter  
A damn bolt cutter, a sandal, a can opener, a candle rubber  
Piano, a flannel, sucker, some hand soap, butter  
A banjo and manhole cover  
Hand over the mouth and nose smother

Trample ran over the tramp with the Land Rover  
The band, the Lambo, Hummer and Road Runner  
Go ham donut or go Rambo, gotta make an example of her  
That's for Sandra Bland ho and Philando  
Hannibal on the lamb, no wonder I am so stubborn  
I'm anti, can't no government handle a commando  
Your man don't want it, Trump's a bitch  
I'll make his whole brand go under (yeah)  
And tell Dre I'm meeting him in L.A., white Bronco like Elway  
Speeding, I'm bout to run over a chick, Del Rey CD in?  
Females stay beatin 'em, bet you they'll lay bleeding  
And yell, "Wait!", pleading—but screaming is pointless  
Like feeding Michel'le helium  
Leaving them pale faced medium sized welt  
Straight treating 'em like a cell mate  
See me I'm climbing hell's gate  
Bitch, I'm like your problems: self-made  
Meaning someone else is self Made needed?  
Cause I'm a...Make it, make it, make it, boy, we gotta make it  
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What I need? No favors  
Everything lined up for the taking  
And what I need from 'em? no favors I know you feeling yourself right now  
But I'm not sure she's the one  
I would call them in  
Hey, I'm outside  
What are you doing here?

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