

My Last (feat. Chris Brown)

Big Sean

Hands up in the air
I just want the, I just want the baddest bitch in the world
Right here on my lap
And I'ma hit this drink up like it's my last
I'ma hit this night up like it's my last
I'ma I'ma, hmm, hmm, like it's my last
(Boi)
Swear I'ma, swear I'ma do it like
Like I never had it at
all, all, all, all, all, all, all, all
Like I, like I, like I never had it at
all, all, all, all, all, all, all, all
Okay, now where that alcohol? You ain't even got to ask
'Cause I'ma drink it all like, like it's my last
She a 7 in the face but a 10 in the ass
She even look better by the end of my glass
See I just walked in fresher than the shirts off in this muthafucka
I'ma need the baddest broad to twirk off in this muthafucka
I'ma go hard until it hurts off in this muthafucka
I'ma boss, so you gotta work off in this muthafucka
The work, and I can get you anything you want
I could, I could, I could put you on
See you look like Beyoncé so do it like beyond
Do it like Beyoncé and put it on Sean
Grind hard but a got a lot to show for it
Always had drive like I had to chauffeur it
My team's so true we should get a camera crew
To follow us around and make a show for us
And I'ma hit this drink up like it's my last
I'ma, I'ma hit this night up like it's my last
I'ma I'ma, hmm, hmm, like it's my last
Swear I'ma, swear I'ma do it like
Like I never had it at all, all, all, all, all, all, all, all
Like I, like I, like I never had it at all, all, all, all, all, all, all, all
All, all, all, all, all, all, all
Like I, like I, like I never had it at all, all, all, all, all, all, all, all
Now I'ma fill this glass up like it's my last
I'ma, I'ma do it, do it, like it's my last
I'ma, I'ma spend this cash up like it's my last
And I'ma make it last, like it's my last
And I'm gone, can't remember where I am
But she forget about her man when they tell her who I am

And they introduce my fan, now she all up in space
 All, all up in my face like, "You remember who I am?"
 Since I signed to Kan', I'm Louie Vuitton shine
 Up in Benny Han Han eating all the wonton
 Rose rose over a little Chandon
 Put her hands down my pants, now she rocking Sean John
 Man, I just ended up on everybody guest list
 I'm just doing better than what everyone projected
 Knew that I'd be here so if you asked me how I feel
 I'ma just tell you, it's everything that I expected, boi, boi
 Hands up in the air
 (One time for the West Side, West Side let me see them hands)
 Hands up in the air
 (Two times if you love good music)
 Hands up in the air
 (And three times for the baddest chick in the world)
 (Who got her hands up in the air)
 Hands up in the air
 And I'ma hit this drink up like it's my last
 I'ma, I'ma hit this night up like it's my last
 I'ma I'ma, hmm, hmm, like it's my last
 Swear I'ma, swear I'ma do it like
 Like I never had it at
 all, all, all, all, all, all, all
 Like I, like I, like I never had it at
 all, all, all, all, all, all, all
 Like I never had it at all
 Big ass bottles, big ice buckets
 I work too hard to be balling on a budget
 Me and my people do it big out in public
 'Cause if you don't do it big, you ain't doing nothing
 And I'ma hit this drink up like it's my last
 I'ma, I'ma hit this night up like it's my last
 I'ma I'ma, hmm, hmm, like it's my last
 (Boi)
 Swear I'ma, swear I'ma do it like
 Like I never had it at
 all, all, all, all, all, all, all
 Like I, like I, like I never had it at
 all, all, all, all, all, all, all
 All, all, all, all, all, all, all
 Like I, like I, like I never had it at
 all, all, all, all, all, all, all
 Like I never had it at all

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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