

Nikes

Frank Ocean

These bitches want Nikes
They looking for a check
Tell 'em it ain't likely
Said she need a ring like Carmelo
Must be on that white like Othello
All you want is Nikes
But the real ones
Just like you
Just like me

I don't play, I don't make time
But if you need dick I got you and I yam from the line
Pour up for A\$AP
RIP Pimp C
RIP Trayvon, that nigga look just like me
Woo, fuckin' buzzin', woo!
That my little cousin, he got a little trade
His girl keep the scales, a little mermaid
We out by the pool, some little mermaids
Me and them gel
Like twigs with them bangs
Now that's a real mermaid
You been holding your breath
Weighted down
Punk madre, punk papa
He don't care for me
But he cares for me
And that's good enough
We don't talk much or nothin'
But when we talkin' about something
We have good discussion
I met his friends last week, feels like they're up to something
That's good for us

We'll let you guys prophesy
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We gon' see the future first
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Living so the last night feels like a past life
Speaking of the, don't know what got into people
Devil be possessin homies
Demons try to body jump
Why you think I'm in this bitch wearing a fucking Yarmulke
Acid on me like the rain
Weed crumbles into glitter
Rain, glitter
We laid out on this wet floor
Away turf, no Astro
Mesmerized how the strobes glow
Look at all the people feet dance
I know that your nigga came with you
But he ain't with you
We only human and it's humid in these Balmain
I mean my balls sticking in my jeans
We breathin pheremones, Amber Rose
Sippin' pink-gold lemonades

Feelin'

I may be younger but I'll look after you
We're not in love, but I'll make love to you
When you're not here I'll save some for you
I'm not him but I'll mean something to you
I'll mean something to you
I'll mean something to you
You got a roommate he'll hear what we do
It's only awkward if you're fucking him too