

Swagger International

Pharrell Williams

Yes yes sir
Little message

He thinks combustible therefore his spits' explosive
Reverse eyes Moses landed him close with
Them unfuckable Mrs. Glamour ain't so glitz
His checks unsmudgeable the shit is so rich
Forget magazines cop his album from go-gets
\$2500 bapes of ostrich all that double are talk
Shut the fuck up it's all shit
Where's your sunroof homie you rocking the oh shit
400 years later and we still in chains
And it ain't just in your brain fucked look at me man
You could put your house up and still kill you out your range
I accessorize in multi million dollar things
While my niggas generated where they still holla Cane
Still holla bang still holla slang
And when it happen du all I can do is get in my car
And get it cracking du and I'll be laughing too
Me and this black girl that listen to Gwen Stefani
Prosciutto mozzarella vinegar at Chip Brianis
Her girl when she want to knows if I had her
But that don't matter bitch I got swagger

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Aye yo you niggas pretenders you ain't big spenders
Narcissists full of shit and pretentious
You have no purpose so that means that you're pointless
She wants to smoke but your stupid shit is joint less
Okay blunt less she's walking away now your bitch is cuntless
Trust me you don't want this
'Cause I could read you and your type of people
No one wants to be you 'cause all the fucks leave you
Me I get rid of them 'cause I don't wanna get at them
You finger fuck them and you think that you did something
Yeah I know her and I only had to fuck something
We walking back in the room and your face like "Did I miss something"
Sold most of my cars I couldn't make sense to the fact
That once I got that thing I wanted to ride in the back
I'm not trying to say that driving that is whack
But two seats that's impossible now where is riding that
The Rolexes got a shining grill with the diamonds here
So the light can play tetris
Don't say my chain is sick say it's infectious
Fuck bringing Neosporin when the hero is touring
The chains chilling like it's below zero snoring
The poochie bucket the Louie luggage
The scarf is bunny my spirit's so sunny
Niggas call them out 'cause my thoughts turn to money

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I try to be strategic like a warrior
Man they young warrior shit is what you know me for
My mind's a rap city my heart is like an overture
None before me none after I'm the only for sure
Man you nothing like me you want to call me for sure
I sell suggestive lifestyle you sell homie couture
Ha ha never a runway for my clothing line
Strictly PJ runways occasional ocean line
In my aid to Bahamas and the coast is fine
I let the wind hit my watch I had to blow some time
See my ears rock n roll my money's no sublime
From these sherbet ice creams with a dose of lime
I'm strictly Shirley Temple Nigo wants to toast with wine
Cheers bitch it can't let you niggas gross my mind
With your low ambition and no damn vision
Black and white ideas with no precision
My mind is like a diamond producing colors like a prism
With no knowledge or understanding
How the fuck you gonna reach wisdom
My mind is reasoning outlast ink and pens
If you niggas think you know me niggas think again

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