

# 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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