

You Can Do It Too

Pharrell Williams

[Intro]

My nigga you can do it too (turn me up, turn me up)
You can do it too
My nigga you can do it too
You can do it too
You can do it too (Just tellin you, ya know?)

[Verse 1]

Aiyyo
Never in a million years I'll imagine I'll get my thrills
By listening to squeals of PJ wheels
As we land I duck down, I stick my head up my dick is
being sucked down, by a bitch named what now
I look in her eyes, and her eyes are like an orange stars
Look at the reflection of my foreign car by R & R
I stick my feet out, you know the bapes that's made of eel
You know the new checks with nigo face right on the heel
I was a marching band, I was a skateboader
Jesus made wine, I couldn't make water
Ox-moronic, I'm here to destroy all you hate hoarders
You niggaz were cool in school now you niggaz take orders
I'm not dissin your job
But now you listen and nod
Some mount the limit shit, I know this position is odd

Don't Gasp for air
You can turn blue
Look, accel nigga
trust me you can do it

[Chorus]

You can do it too young blood
You can do it too young love
Just watch what you do young blood
And watch whose in your crew young blood
It don't matter if you do drugs,
And even if you threw slugs
You can do it too young blood
I did you can do it too

[Verse Two]

I know niggaz are like there's no returning when I
bought that white five-fifth
So white that the coke heads just might try sniff
I ordered the phatom coupe, that's smoke pipe grey
And the interior was like crack white beige
At least that's what it looked like when it was on that page
I combed the whole brochure and it did not say, oh well
Life's a bitch but not too extreme
Life's got a fat ass, Trust me I'ma fuck full steam
I make the world cream and scream, while I'm gettin my cream
I'm coming to america call me Prince Akeem, yessir
It's kinda weird, 'cause this I dream
Kinda prophetic ya get it 'cause this I seen
These type of visions, since I's teen
I told my teacher what I saw, she said I missed byzine
Laughed with the class with the slightest clue

You be buying my shit, and I be rappin to you, but you can do it too

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

I know you heard the story about the dude with the attitude
Pharrell he don't even know you but he mad at you
He got robbed and it seems he has a huge
He's frustrated and that it all he has is you
So, things propel and things excel
The next the a bing comes out the barrell
And my man they accused him of sittin tight up in jail
Ironic he close my man luke can hear him yell
I ain't do it but somebody dropped him flat
I felt the wind from it, that was God cocking back
I got a call from Virginia grandma went back
The line was fluctuated but it just now went flat
See her body went down and her soul went up
She sent angels around me so evil could not touch
I don't lie no more and I'm haunted when I fuck
Wealthy niggaz with a conscience, yeah you know what's up
The wires across, and it's breeding a plague
The conscience is hungry, and it's eating away
Trying to make sense of it, but it's speedy in vain
Up all night with the books and you read till the day
But still ya house of diddy 'cause you got a little paper
Push a cat in the corner, trust me it's the nature
Never underestimate the-things you do
Read your verse too, inhale the "oo", and go

[Chorus]

[Man Singing]

Don't be afraid to look up the sky [8x]