

Come Go Wit Me

Pharrell Williams

We crew hoppers, twenty-in-a-group shoppers
Don't look at the watch unless you got blue blockers
BBC boats where niggas is true yachters
I got an MBA in how to ball
Surrounded by niggas that sell more powder than y'all
Standing like statues and they proud when they fall
Til then they selling dope round the calendar
They pulling hundred grand up the valet at the mall
Walking slow, like it's a Hype Williams video
Jacob well paid-the ears got a crispy glow
Face like, fuck the world, give me hoes
So you racking up on everything with pretty toes
And fresh babes, looking like colored chalk and
Fat ass, bow-legged like she just started walking
Pass it your man so he can get the number
Once she says her name and where the fuck she come from
She got hope in eyes like she wanna go far
Like Hollywood somewhere but your chain got the stars
You walking with the his, she trying hers
She's dying of thirst, you nice with the words
She's fine with the work so you buying the furs
When you get outside the bitch died, the flying spur
Bentley four-doors from the corridors
From your young stunnas they your couriers
Later on you think of them when you toast in the VIP
Gun on your hip, just in case a niggas set trip

"Come go with me
I make you feel right"
That's what the dope man used to say
Bringing cocaine in the jam
"Come go with me
I'll make you feel right"
That's what all the dope men say
Bringing cocaine in the jam

22 niggas, two to a car
11 flagships with the three-point star
The only other ballers are them 3-point stars
We only 5'9", they think we point guards
No jumper, still at the top of the key
No wonder they thought we was shooting them 3's
Throw numbers, sell for the deuce and the three
Like Air Jordan, it's all in the wrist, turning keys
Your modern day Chardonnay sippers
We throwin' up our middles screaming fuck them other niggas
We spit it out like '94 diddy on them niggas
Ain't worried bout the cost, we know the hoes is counting figures
The games of the rich kids we know what the tricks is
We turn our backs so we can fuck each other's bitches
The lifestyle of the rich and right now
Any Given Sunday in the kitchen, white clouds—Poof!

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I lean like the tower, balancing the 'caine
Never thought I'd ever have to touch this residue again
He being me don't even count it as a shame
I'm the Clipse, I done been learned to dance when it rain
Like the gospel song, I won't complain
But I won't watch niggas cash in on my pain
Not Jessie grandson, every gram slung
A testament to my momma's tears losing her first son
Wanna know the real coke? Never been a dealer
Never glorified that, just the character it built
The game's real and you find out quick
When you want the Bentley, the Porsche ain't shit
Not a chain from Jacob, what I need is a wake up
And this pain my heart got the weight of an anchor
And still I thank the good Lord for health
And the peace that you get when you right with yourself

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