

# 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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