

It Was A Great Day

Pharrell Williams

See it's funny right?
I had a real good day yesterday
And then today, I had an even better day
('Sup L.A? Haha)
But the thing is, AMG we signed another deal today
(Skateboard P)
So tomorrow is gon' be great

Yo
Me and a few shorties
Landed on a tour met Paris Hilton right before me
Long Beach, where skinny niggas carry strong heat
And take giant steps like King Kong's feet

It's Gangsta Grillz ya bastards

Yo
Me and a few shorties
Landed on a tour met Paris Hilton right before me
Long Beach, where skinny niggas carry strong heat
And take giant steps like King Kong's feet
I'm in the 'Burban, the window's down I'm feelin' fervent
Where palm trees and trash clash, I'm so observant
Got my connections to I-C-E
So no matter what sets we on it's like TV
The bitches got hay fever, their face turn red
Because they say "Hi" with their eyes, but I'm not a hay reader
This ain't a game and there ain't no play meter
I can read her mind and, it says "Feed her"
We go to Matsuhisa's where it ain't a lot of people
Where they look at your watch, and proper they will treat you
Me and my niggas toast we seen the best of the boats
Next year in Aspen, we gon' ski the rest of the slopes
Mind your business that's just a note
And don't be flexin' your coat 'less you expect to float
That ain't no threat, and it's less than a joke
These niggas mark men, marksmen professional
They from the jungle where baking soda dress the coke
And uphill addicts watch their skin just float
Huh, but today was a good day

In my chain I got the pink Laffy Taffy, the white Laffy Taffy
The blue Laffy Taffy, the yellow is so flashy
But it wasn't always like this exactly
Niggas laughed at me, the bitches treated me nasty
I was a backpacker, now the gat-grabber
The only elevation seemed like the crack ladder
But then I heard Del, and the Hieroglyphics
And The Pharcyde and the Tribe "Can I Kick" shit
Got my backpack, started raisin' my knees
Stompin' in place while my niggas makin' G's
Rapping to myself man even making beats
And the milli's keep my chilly man I keep makin' heat
I'm like a vato you ain't takin' shit
And since I was about 9 I've been skatin' please
Now I'm in the hills with some US Magazine ho
Tellin' me to call her on ICECREAMS her dream clothes

Game like a tendril, money like a spin wheel
And retarded is my pencil don't give the nigga one inch he'll
Go yard, I rock Goyard, "What's that?" Oh God
I deal with LV but that's so hard
But I stick with LV cause I get it no charge

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Yessir