

Maybe

Pharrell Williams

Hold it now
Ya'll hear that?
H-H-H-Hold it now
H-H-H-Hold it now
H-H-H-Hold it now

Yup
This is for all of the consors of fine rhyme you know?
I dug deep in the cellars of my mind for this
I love y'all niggaz
I just wanna air some things out
Dear Hip-Hip, ya know?
Dear Hip-Hop
Dear Hip-Hop:

I got a cult following, N*E*R*D is far from Pop G
No radio, light spins since the video drop see
I'm the turbion of this shit, like Mozart and Bach B
I'm-ma show you niggaz what time it is, niggaz watch me
My falsetto been hot, like the Sopranos five seasons
Alto beats +Grindin+ soundin like +Frontin'+, Niggaz is reachin'
I pimped across that stage nigga tipsy off that reason
Snatch that Grammy, when I joke I call it G-Thing
Ask Robin Leach. How many V-somthins up in my fortress
Like Russle Crowe in +Gladiator+, so many fucking horses
Porsches, [?] thats white, I call it Ghost
Phantom named Nightmare, night scares people the most
I introduce BAPE to the world, 400 nigga out fast
Favorite group White Stripe, R. Kelly, Kanye and Outcast
A R&B producer, I was sittin on the shelf
A Ralph Laurenic nerd then Noreaga gave me help
But my samples wouldn't clear, and I couldn't rock a wig
And they didn't have pimp cups, and dancin wasn't my gig
But shoulder brushin, blazers and trucker hats I did
And the only niggaz I ain't work with was Tupac and Big
Ha ha

You and me
BAPE, Ice Cream and BBC (Yup)
Just because we skate down the road (Niggaz)
Don't mean we can't slam Phantom Doors (Bitches)
You and me
BAPE, Ice Cream and BBC
Just because we skate down the road (love y'all man)
Don't mean we can't slam Phantom Doors (You have no idea)

Now er'body keep asking me about Kelis
She's dope with or without me til I die thats what I speak
I never run to the tabloids and run around here grinnin'
I'm a peaceful, Rolls Royce drivin' black John Lennon
psychedelic beats, medals on my Solder jacket
Fuckin the baddest bitches in fashion, niggaz could you imagine?
Ma, why you even breathin? Why you even talkin'?
Put my Big Bang in your Black Hole, I'm Stephen Hawkins
If the mind is full of water, can you believe I'm walkin'
On your thoughts trust me niggaz what I've achieved is awesome

Mind readers you think you know me, proceed with caution
Ohup! Eternal sunshine of a spotless mind you lost him
I cried when my grandma died, Bob says Josh says
If Josh short for Jesus, then I'll sing what Bob says
Oh small diamonds are blahsay blahsay
Remember 20 carot soilitares can not be paveyed
And while my heart has lots of scars hidden
My beats is star ridden, givin trucks and jeeps and cars rythem
Accompanied by 40 bars spittin, not from the prospective of Nasism
But as N*E*R*D goes as I start peni-trating minds unlikely fitting
Ghetto girls and thugs liking the album guitar driven, Yup!
Ghetto girls to girls from the valley
To niggaz that skate to niggaz that pump crack in they alleys
I'm the Black Card, Timothy Leary, John Lennon lookin for my Yoko
Hopin my wife hears me
And maybe she'll have more +Interscope+ and not be a +Virgin+
Who bought my album, and who will prefer the regular version that goes

See, maybe [Haha]
There was something wrong [Hooo!]
And you were telling me no wrong [What up Black radio? Daddy loves you]
See, maybe [Ahhhhohhhhhhhhhhh!]
The laugh's on me [Yeahhhh]
And life was telling me a joke (joke, joke joke)

Owwww!

You and me
BAPE, Ice Cream and BBC
Just because we skate down the road (Mean what?)
Don't mean we can't slam Phantom Doors (Nigga nigga)
You and me
BAPE, Ice Cream and BBC
Just because we skate down the road
Don't mean we can't slam Phantom Doors (nigga nigga)

Love
P.S.. daddy loves you
Yours truely