

Popular

Pharrell Williams

Uh, mami, you miss me, don't you?
Haters, wish you could hit me, don't you?
Heh, you should call me uncle
I understand, I'm back by popular demand
That new CL fly
Outside of Popeyes eating chicken and fries
Yeah, come holla at your uncle
I understand, I'm back by popular demand

You are now listening to the all-time phenomenal
Used to bag work in VA at the Econo Lo'
Now I'm laying out at the Delano though
But don't get it twisted, the Uzi's in the lining though
Hollow tip dum-dums eat flesh like piranhas though
Such a scary thing to hear the soul sing "Geronimo!"
Pull up in the CL, the shit's astronomical
Hoes lining up on the curb, they fall like dominoes
Used to have this white bitch, she looked like Madonna though
Heard that she fucking LeBron, but shit, I don't know
Like that, Bron-Bron? I had that long time ago
Butt-naked on the balcony at the Dolla-no
I mean the Delano, I mean, Pharrell'll know
The head shop bitch from D.C., ay P, let 'em know!
(Yeah that bitch was hot nigga) Yeah yeah, but it was time to go
Them hoes come in "eenie, meenie, minie-mo"
Yuugh! Mami you miss me, don't you?

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Why wouldn't I be? Look at shorty (Dammrn!)
Uh, mami good down to the cuticles, "I'm (Cammm)
What's your name, beautiful?" Like (Mannn)
I could get used to you, woulda (Rannn)
If you knew what I used to do
But call me uncle, yeah, Uncle Cam
I tax 'em (Like who?) Like Uncle Sam
From the jungle, fam, where niggas bundle grams
Fumble or you crumble, get murked on the humble (Annnd)
The gat on the belt on the hip (Annnd)
I keep it for real with the clips
Drive a hard bargain (bargain)
I'm Harlem's only Gagarin, car foreign
The other man stood-stood stutter-fied
I know your mom's well, tell your mother "Hi"
I'm the other guy that got your mother high
Coke like a caterpillar, I make butter fly, I

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Goddamn, the boy's back
From pushing a mountain of Sno-Caps to avoiding the Kojak
The pioneer of the coke rap
I'm dancing with the stars, stepping on blow, doing the toe-tap
The dope returned like I had it on LoJack
It made its way home like a road map, I fathered this
If I misled any kid that's fatherless
That burden's on my soul as long I exist
Generation lost, they saying they can't reach us
The answer is the Lord like "Saturday Night Fever"
I kept it in the crib, it made me a light sleeper
Whether watching for the Feds or avoiding the Grim Reaper
Way deeper than rap, money and hoes, it's deeper than that
Fight the temptation but it keep coming back
Money stacked to the ceiling just as quick as it dispense
Who knew them commas meant you could lose your common sense?
Before it's too late, all I can tell 'em is repent, ugh

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