

Raspy

Pharrell Williams

Ma, the way you huggin' on me, it's a problem
The fuck you tryna end up in the gossip column?
I know I got jewels like I'm the pharaoh of the ghetto
But we are and it's a bright-ass shiny Carrera
Stickin' your feet out the window so they can see your stilettos
Cost a thousand dollars, same as your housing holla
Not to mention the wrist and the thirty thousand collar
Pussy must be good, he's victim to your power
Shit, nigga like me? I would never allow it
Spit that shit to me, I would ask you, "Have you showered?"
You wanna get up in my boat and ride
Take pictures with the kid up in Ocean Drive
Go to Casa Tua and just sip on Calouas
At the bar, talkin' to other women about the best jewelers
You like that, huh? Smilin' still, call your girlfriend (Why?)
You fell asleep at the wheel

Don't try to come up on my ear talkin' all that raspy shit, raspy shit
Don't try to come up on my ear talkin' all that raspy shit, raspy shit
Don't try to come up on my ear talkin' all that raspy shit, raspy shit
And don't try to come up on my ear talkin' all that raspy shit
Tryna ask me shit, c'mon

Ayo, I walk in brashest, certainly the crassest
The restaurant's classes, the owner is asses
Shit, my money green like the helmet of a fascist
So what you want - Patron or Petrucia glasses?
Ain't no mystery, his daughter know the history
And every night we toast like it's victory, get with me
And I ain't changed since my early mental
I been snackin' on shrimp and sippin' on Shirley Temples
No drug to drinkin' - what you want?
No, seriously, what you thinkin'? Since the Yukon
Never puffed a J, you can ask Loushawn
Back when he pushed beige like it was coupons
With a house full of dames like it was Moulin
I would ask they names, but they would only do Sean
And I ain't sayin they regret it, but fuck it, they do
'Cause if they could reverse time, nigga
What would they do, huh?

Don't try to come up on my ear talkin' all that raspy shit, raspy shit
Don't try to come up on my ear talkin' all that raspy shit, raspy shit
Don't try to come up on my ear talkin' all that raspy shit, raspy shit
And don't try to come up on my ear talkin' all that raspy shit
Tryna ask me shit, c'mon

Honeys Panamanian, eyes like Iranian
Lighter than the blue of the sky of the day we in
Ass like a volleyball, the kind that make your dick hard
Head to the hustlers, so sweet she could get cars
Now she here with me, lil' Skateboard P
Cheaper than the sound of a bird that chirps
I spit, then I hit, then I murk, yessir
A flick chico stick and a Twix, that's her
She admire how the champion live
How I signed Slim Thug with a ramp in my crib

I'm a champion, I do as the champions did
Except I improve with the new and the rest get rid
But some of y'all don't like that, it's easy tryna bite back
Instead of sayin' hi, gettin' fly, but I'll be right back
My dude got the steel if you think you fly
Shoot the wings off your ego and watch you skydive, yessir

Don't try to come up on my ear talkin all that raspy shit, raspy shit
Don't try to come up on my ear talkin' all that raspy shit, raspy shit
Don't try to come up on my ear talkin' all that raspy shit, raspy shit
And don't try to come up on my ear talkin' all that raspy shit
Tryna ask me shit, c'mon