

Sound Boy

Pharrell Williams

Skateboard, huh?
Are you sayin' they know me?
Skateboard, huh? Skateboard, huh?
Are you sayin' they know me? Ha
In My Mind, coming soon

Good taste is acquired, you should want the best and nothin' less
Catch me in the cherry drop, drippin', nigga so fresh
Don't try to run up, they put a gun to your chest
Or open up your apples, let the world see your seeds
Jeez-louise, you could of been a tree of life
But you was jelly to the low, [?]
Of the watch out the window, well, my feverish ride
Committed a sin, lost his halo, wish you could just fly?
But for me, I just smile 'cause for me, you just tried
To, to try to live, but to me, you just died
We got niggas that do the same thing for as few as a gram
Just stop like you niggas, yes, you and your man
Or hit you where you stand, because the tool is in hand
Let both you niggas sound like the Vitruvian Man
I hiccup philosophy and I spit science
I'm Arts since 7 and half years old without tryin'
A CDE student without even applyin'
I couldn't hear the teacher from all ghetto firin' in my ear
I got Mozart's ears, a movin' target
The Devil tried to throw darts here
'Cause he knew I would emerge, and make my mama proud
In the back of that chromed out two-tone cloud
And when I roll through the hood, nigga, it never rains
And if it did, they'll freeze up from these cold-ass chains

It's my time to shine (Shine)
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It's my time to shine (Shine)
Follow me as I drop these lines (Yo)

I'm a luminary, don't act like you don't know shit (What?)
Get your sunshades, man, I really glow
Bitches doze like Jolly Ranchers, how you get docious?
The price is intimidatin', don't ask, don't approach it
The karats, average, 20-somethin', that's it
You should see the bling when I eat salad, it's magic
Like cop a feel, bitches wanna stop and chill
But it blurs they vision, like they been poppin' pills
They said, "It's not for real", yes, it is, I seen a lot, for real (Uh)
Imagine bein' surrounded by customers who wanted rocks to chill
The older wanted to smoke 'em and the younger wanted to sell 'em
Whether in Hell or for sale, it affects the cerebellum
And they don't wear red or blue, they wear green
'Cause that's the predominant color of the illustrious dream
To run a square biz' on the block with the fiends
And outside they house, they made the "Soul Train" line
Mutated cocaine lines, fuck \$300 jeans
White tees, Air Force, and a week worth of fatigues
Pusha told me you could get a key for 16 (Uh-huh)
If they know you long enough and your relationship is mean (Uh-huh)
And if there's a little man, you gon' pay like 20's

So when you complain about the price, that's why I look at you funny
You wet behind the ears, you gon' pay 25
But once they say it, you try to pay it, you gon' say a lie? (Shit)
Take that nigga's shit, why should we make that nigga breathe?
She resist? Bond, torture, and rake that nigga bitch
I seen that shit with my side of town, boy (Uh)
But you would never know 'cause I never make a sound, boy (Uh)

It's my time to shine (Shine)
It's my time to shine (Shine)