The Game Has Changed

Pharrell Williams

I know, I disappeared and popped up in Paris making chairs with a beard
And those that love me probably thought that it was weird
While the haters was happy, they thought my destiny was cleared
And any artist that you love have veered
Especially when they hated the image that they mirrored
I got a text that said “P, please get up”
Some light shining brightly outlining my shit up
The penthouses, the homes, the cars, the chains
The stones, the admirers, mini-me’s and clones
Selling you niggas dreams that are boxes full of foam
In and out of dimensions I walk through walls
Just saying you can’t put me in a box, that's all
No Davinci Codes and Twilight stubs
Don’t take this wrong, but I miss the taste of blood

So fitting, the sound in my system, makes me want to squish the m
King Kong foot, the beast has awakened
The Pro Tools taping, my position blatant
You knew I was coming, choiceless, you waiting
Now I look up and ask why you’ve been for satan
I shall hover, with splendid colors
That alone makes me other, plus the return of the Jedi
I study how the Brooklyn machine works
That's word to BIG and his dead eye
I rise to the top like the sun
I rise to the pocket like a gun
I fire, drop ya body then it’s done
They like, what happened, we trapped him
Hatred is obliverated when I imagine
Look at you drowning in ya lungs, gasping
Blood on the dancefloor, he, he Michael Jackson
Bitches should stay home they do so much cummin’
Y’all should stand backwards you do so much frontin’
Take this sun block we got too much sunning
Now lets examine what you thinking, running
Run too hard, you might tear ya meniscus
And if you try to run up you only get ya wig split
And this campaign that we running is viscious
I hate to eat and run but this was delicious

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