

# When Skateboard Came

Pharrell Williams

Yessir!

When lil' Skateboard came with them big-ass chains  
Let's get right down to business  
Them bitches like, "P, why you got that on?" (Hahaha)  
I'm like, "Bitch, stay in your lane, and give a nigga brain"  
Y'all didn't think this could happen, huh?  
Everlast 'til the break of dawn (Gangsta Gri-Zillz!)  
Well, let me tell you something!  
When I pulled up in that big-ass thing that was white as cocaine (Matter-  
fact)  
Backpackers thought my mind was gone (I gotta tell y'all niggas)  
But when I pull, pull-uh up with the- ugh, up  
The bitch-uh-bitches be, the bitche-  
bitches be like, "What?" (I'm a made man!)  
Studies show... (Dramatic!)

Yeah, haha!

Wow

Yeah, niggas! You hear it right?

Wow

You hear it!

Look, Drama, man, come on, look-this my shit

They didn't believe us, P!

You know what I'm saying? This is my shit!

We gotta go all the way on your first mixtape!

You know what I'm saying? This is MY shit! MY shit, niggas! MY shit! Take th  
is shit back!

So we not gon' do nothing but heat-rocks!

Listen! Listen to what's happening right now!

They listening! They ain't got no fucking choice!

Listen to what's happening!

I'll!

Watch this

Oh!

Yo, when lil' Skateboard came with them big-ass chains (Now y'all ready?)

Them bitches like, "P, why you got that on?"

I'm like, "Bitch, stay in your lane, and give a nigga brain" (I'm in my lane  
!)

Everlast 'til the break of dawn (Cannon!)

When I pulled up in that big-ass thing that was white as cocaine (AMG!)

Backpackers thought my mind was gone (BBCIceCream.com! Tr-Trendsetter!)

But when I pull, pull-uh up with the- ugh, up

The bitch-uh-bitches be, the bitche-bitches be like, "What?"

(DJ the fuck Drama! Skateboard P!)

Studies show that eyes get damaged (Dramatic!)

When you stare into the ultraviolet rays- be like, "what?" (Dramatic, nigga!  
Haha!)

Studies show that eyes get damaged

When you stare into the ultraviolet rays- be like, what?" (Gangsta- Gangsta  
Gri-Zillz!)

Studies show that eyes get damaged

When you stare into the ultraviolet rays in the ears

And the ears through the glass of my Rolls Ruh-

C-E, that smells like the potpou-  
'Pourri provided by my chauffeur (Dr-Dramatic!)  
The chains is flooded, the dames, they love it  
The rock so big, I'm amazed, but it's strange they cut it  
The belt-buckle frames is smothered (Ugh)  
Don't look too long, you might get "what? "-ed  
Once they scream "What?" (Gangsta!)  
Then, they grab the gun by the butt  
Squeeze the dick-once it go "click"  
Open your shit, now the back of your shit open (Ugh)  
The front of your shit got a hole that's smoking  
"Father forgive me, I'm sorry, another idiot croaking"  
"9-1-1, what's the emergency?"  
Now, they rushing that ass to get that surgery  
You wanted to have it your way like Burger King  
Flame-broiled, broil-flamed (Gangsta!)  
The royal brain is ignoring you lames  
Don't make no comparisons, we ain't sort of the same  
Look at your wallets-we ain't sort of the same  
Your rocks is treated-that ain't sort-of the chain  
Better go to the back of The Source and order again (Uh-huh)  
Lyrically, I'm XXL, I drove you home  
The bracelet got a Vibe when I'm holding the phone  
When I wave, bitches call me Rolling Stones

Yo, when lil' Skateboard came with them big-ass chains  
Them bitches like, "P, why you got that on?" (The Aphilliates, nigga, pay at  
tention!)

I'm like, "Bitch, stay in your lane, and give a nigga brain"  
Everlast 'til the break of dawn (Dr-Dr-Dr-Dramatic!)  
When I pulled up in that big-ass thing that was white as cocaine  
Backpackers thought my mind was gone  
But when I pull, pull-uh up with the- ugh, up  
The bitch-uh-bitches be, the bitche-bitches be like, "What?" (Gangsta!)

Yo, I overlook the whole city with a nice, clear view  
You trying to call your bitch that's pretty, but she can't hear you  
She arguing with my doorman tryna get upstairs  
Describing the prototypes to my Icy Airs  
The Ice Creams make all the bitches want to fuck  
Plus, the black card is something like an armored truck  
Parking lot-see, it's a art to "hot"  
You know who's who, when who's quiet, and who talks a lot  
See, there's money machines and those who spark it, not  
Those be the type of niggas left in the dark to rot (Gangsta!)

I greens marks the pop-ular; then, I get new cars  
That's protected by Rugers that'll shoot you  
Alternate your future, quicker than the Wu-Tang bu-tar [?]  
Bitches see my face and say, "Me gusta"  
Mama used to drive a Cougar  
But now, I drive horses with Italian names  
Equipped with a bitch with a nice stallion frame  
She half-Haitian, call her Geneviève and shit  
"C'est pas c'est, tout n'est," like she Clef and shit  
She respect my dick, like it's break-fer-ast  
She's insecure; her girl wanna get with this  
The expressed bliss of what I'm blessed with  
When I finger-fuck the track, it caress the gift  
If you study my mixtape, you'll see what my method is

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Everlast 'til the break of dawn (Gangsta!)  
When I pulled up in that big-ass thing that was white as cocaine  
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