

# Elephants

## The Snuts

Yep

And I've got my head screwed tighter, choose to pie the piper  
You're all talk, no writer, I'm a writer  
And I've got them tight knit beats  
With the shoes to match  
I'm keeping it clean  
But I'm deeper than that

I've got my rhymes bigger than all your elephants  
Yeah, you know I'm lighter  
And I've got my moves sweeter than any of your friends  
Yeah, you know I'm writer  
Yeah, you know I'm writer

And I can be the fast track Rickenbacker, slick as you like me  
The prime-time gold mine, cool as the nights be grey  
Yeah, you'll hear me say  
And I can be the Mayweather, Rockefeller, quick as you like me  
The south side summer with you burning beside me, baby  
Won't you come on? Pay me (Yep)

And I've got my head screwed tighter (Tighter)  
If you'd like to sail away on the side of my vessel, baby  
Pull down them tight blue jeans  
With the back to match  
Not keeping this clean  
I know you like it, like it, like it like that

And I've got my rhymes bigger than all your elephants  
Yeah, you know I'm writer  
Yeah, you know I'm—  
And I've got my moves sweeter than any of your friends  
Yeah, you know I'm writer  
Yeah, you know I'm writer

And I can be the fast track Rickenbacker, slick as you like me  
The prime-time gold mine, cool as the nights be grey  
Yeah, you'll hear me say  
And I can be the Mayweather, Rockefeller, quick as you like me  
The south side summer with you burning beside me, baby  
Won't you come on? Pay me  
Won't you come on? Pay—

Fast track Rickenbacker, slick as you like me  
The fast track Rickenbacker, slick as you like me  
The fast track Rickenbacker, slick as you like me  
The fast track Rickenbacker, slick as you like me  
Fast track Rickenbacker, slick as you like me  
The fast track Rickenbacker, slick as you like me  
The fast track Rickenbacker, slick as you like me  
The fast track Rickenbacker, slick as you like me (Come on, baby, yeah)

And I can be the fast track Rickenbacker, slick as you like me  
The prime-time gold mine, cool as the nights be grey  
Yeah, you'll hear me say  
And I can be the Mayweather, Rockefeller, quick as you like me

The south side summer with you burning beside me, baby  
Won't you come on? Pay me  
Won't you come on? Pay-