

# Pharrell Williams, Mr Me Too

[Pharrell]

You know we back right?, Clear the streets out  
Come on with it, Ha ha Star Trak  
Niggaz is haters, I'm doing deals like the majors  
Ice Cream Sneakers, I signed my first skater  
So you can pay three and buy yourself some bape stas  
Bulletproof under-t-shirts because they hate us  
Do it like Snoop say "Step Ya Game Up"  
Double-decker boat, nigga mediterrain up  
D-Class Action cuts, tuck your chain up  
Liberachi fingers, just hit Lorraine up  
Just last week, I was out in Aspen  
Me and Puff hoppin off the plane, both us laughing  
A week before that, I was out in Italy  
Italian heart throbs could not get rid of me  
Up in Donatella crib, me and like ten hoes  
Call from the cell phone, give me that enzo  
I know what your thinking, yeah me too  
Okay everybody meet mister me too

[Pusha T]

Been two years, like I was paddy wagon cruisin  
The streets was yours, ya dunce cappin and cazoooin  
I was just assuming you'd keep the coke movin  
But I got one question, Fuck y'all been doing?  
Pyrex stirs turned into Cavalli furs  
The full length cat, when I wave, the kitty purs  
All my niggaz caped up, selling grey and beige dust  
Had that money right or end up in the trunk taped up  
We don't chase a duck, we only raise the bucks  
Peel money rolls until our thumbs get the papercuts  
Chill retardo, South Beach Gallardo  
Teal started up, go brr like it's Nardo  
Women if you love me, please let me know  
Tie rags round your neck and learn the sets we throw  
These are the days of our lifes  
And I'm sorry to the fans but the crackers weren't playing fair Jive  
I know, I know, yep yeah, you too  
Okay we get it, yep yeah you too  
I know, I know, yep yeah, you too  
Okay everybody meet mister me too  
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[Pharrell]

I know what you thinkin why I call you me too  
Cause everything I say, I got you sayin me too  
I say I got a benz so you said me too  
You hangin out the window so they can see you  
But you ain't hangin out the window when you in that G2  
Or that G3 or G4 like we do  
Star Trak, clipse malice come on

[Malice]

Wanna know the time? Better clock us  
Niggaz bite the style from the shoes to the watches  
We cloud hoppers, tailor suits like we mobstas  
Break down keys into dimes and sell 'em like gobstoppers  
Who gonna stop us? Not a god damn one of ya  
Mean with the Re-Up, nigga we street tumblers  
Ivory White, yeah that's the same color  
Of the Zord the, best believe it's the mullenor  
Take no prisoners, rap niggaz are whisperers  
Choke on your own spit just as soon as you mention us  
Champagne corkes, kicked by Louis sportsin

Keep my hoes in pooch and Charles Jordan  
Cop the chrome and touch grey caponent  
Mink on the floor, make ya hot don't it?  
You don't wanna know what the fuck I spent on it  
Tomorrow ain't promised so we live for the moment  
[Pusha T]

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