Nikes

Frank Ocean

[Frank]
Special shoutout to the icon dynasty
Slip-N-Slide Records
I got two versions, I got two versions
I got two versions...These bitches want Nikes (This is a setup)
They looking for a check (Oh my god)
Tell em it ain't likely (This bitch tryna set me up)
Said she need a ring like Carmelo (Hands up, oh my god)
Must be on that white like Othello (Oh my, its a real life angel)
All you want is Nikes (Yeah)
But the real one's just like you (Tell these niggas)
Just like me(Tell these guys you ain't basic, tell these guys you [?], you a hottie, this is heaven on earth)
But if you need, think I got you and I got a line
(But if you're in the party don't bring your shotty
Love everybody)
Pour one for A$AP (rest in peace)
RIP Pimp C (rest in peace)
RIP Trayvon, that nigga look just like me
Forgive my sins
(Remember one thing, remember one thing: don't take no photos in the party)
Gotta love passion, gotta love trade
Gotta keep the scales, a little mermaid
(That's rule number one
Rule number two: don't talk no photos in the party)
We out by the pool, some little mermaids
(Rule number three: I got one left)
Female [?]
Twigs with the bed
Now that's a real mermaid
You roll in your bed
Where, of [?]
(If you in the-
If you couldn't get to the-, go your ass to sleep, we in the-)
You don't care for me
(Special shoutout to the mob niggas)
But who cares for me
(We keep it hot)
And that's good
(I've been working on my bod, I feel hot)

We don't talk much or nothin'
(If we in the- holla at ya gwalla)
When we talkin' about something
(Oh my god, hold up)
We have good discussion
(Tell these basic bitches we don't wear Nike)
I mean it feels nice, you won't be lied to or something
(You guys are naughty, you a hottie, hold up)
That's good for usWe'll let you guys prophesize
We'll let you guys prophesize
We gon' see the future first
We'll let you guys prophesize
We gon' see the future first
Living so the last night feels like a past life
Speaking of the, we don't know what got into people
Devil possesors on me
Demons try to body jump
Why you think I'm in this bitch wearing a fucking Yarmulke
Acid on me like the rain
Weed crumbles and the glitter
Rain, glitter
We lay it out on this wet floor
Away turf, no Astro
Mesmerized at the rose gold
Looking at all the people feet dance
I know that your nigga came with you
But he ain't with you
The only human is human in these Balmains
I mean my bra sticking out of my jeans
We breathin pheremones, amber rose
Sippin' pink-gold lemonade
Feelin'I may be younger but I look after you
We're not in love, but I make love to you
When you're not here I save some for you
I'm not him but I mean something to you
I mean something to you
I mean something to you
You gotta worry, here, here, worryThat's only awkward if you forget it too...

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