

# 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 us We'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 possessors 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 Balmain's  
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, worry That's only awkward if you forget it too...

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