Best Friend

Pharrell

Yeah, ye, spit my gum out right now
What up world? Got my inspiration in the studio with me
Right, feelin' good, got a lot to smile about
Talk to y'all niggas, yessur, heyMy best friend say I'm bottled up, I need a fucking therapist
But I can't think of nobody I wanna share this with
Why should I open up on somebody else's carelessness
There goes the top, nigga, so here it isMama workin' all day, Daddy out in the streets
Imagine 10 years old full of doubt and defeat
Growing up around criminals, with clout and deceit
My grandma Loucelle used to tell me, you about what you reapShe used to help me with my homework, addiction, subtraction
Added faith to my life and doubt got subtracted
Wanna skip ya mind from crying better learn something, son
You be beatin' on my couches, why don't you try hit the drumsLook, you see me ma, they wish they could be me ma
As I got better, her body was eaten by Leukemia
Seventh grade, it was cursed and sad
But the gift within it, was when I first met ChadBut even Chad could tell you that my Christmas was jinxed
'Cuz grandma Loucelle died on twelve nineteen
I can't help but wonder, what kind of black cloud I was under
'Cuz 15 years later the other died that summer, bummerMy best friend told me, you be actin' tough, that's fine
But the weight of the world can really crush one's mind
So let it out P, what, let it out P, what
Let it out P, what, let it out P, whatSee, you won't even know you hurt sometimes
Until you in conversation it comes out in a line
Let it out P, what, let it out P, what
Let it out P, my nigga let it outAye yo, okay, 10 21 Atlantis Drive, nigga was action packed
That's Atlantis apartments, we live in half the back
That's where the 12 year olds there, they be flashing crack
And when they shoot you nigga, they ain't tryna pass it backAye yo, Diggy, Fleet and Marvian can you imagine that?
The place we love the most, the hood was built to smash us flat
But I escaped 'cuz I chased, what made me passion that
Now I got my skate team and spit these acid rapsSo many niggas will rise, so many them niggas try
So many them niggas ended up duck-taped and tied
So many them same niggas, man they moms eyes cry
So, they just got older, still on the corner with they prideBut let me tell niggas something, I'm so glad you alive
Long as you got a breathe, a pulse, nigga strive
Divne intervention this is

I heard a voice nigga, listen to thisMy best friend told me, you be actin' tough, that's fine
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Let it out P, what, let it out P, whatSee, you won't even know you hurt sometimes
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Let it out P, what, let it out P, what
Let it out P, my nigga let it out, okayJesus will arrange it, but Jesus won't change it
Hold yourself responsible, on yourself you blame it
You mad, nigga don't articulate in Sanskrit
I.E. we best friends, speak best friends languageI'm a happy nigga, you can't approach me in anguish
Whoever said anything worth working for would be painless
Can't be mad at the world 'cuz you and your girl ain't famous
'Cuz you both on bait, BBC and chain lessAlso your range less, therefore switch laneless
Now you brainless, dangerous, 'cuz you pull out the stainless
All of sudden you smart, now you do something hainess
First time you get caught, now your ass is famousNo longer chain less, and the bus switching lanes is a bad look
Yo girl with ya man sellin' laneless, stop
Nigga rewind and reverse slides 3 times
Re-assess your thinking and trust me it'll be fineFirst picture your goal, and repeat 'It'll be mine'
Or fuck it nigga, just keep imagine killin' me fine
Now you, scrunching your face tryna ace attainment
When you should be tryna find a place to base your shame, niggaSuccess is tangible, don't wait for fame
I thought you would receive it better if I ain't say ya name
You unsure of yourself, sit still and think
Review those actions if it fit, put your name in the blankMy best friend told me, you be actin' tough, that's fine
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So let it out P, what, let it out P, what
Let it out P, what, let it out P, whatSee, you won't even know you hurt sometimes
Until you in conversation it comes out in a line
Let it out P, what, let it out P, what
Let it out P, my nigga let it out, okayStar Track is who we are
Star Track is who we are
Star Track is who we are
Star Track is who we are

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