

# Best Friend

## Pharrell Williams

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 this  
My 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, what  
See, 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, okay  
Jesus 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 language  
I'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 less  
Also 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 famous  
No 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 fine  
First 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, nigga  
Success 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 blank  
My 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, what  
See, 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, okay  
Star 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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