

Neon Guts (feat. Pharrell Williams)

Lil Uzi Vert

Yeah, yeah, yeah
And I got a colorful aura
Like I got neon guts
Uh huh, yeah
And I got a colorful aura
Like I got neon guts
Admit it, I move like amoeba
I float in the room like I'm reefer
Alien, I'm not your kind of people
Tell a telepathic fam how I read ya
You ain't got emeralds that's greener
You ain't got rich up the sleeve
And I got a Rolls that's in the Grove, that I ain't drove
Shit, I don't know the reason
Andele, andele, arriba
Me and J Balvin on G5
Success is a drug man, and we high
I am mother as a beehive
I got love for you haters
Ain't you tired of enslavement
Come with us, make some paper
'Cause you should own what you labor
Yeah, You never stayed in Kailua
I put Chanel on my shooter
Flooded my chain and it's Gucci
I don't want that girl she moody
I'm basically saying that I'm cooler
Get Dior discounts from my cougar
Back in the six-grade I got them bad grades
I was in love with my tutor
See, musically, Lil Uzi trapping man
Most of you rappers be actors man
Go M.I.A when I find little madison
Stay at the Ritz-Carlton, this not the Radisson
Just took a blue one, 'bout to take the red pill
Purple thoughts in my brain, hope it don't spill
Stay with a nerd just like Urkel Jaleel
Fresh just like Carlton, I kill em with Will
Big ass "R" on my Smiths
Big ass "R" on my whip

Slip-on shoes, so you won't trip
Said she kinda fine if she got some hips
Momma said, "Let me see the witch"
Boy you know light and dark don't mix
Mix it up, boy, bad luck
Sick to my stomach with them neon guts
Higher than Elon Musk
So high stars eat our dust
And I got a colorful aura
Like I got neon guts
Dark energy, we don't touch
Our jewelry be on tut
And It give a nigga colorful aura
Like I got neon guts
Higher than Elon Musk
So high stars eat our dust
And I got a colorful aura
Like I got neon guts
Dark energies, we don't touch
Our jewelrys be on tut
And I got a colorful aura
Like I got neon guts
Yeah fam
Pharrell on Mars with my fellow stars
I'm like lightning striking on a metal rod
Say "Hello, God" on the double bars
So dammit, Amex, I got a yellow card
Yellow card, yellow card
Damn, P, I need a yellow card
I am from The Root like where the metal start
I had to push like a pedal
Started way after but ahead of y'all
New crib, got a better yard
Two years, I got hella cars
Since the eighth grade had hella broads
Hella broads, hella broads
Yellow painting with a yellow broad
Shit came from cost, probably marge
Slick my hair back like I'm Chico DeBarge
I got some lights on my chest
Don't confuse it with a heart
Heard things ain't looking too good for you
Had to pull some strings like I play the harp
I get these billions alone
It been that way from the start
Smoking good kush, my cologne

Got neon guts 'cause I can't see in the dark
Higher than Elon Musk
So high stars eat our dust
And I got a colorful aura
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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