

N.E.R.D. "Lazer Gun"

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Yeah...

So much sound like dirt today
Turn on the radio and it make you thirst away
Like a dumb bitch lookin' for nerds today
Or like good food, dig in ya' purse to pay
Sometime it make me so sad like the worst of days
It's in the street makin' cats where the earth decay
Then I seen a little black boy with a shirt that say
"Don't you miss the fucking classics like purple rain"

You need something to cool you off
Man, my beat like a bitch because you and your car
It shine bright like the night and the moon and the stars
And I wake up and make more by noon tomorrow
Now, the critics ask will we be dumbing it down
Says N.E.R.D. is not coming around
What, sit and watch who you summin the sound
If I catch you when I see you I'm gunnin' it down
Because

I am the laser gun carryin
(The laser gun carryin')
The laser gun carryin
(The laser gun carryin')
The laser gun carryin
Milky way master

I am the laser gun carryin
(The laser gun carryin')
The laser gun carryin
(The laser gun carryin')
The laser gun carryin
Milky way master

What did you expect, it's the reemergence
Loosin ya neck, shorty get to jerkin'
You rockin with the best, and that's for certain
It's almost like your ears are now virgin
Ready fresh, wet for insertion
It's like your first time with insurgen
Except you're screwed you're locked, you're sippin

syrup
Now mami, close your eyes
Like curtains
Look who coolin it off
We be tearin down show for the moon tomorrow
Stay in the future, what you think you they can rule
tomorrow
That's like Larry Bird came and just schooled Jabaar
You should be happy, that should be news to ya'll
Like a little boy hearin no school tomorrow
That's the point, ain't no beatin or runnin around
Violate me when I see you, I'm gunnin it down

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One more time, c'mon!

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I am a product of flex
A product of clue
A product of Interscope
A product of you
A product of my parents, my little brother too
A product of cam
A product of ganoo
So the beat gotta be like stealth in dark

I mean, the beat gotta knock ya helmet off
Knock you crab ass niggas who's shells is soft
Show you're pussy and you only do well in talk
I kill pussy, kill beats, kill real word
I can't decide, am I Lucas or Spielberg
They pay a night to see me, a night to TV cause I'm
bright like the finger that lights on E.T.
In a flash a sonny went down
Didn't want to see it but you confrontin' it now
Draw your mind in the sand til you done in the ground
And if a nigga step across me I'm gunnin' it down
And tell em

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