

## **Pharrell Williams**

# **"Swagger International"**

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Yes, yes sir  
Little message

He thinks combustible, therefore his spits' explosive  
Reverse eyes moses, landed him close with  
Them unfuckable, Mrs. Glamour ain't so glitz  
His checks unsmudgeable, the nigga is so rich

Forget magazines, cop his album from go-gets  
\$2500 bapes of ostrich, all that double are talk  
Shut the fuck up, it's all shit  
Where's your sunroof, homie, you rocking the, oh, shit

400 years later and we still in chains  
And it ain't just in your brain, nigga, look at me, man  
You could put your house up and still kill you out your  
range  
I accessorize in multi million dollar things

While my niggas generated where they still holla Cane  
Still holla bang, still holla slang  
And when it happen du, all I can do is get in my car  
And get it cracking du and I'll be laughing too

Me and this black girl that listen to Gwen Stefani  
Prosciutto, mozzarella, vinegar at Chip Brianis  
Her girl when she want to knows if I had her  
But that don't matter, nigga, I got swagger

Swagger, swagger international  
Swagger, swagger international  
Swagger, swagger international  
Swagger, swagger international

Aye yo, you niggas pretenders, you ain't big spenders  
Narcissists, full of shit and pretentious  
You have no purpose, so that means that you're  
pointless  
She wants to smoke, but your stupid ass is joint less

Okay blunt less, she's walking away, now your ass is  
cuntless

Trust me, you don't want this  
'Cause I could read you and your type of people  
No one wants to be you 'cause all the bitches leave you

Me, I get rid of them 'cause I don't wanna get at them  
You finger fuck them and you think that you did something  
Yeah, I know her and I only had to piss something  
We walking back in the room and your face like,  
"Did I miss something?"

Sold most of my cars, I couldn't make sense to the fact  
That once I got that thing, I wanted to ride in the back  
I'm not trying to say that driving that is whack  
But two seats that's impossible, now where is riding that

The Rolexes got a shining grill with the diamonds here  
So the light can play tetris  
Don't say my chain is sick, say it's infectious  
Bitches bringing Neosporin when the hero is touring

The chains chilling like it's below zero, snoring  
The poochie bucket, the Louie luggage  
The scarf is bunny, my spirit's so sunny  
Niggas call them out 'cause my thoughts turn to money

The swagger, swagger, swagger international  
Swagger, swagger international  
Swagger, swagger international  
Swagger, swagger international

I try to be strategic like a warrior  
Man, they young warrior shit is what you know me for  
My mind's a rap city, my heart is like an overture  
None before me, none after, I'm the only for sure

Man, you nothing like me, you want to call me for sure  
I sell suggestive lifestyle, you sell homie couture  
Ha ha, never, a runway for my clothing line  
Strictly PJ runways occasional ocean line

In my aid to Bahamas and the coast is fine  
I let the wind hit my watch, I had to blow some time  
See my ears rock n roll, my money's no sublime  
From these sherbet ice creams with a dose of lime

I'm strictly Shirley Temple, Nigo wants to toast with wine  
Cheers, fuck it, can't let you niggas gross my mind  
With your low ambition and no damn vision

Black and white ideas with no precision

My mind is like a diamond producing colors like a  
prism

With no knowledge or understanding

How the fuck you gonna reach wisdom

My mind is reasoning outlast ink and pens

If you niggas think you know me, niggas think again

The swagger, swagger, swagger international

Swagger, swagger international

Swagger, swagger international

Swagger, swagger international

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