

## **Britney Spears F/ Pharrell Williams**

### **"So Many Styles"**

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Giving you a selection of perfection  
No need to question why I leave these other vatos with  
manic depression  
Missdirection, leaving them guessing and leaving them  
stressing  
And leave them sketching their next lesson, did I  
mention I'm not resting  
Until they feel my aggression, my profession is positive  
Competative and negative, leave holmes sedated like  
a sedative  
Hypnotize, mesmerize, I got more swirls in my eyes,  
swirls in my eyes  
You're getting sleepy, trying to stay up and it's burning  
your eyes  
Hurting your eyes, look at all the fear in your eyes,  
tears in your eyes  
You keep on screaming but they still ain't even hearing  
you  
Guys begging for attention, attention  
Homey I was writting rhymes back in seventh grade in  
detention  
I have to send those fools back to the drawing board  
Ten seconds of your song and I'm already bored  
Making me snore, I won't be listening to that no more  
You vatos make me not want to listening to rap no more  
Hoping you don't have no more

[Chorus]

Rolas in progress, Lil' Rob the sick one  
Got so many styles homeboy, go ahead and pick one  
I've got plenty of them, I've got many of them  
Pick which one you like and ride with any of them  
Rolas in progress, Lil' Rob the sick one  
Got so many styles homeboy, go ahead and pick one  
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Simon, you brought more time but what you saying  
Quit saying the same thing over, it's over  
My rhymes are tighter and wiser as I get older  
Look over your shoulder, I'm colder than Porter

Way of life like a solar system  
Can't take the heat then get your ass out the kitchen  
You got three minutes to make your distance  
Cuz I'm blowing up this motherfucker and everything in  
it  
Beginning to finish it, ain't nobody the sinnest  
And you fucking hynas acting like you're a highness  
You were a ten, with your attitude minues six  
Now you're just a four, stupid whore I'd fuck on the  
floor, bitch  
Who in the fuck do you think you are, walking around  
like some kind of star  
It feels good, real good, when you take that fucking  
feeling too far  
Oh man, Lil' Rob all up in the canton  
When I'm on the microphone they call me Ese Patron  
Someone stop me, nuh-huh nuh-huh leave me alone  
I'm feeling good, I'll feel this way until the thrill is gone

[Chorus]

Hey I can't trust nobody, not even a fucking friend of  
me  
I've gotta treat you as if you may become my worst  
enemy  
People using my name and shit, bitch leave me out of it  
Patience, had a little bit but I just ran out of it  
Just like my respect for you, it's hard being me  
I could tell you a million times but you still ain't hearing  
me  
You need to open your fucking eyes cuz you still ain't  
seeing me  
My style's firme, homey there ain't no beating me, no  
defeating me  
They call me selfish, oh well greedy  
Ain't nobody gonna take care of me but me  
You said that they said something thing, you said that I  
said something  
Making something out of nothing, Lil' Rob don't say  
nothing  
Ain't that something, how they think this is a fun thing  
Time to fucking end you, make you a fucking done  
thing  
You do dumb things, no explanations for your actions  
Actions speak louder than words, don't say a word  
motherfucker

[Chorus]

