

# Pharrell Williams, You Can Do It Too

(Intro)

My nigga you can do it too (turn me up, turn me up)  
You can do it too  
My nigga you can do it too  
You can do it too  
You can do it too (Just tellin you, ya know?)

(Verse 1)

Aiyyo  
Never in a million years I'll imagine I'll get my thrills  
By listening to squeals of PJ wheels  
As we land I duck down, I stick my head up my dick is  
being sucked down, by a bitch named what now  
I look in her eyes, and her eyes are like an orange stars  
Look at the reflection of my foreign car by R & R  
I stick my feet out, you know the bapes that's made of eel  
You know the new checks with nigo face right on the heel  
I was a marching band, I was a skateboarder  
Jesus made wine, I couldn't make water  
Ox-moronic, I'm here to destroy all you hate hoarders  
You niggaz were cool in school now you niggaz take orders  
I'm not dissin your job  
But now you listen and nod  
Some mount the limit shit, I know this position is odd

Don't Gasp for air  
You can turn blue  
Look, accel nigga  
trust me you can do it

(Chorus)

You can do it too young blood  
You can do it too young love  
Just watch what you do young blood  
And watch whose in your crew young blood  
It don't matter if you do drugs,  
And even if you threw slugs  
You can do it too young blood  
I did you can do it too

(Verse Two)

I know niggaz are like there's no returning when I  
bought that white five-fifth  
So white that the coke heads just might try sniff  
I ordered the phatom coupe, that's smoke pipe grey  
And the interior was like crack white beige  
At least that's what it looked like when it was on that page  
I combed the whole brochure and it did not say, oh well  
Life's a bitch but not too extreme  
Life's got a fat ass, Trust me I'ma fuck full steam  
I make the world cream and scream, while I'm gettin my cream  
I'm coming to america call me Prince Akeem, yessir  
It's kinda weird, 'cause this I dream  
Kinda prophetic ya get it 'cause this I seen  
These type of visions, since I's teen  
I told my teacher what I saw, she said I missed byzine  
Laughed with the class with the slightest clue  
You be buying my shit, and I be rappin to you, but you can do it too

(Chorus)

(Verse Three)

I know you heard the story about the dude with the attitude  
Pharrell he don't even know you but he mad at you

He got robbed and it seems he has a huge  
He's frustrated and that it all he has is you  
So, things propel and things excel  
The next the a bing comes out the barrell  
And my man they accused him of sittin tight up in jail  
Ironic he close my man luke can hear him yell  
I ain't do it but somebody dropped him flat  
I felt the wind from it, that was God cocking back  
I got a call from Virginia grandma went back  
The line was fluctuated but it just now went flat  
See her body went down and her soul went up  
She sent angels around me so evil could not touch  
I don't lie no more and I'm haunted when I fuck  
Wealthy niggaz with a conscience, yeah you know what's up  
The wires across, and it's breeding a plague  
The conscience is hungry, and it's eating away  
Trying to make sense of it, but it's speedy in vain  
Up all night with the books and you read till the day  
But still ya house of diddy 'cause you got a little paper  
Push a cat in the corner, trust me it's the nature  
Never underestimate the-things you do  
Read your verse too, inhale the "oo", and go

(Chorus)

(Man Singing)

Don't be afraid to look up the sky (8X)