

Nikes
Frank Ocean

[Intro]

Eb Gm Cm x2

[Verse 1]

Eb **Gm**
These bitches want Nikes
 Cm
They looking for a check
 Cm
Tell em it ain t likely
 Eb **Gm**
Said she need a ring like Carmelo
 Cm
Must be on that white like Othello
 Eb
All you want is Nikes
 Gm
But the real ones
 Cm
Just like you
 Cm
Just like me
 Eb **Gm**
I don t play, I don t make time
 Cm
But if you need dick I got you and I yam from the line
 Eb
Pour up for A\$AP
 Gm
RIP Pimp C
 Cm
RIP Trayvon, that nigga look just like me
Eb **Gm**
 Woo, fuckin buzzin , woo!
Cm
 That my little cousin, he got a little trade
 Eb
His girl keep the scales, a little mermaid
 Gm
We out by the pool, some little mermaids
 Cm
Me and them gel, like twigs with them bangs
Cm
Now that s a real mermaid

Eb

You been holding your breath

Gm

Weighted down

Cm

Punk madre, punk papa

Eb

He don t care for me

Gm

But who cares for me

Cm

And that s good enough

Eb

We don t talk much or nothin

Gm

But when we talkin about something

Cm

We have good discussion

Eb

Gm

I met his friends last week, feels like they re up to something

Cm

That s good for us

(A partir daqui esse riff acustico entra e continua até o final):

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E |-----|
B |-----4-----4-----|
G |-----3-----3-----|
D |-----5-----5-----5-----5-----5-----5-----5-----5-----|
A |-----6-----6-----6-----6-----6-----6-----6-----5-----|
E |-----6-----6-----|

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[Verse 2]

Eb

Gm

We ll let you guys prophesy

Cm

We ll let you guys prophesy

Cm

We gon see the future first

Eb

We ll let you guys prophesy

We gon see the future first

Gm

Living so the last night feels like a past life

Cm

Speaking of the, don t know what got into people

Devil be possessin homies, Demons try to body jump

Cm

Why you think I m in this bitch wearing a fucking Yarmulke?

Eb

Acid on me like the rain

Weed crumbles in the glitter

Gm

Rain, glitter

Cm

We laid out on this wet floor

Away turf, no Astro

Cm

Mesmerized how the strobes glow

Look at all the people feet dance

Eb

I know that your nigga came with you

Gm

But he ain t with you

Cm

We only human and it s humid in these Balmain

I mean my balls sticking in my jeans

Cm

We breathin pheremones, Amber Rose

Sippin pink-gold lemonades, feelin

Eb

Gm

I may be younger but I ll look after you

Cm

We re not in love, but I ll make love to you

Eb

Gm

When you re not here I ll save some for you

Cm

I m not him but I ll mean something to you

Eb

Gm

I ll mean something to you

Cm

I ll mean something to you

Eb

Gm

You got a roommate he ll hear what we do

Cm

It s only awkward if you re fucking him too