

**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):

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

[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