

# Frank Ocean - Nikes

Tom: Bb  
Intro: Eb Gm Cm x2

[Verse 1]

These bitches want Nikes Eb Gm  
They looking for a check Cm  
Tell em it ain't likely Cm  
Said she need a ring like Carmelo Eb Gm  
Must be on that white like Othello Cm  
All you want is Nikes Eb  
But the real ones Gm  
Just like you Cm  
Just like me Cm  
I don't play, I don't make time Eb Gm  
But if you need dick I got you and I yam from the line Cm  
Pour up for A\$AP Eb  
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|-----

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B|-----4-----4-----
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G|-----3-----3-----
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D|-----5-----5-----5-----5-----5-----5-----5-----
-5-----5-----|
A|-----6-----6-----6-----6-----6-----6-----
---6-----5---|
E|-----6-----|
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[Verse 2]

We'll let you guys prophesy Eb Gm  
We'll let you guys prophesy Cm  
We gon' see the future first Cm  
We'll let you guys prophesy Eb  
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 lemons, 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

## Acordes

