

NICE

THE CARTERS

[Chorus: Beyonce & Pharrell]

I can do anything (Woo!), yeah
Hell nah, hell nah, hell nah, hell nah
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[Verse 1: JAY-Z]

Yeah, fuck your subpoenas and your misdemeanors
Was too busy touring out all your arenas
My passport is tatted, it look like it's active
I play on these planes, y'all catch me in traffic
Y'all drag me in court for that shit, y'all backwards
After all these years of drug trafficking, huh
Time to remind me I'm Black again, huh?
All this talking back, I'm too arrogant, huh?
What would you do, you knew you couldn't fail
I have no fear of anything, do everything well
I have no fear of jail, I was born in the trap
I have no fear of death, we all born to do that
It's just life, I'm just nice, tonight I might, raise my price
Great advice, damn you, Hov, Jesus Christ

[Chorus: Beyonce & Pharrell]

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I can do anything (woo) yeah
Hell nah, hell nah, hell nah, hell nah

[Post-Chorus: JAY-Z, Beyoncé & Pharrell]

And I'm nice, nice, nice, nice
Nice, nice, nice (yeah, yeah, yeah)
Up all night, night, night, night
Night, night, night (yeah, yeah, yeah)
Running from the lights, lights, lights, lights
Lights, lights, lights (yeah, yeah, yeah)
Covered in ice, ice, ice, ice

Ice, ice, ice (yeah, yeah, yeah)

[Verse 2: Beyoncé]

Patiently waiting for my demise
'Cause my success can't be quantified
If I gave two fucks, two fucks about streaming numbers
Would have put Lemonade up on Spotify
Fuck you! (Woo!) Fuck you
You're cool, fuck you, I'm out (ah!)
I ain't never seen a ceiling in my whole life (Uh-uh)
That's word to Blue
Freestyling live (Freestyling live)
Blueprint from my Jigga who never writes
I'm so ni-i-ice (woo)
I'm everybody type (Uh!), goddamn right (Hah!)
I'm so nice (Ah!), Jesus Christ (Rah!)
I'm better than the hype (Gah!), I give you life (Life)

[Chorus: Beyoncé & Pharrell]

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[Verse 3: Beyoncé & Pharrell]

Last name 'gon be here forever (yeah)
Now we finna float like feathers (yeah)
Me and Hova do it like rebels (yeah)
Most of y'all jits got pebbles (yeah)
I got the Rocs and the Fella (yeah)
Ice lightning bolts from the heavens (yeah)
Y'all 'gon have to watch us eat (eat)

[Verse 4: Pharrell]

Stocked up like a doomsday prepper
Anybody ever had an era (yeah)
When things could've been better (yeah)
Feeling like you was on a stretcher (yeah)
And all you remember was the Hecklers (yeah)

But the universe lifts that weight (yeah)
Then you shine like a new feather (yeah)
Blessings on blessings, et cetera (yeah)
Feeling like the best year ever (yeah)
Damn, it's nice

[Chorus: Beyonce & Pharrell]
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