

# Dopamine

## Bas

Got a whole tank of dopamine, flush it  
You're only as low as you think, fuck it  
Your never as low as you think, nah, nah, man your never as low as you think  
A moment of silence with words  
that he heard on the phone  
Strapped up just like a Platoon, won't find no Oliver Stone  
He had four brothers when he was 16 and my nigga now all of them gone  
I break a pound of that loud, I smoke it all on my own  
Look, I'm at work like fuck it man  
I might flip and tell my manager to suck it man  
Whats two hundred dollars a week  
I got a bunch of fam  
Got aunties, got my brother, my sister, my father, my mother  
Plus I got Uncle Sam  
And this mop ain't the only thing right in this bucket man  
But back to mopping like fuck it man  
Know I got a lot things coming man  
I know a lot of niggas doubt but they don't understand that  
Ain't no limits to what God can prove  
They told me this life wasn't logical and I showed my niggas it was possible  
Like fuck an obstacle cause this wasn't even in the plan  
And now I notice what I got to do  
And I'm not just going to shine I'ma blind you too  
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Shit, cause I ain't rich enough  
I mean my father got a whip but ain't sick enough  
My mother need treatment like she ain't been sick enough?  
My cousin need treatment like she ain't been sick enough?  
Might die I mean before I die give me everything required to die knowing I did enough  
And my niggas well, they can never drink enough  
Let me get a couple bottles get 'em liquored up  
Young kings in the city so we feast like the royals, sleepless  
The city the only teacher, the snakes in retreat  
Don't retreat thats a coil  
Straight from police they will seek and destroy you  
Nigga no pirates, homie I got lockships  
I go Loch Ness on these fuck niggas, can't fuck with us  
They all boxed in, might circle round and dump shots in

See Cole, he might pop in and go beast mode  
The new East Coasts, them Queens niggas to them Ville niggas gone speak for it  
Niggas know it, I feel at home in like every city  
Rock big body like 750  
My bitch body like Heaven pick me  
I'm winning nigga, I'm winning nigga, I'mGot a whole tank of dopamine, flush it  
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Strapped up just like a Platoon  
Won't find no Oliver Stone, he had four brothers when he was 16 and my nigga now all of them gone  
I break a pound of that loud, I smoke it all on my ownNever mix soil in blood, but I still call them my own  
I call them my own, I know that's my own  
Never mix soil in blood, but I still call them my own  
I call them my own, I know that's my own

Songwriters

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