Dopamine (feat. Cozz)

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 thinkA 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 ownLook, 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 tooGot a whole tank of dopamine, flush it
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You're never as low as you think, nah, nah, man your never as low as you thinkShit, 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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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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