

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 that's 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'm Got a whole tank of dopamine, flush it
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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 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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