

Pink Cocaine

Myke Bogan

Woah
Woah
Dreams alter life
And my life is awesome
It was me, Walter White and Phillip Seymour Hoffman
Off some weed, lean and sprite
Then we got to talking
And the gleam hit the pipe
And then things got awkward
Coughing, taking caution but I'm better than the last time
looking at me stalling, like, 'well should I take this last line?'
Aint no going back, I got the devil in my past life
Life's a game of craps and I don't really bet the pass line
Cash, crime sex is how they occupy the bottom feeders
Drugs, kids, stressing, I aint never had a problem healing
My life is not make-believe
I don't own no bible neither
Hypocrites don't pray for me
I don't need no modern Jesus
Low-key, we used to smoke weed, became distant
Now slowly, she texting emojis that blow kisses
Little Bo Peep let her nose bleed and seems different
Nicole goes to shows, say that she knows Pippen

(Pink Cocaine x3)
(Just a line full of girls doing pink cocaine)

Here goes my wish list
Dear Dr Lipschitz, I've been missing all my misfits
A misfit's what I am
I chose to know, I'm 'bout to go and this is just my plan
I smoke the most and know the ropes
This a different strand
Pardon who I am
I've been highly ignored
I'm like Roscoe, I get hostile when I knock at the door
So while niggas drive Mercedes or, shit, maybe a Porsche
Imma still be pushing 80 in this Honda Accord
But according to my coordinates, I'm right where I'm supposed to be

Lyrics painting pictures only smokers see
And see hopefully
Guess it's dope to see 'em knock my views
I'll be chillin
Like a villain
Drinking Moscow Mules
So how 'bout you?
Feeling awkward
an imposter trying to prosper
but you only putting dollars in your nostrils
It's preposterous how you knocking on a line you really need
And quick to bet it all like Billy Hoyle and Sidney Deane

(Pink Cocaine x3)
(Just a line full of girls doing pink cocaine)

This all came in a dream
Now my dream on a run
And if you ask me a fee
Imma give you a sum
And when she down on her knees
I swear I know what she want
So just hand her a key
I promise she'll take a bump
bump my music
bumps is brewing
the high's wasting
shots taken
quick chasing
heart racing
lost patience
time taken, no time at all
and she can't even feel her fall
I'm feeling off
Don't think that I could move, but I'm (smoothe able?)
Never snort the last ball on the pool table
They on call
do it all like a vacuum
It's one stall, eight girls in the bathroom
And you know they all glance when they dance
Got holes in they Van's
Tattoos on they thighs
And the look in my eyes says I'm fine but I might hurl
I love you white girl

(pink cocaine x3)
(Just a line full of girls doing pink cocaine)

Lyrics Submitted by JL

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