

Dopamine Lit (Intro)

Lupe Fiasco

Yeah, and it got a soul, yeah
Uh-uh, what it do, what it say
Yeah, yeah, Drogas, Drogas, what it say
Yeah, yeah, Drogas, Drogas, what it say
What it say, Drogas, Drogas
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Dro', Dro', Dro', trap, trap, Dro', Dro'
Dro', Dro', Dro', nigga, uh
What it say, yeah, yeah, yeah
Blood rushin' to my head like coal
Plains on my mind like shade
Planes on my mind like stage
Stays for a while like fades
Fades to the black like Jay
Waitin' from behind like Ks
Made it from behind like AIDS
Made it to the map like Waze
Take it to the trap like maze
Can't take you back like trays
Bae shake it in my leather jacket, Jonah
'Cause you're havin' seizures, Jesus
What's a nonbeliever to a preacher?
This is ain't the kind of rap the opps and the thots like
Told Trak put the bat back on the spotlight
Cartagena, serve snacks at the cockfight (realest)
Need new batteries for the Glock lights (realest)
Put the mix on the oil 'til it lock tight (realest)
'Cause they gave it to all the young niggas
Drogas dedicated to all the drug dealers
Find out how, now ya'll gon' come kill us
Try Containment Unit, the walls, they can't fit us
Who the Ghostbusters gon' call to come get us?
Ayy, over-D off of this
But baby, don't die 'til the dopamine hit, yo
Ayy, this one ain't for Billbo'
You can stream the album on Silk Road
Drug rings for more dough
So they baggin' like Bilbo
Jackin' like Jill for a pill at the Hollywood Hills, though

Famous dritter
I want my name all lit up
And leave out the world how I came, in the clear
Over-D off of this
But don't fall asleep 'til the dopamine hit, hey Drogas, Drogas, what it say, what it say
Drogas, Drogas, yeah, yeah, yeah
Dro', Dro', Dro', trap, trap, Dro', Dro'
Dro', Dro', Dro', nigga
Drogas, Drogas, what it say, what it say
Drogas, Drogas, yeah, yeah, yeah
Dro', Dro', Dro', trap, trap, Dro', Dro'
Dro', Dro', Dro', nigga Big watch, big watch, you can see it
Lot of diamonds in the Cartier
'Less I'm thinkin' 'bout the money, I can't concentrate
Don't talk if you ain't ball enough to commentate, yeah
That's a Super Bowl every time I contemplate
Limited edition, bitches
I'm just livin' off the interest
I don't really care about niggas
Denzel put the money in the bandos
For the esÃ©s, shower posse with the SKs
For the haters that be hatin' on the Hefes
Half-naked hoes, they be dressin' just like X-rays
Rated, all the way through, don't like nothin' play this
Simps think they got cool, I'm just stickin' to the basics This-this-this-this-this-this
This one ain't for Billbo'
You can stream the album on Silk Road
Drug rings for more dough
So they baggin' like Bilbo
Jackin' like Jill for a pill at the Hollywood Hills, though
Famous dritter
I want my name all lit up
And leave out the world how I came, in the clear
Over-D off of this
But don't fall asleep 'til the dopamine hit, hey
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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