

# Pink Matter (Boddhi Satva Ancestral Soul Remix)

## Frank Ocean

And the peaches and the mangos  
You could sell for me What do you think my brain is made for  
Is it just a container for the mind  
This great grey matter  
Sensei replied what is your woman  
Is she just a container for the child  
That soft pink matter  
Cotton candy Majin Buu  
Close my eyes and fall into you  
My god she's giving me pleasure What if the sky and the stars are for show  
And the aliens are watching live  
From the purple matter  
Sensei went quiet then violent  
And we sparred until we both grew tired  
Nothing mattered  
Cotton candy maajin bu  
Dim the lights and fall into you  
My god giving me pleasure  
Pleasure pleasure pleasure  
Pleasure over matter Since you been gone  
I been having withdrawals  
You were such a habit to call  
I ain't myself at all had to tell myself naw  
She's better with some fella with a regular job  
I didn't wanna get her involved  
By dinner Mr. Benjamin was sittin' in awe  
Hopped into my car drove far  
Far's too close and I remember  
My memories no sharp  
Butter knife what a life anyway  
I'm building y'all a clock stop  
What am I Hemingway  
She had the kind of body  
That would probably intimidate  
Any of 'em that were un-southern  
Not me cousin  
If models are made for modeling  
Thick girls are made for cuddlin'  
Switch worlds and we can huddle then

Who needs another friend  
I need to hold your hand  
You'd need no other man  
We'd flee to other lands  
Grey matter  
Blue used to be my favorite color  
Now I ain't got no choice  
Blue matter  
You're good at being bad  
You're bad at being good  
For heaven's sakes go to hell  
Knock knock on wood  
You're good at being bad  
You're bad at being good  
For heaven's sakes go to hell  
Knock knock knock knock on wood  
Well frankly when that ocean so muhfuckin' good  
Make her swab the muhfuckin' wood  
Make her walk the muhfuckin' plank  
Make her rob a muhfuckin' bank  
With no mask on and a rusty revolver

Songwriters

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