

Pink Matter

Frank Ocean

[Frank Ocean]And the peaches & 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 & fall into you

My god she's giving me pleasure

What if the sky & 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 & fall into you

My god giving me pleasure

Pleasure pleasure pleasure

Pleasure over matter

[Andre 3000]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 & 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 & 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 knock knock on wood
Well frankly when that ocean so muphuckin good
Make her swab the muphuckin wood
Make her walk the muphuckin plank
Make her rob a muphuckin bank
With no mask on & a rusty revolver

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>