

Dopamine (Feat Talib Kweli, Grafh, B Real & Trae)

Chris Webby

I'm just tryna' get my fix
Dopamine, dopamine
That I'm on, that I want
I'm just tryna' get my fix
Dopamine, dopamine See dopamine is what your brain is makin' when your feelin' happy
So, if your tryna' feel what I feel then yo get at me
And me? I get me fix from all sorts of shit
Every night with a glass of milk with some Oreo's I can dip
Fresh pot of mom's sauce, macaroni, meatballs
That smell of Sour Diesel when I open up the jar
Break it up and rollin' somethin', breakin' off a ho I'm fuckin'
Pop a little ecstasy and get that serotonin pumpin'
Goin' commando in a pair of sweats
Reruns of Sopranos up on my TV set
And that dopamine be flowin' on stage
Feel it every time that shit is goin' my way
It's chillin' with your best homies
The spittin' game and it's gettin' laid and that after sex bogie
Any time you feelin' good, it's what your brain produces
So my fans will get their fix every time they bumpin' my music Let me get that dopamine, baby give me that
dopamine
If you wanna feel it too, then all you gotta do is roll with me
And everything is how it's suppose to be
And that's the shit that I'm on, that's the shit that I want
Wither I get it from hittin' pussy or rippin' a bong
I'm just tryna' get my fix
Let me get that dopamine, baby give me that dopamine That bamma weed you smokin', ain't fuckin' with the
OG
I hit it till I'm coughing, I hit it often
I'm like a Power Ranger the way I'm mighty morphing
Into a rocket ship, that's taking off into space as I get lost
Thanks to stimulating endorphins, brings me closer to the coffin
Walk on the edge, cuz' I'm on the ledge
Wake up, when they go to bed
Got these cowards runnin' a bounty hunter like a Boba Fett
Life is like a drug, born addicted like crack babies
Tryin' ta' get that fix, you gonna hurt your back, like the Bag Lady
Goodbye dude, I expose these niggas', I got to
These niggas' heads bigger than yakoo, it's not cool

Lyrical mournings, gettin' us gory as biblical stories, you ignoren' the allegories
Tryin' to feel good; it's Aleister Crowley
Rush of that adrenaline is my medicine
My fuel is my kerosene
You ever live the life of a heretic?
That, dopamine, from the smoke the coke the lean, is temporary when your third eye ain't opening I'm just
tryna' get my fix Bitch on my lap, gyratin'
Loud so loud, my lungs vibratin'
High as a bitch I'm up skyscappin'
Annihilatin' some kind of [?]
That's the feelin' I feel when I am creatin'
And the fire's escapin', though your fire escape em'
Until I lie in your basement
Arise in the pavement just to arrive from inside of a spaceship
That fix, I'm suppose to dream
I chase Hennessey with dopamine
This is dope, I mean, I ain't sober
Promethazine in my soda, I'm suppose ta lean
My momma cookin'? Encore
The family members I die for
The two beautiful kids I stay alive for
Plus Hip-Hop makes me feel alive more
That fix Let me get that dopamine, baby give me that dopamine
If you wanna feel it too, then all you gotta do is roll with me
And everything is how it's suppose to be
And that's the shit that I'm on, that's the shit that I want
Wither I get it from hittin' pussy or rippin' a bong
I'm just tryna' get my fix
Let me get that dopamine, baby give me that dopamine Let me put you down, with some realness
You feelin' loud with me and Webby, rockin on that trill shit
Feelin' bliss, like its that fattest joint you ever hit
Higher than you've ever been, of course you know you're feelin' this
With that fellin' that you get when you open up your bag of weed waiting for the first hit anxiously
With the rush; when the Lakers beat the Celtics
The smile on your face when the joint lit, and ya smelt it
We the vibe at the party, when that shits about to turn up
We the "hell ya", ya thinkin' when the dabs about to burn up
The fist pump, bitch I'm number one, I'm the winna' by the
Toast at the table when we celebrate our [?]
Roar of the crowd when ya see something amazing
Where the thrill of victory, with the felling of elation
It's a presentation and we hope you see
You're in need of that dopamine I'm just tryna' get my fix Yeah, Truth spit game, murda'
Shoulda' been cased on it
Causing panic, now the living shoes laced on it

Haters on dick, look like they want to face on it
Money, long slates, givin' a open chase on it
I'm fully sober, my fix is chicks and change
And ride, n' lookin' amazing, n' something so strange
I hit the hood, just to kick it with homies
No, they need it for support, everyone that promote it
I best to dodge the phoney, cuz' I don't understand them
And I ain't tryn'
I'm the truth and I don't fuck with that [mind?], stay from [?]
Hit the studio to blackout, maybe try gettin' packed out
Just like somebody wanted this as soon as I blow it back out
I might just give a laugh as I proceed to knock a track out
And burned up the speakers in trunk tryna' act out
Say [?] [?] [?], I'm on my turn up
Get [tightest?] in them [?], [?] me a drink, you bout to turn up
Let me get that dopamine, baby give me that
dopamine
If you wanna feel it too, then all you gotta do is roll with me
And everything is how it's suppose to be
And that's the shit that I'm on, that's the shit that I want
Wither I get it from hittin' pussy or rippin' a bong
I'm just tryna' get my fix
Let me get that dopamine, baby give me that dopamine

Songwriters

WEBSTER, CHRISTIAN / BERNARD, PHILIP ANTHONY N / FREESE, LOUIS N / KWELI, TALIB N /
THOMPSON, FRAZIER OTHEL N / VANDERPOOL, DAVEN N

Published by
Lyrics © Ultra Tunes Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>