Orange Soda

Vic Mensa

[Intro][Hook x3]
To get you what you need
Make you love it, make you want it
Cause baby you are so amazing[Verse 1: Vic Mensa]
Pack the bong, pack the bong, pack the bong, pack it
I'm Pacquiao on the track, flow the tempo you should tap it
Tap out or black out, black is beautiful say yes indeed
Leave my demons in the dust, conducting electricity
I'm Silkk the Shocker with a fifth of vodka
Bag of drugs in my knickerbockers
Bach on the staff sheet, trying to pen an opera
Sounds so beautiful
Fogging my bifocals window shopping at the Gucci store
Know when you want it, but just can't have it
Especially as an artist, don't that shit make you mad
Just breathe, breathe, breathe, it's all in your head
Know these labels wanna sign me for an arm and a leg
Cut my publishing in half like I have to fold
For a dollar, what's a half of a half a whole
Quarter water or Courvoisier, complicate things
When money's what you conversate, but this is just so that you know[Hook][Verse 2: Vic Mensa]
Hold up, hold up, hold up, yo wait up
Wait up, I'mma let you finish
But finna be famous one day just really ain't where I fit in
Fell in love when I was fifteen
I guess you could call it tennis
My tendency for this music
Is so much deeper than business
I build a beat in the morning
Record it before the evening
Why is it what seems important
Seems always to be misleading
I wish I could see the future
Just wish I could see the future
Tell me everything be okay just like my momma used to
My youths unfolding before me
Be twenty before I know it
I'm trying to write my Illmatic
Get TVs that's panoramic

Was riding around in a rental
And I don't mean it was rented
Totalled my momma's Prius, I vaguely remember spinning
I fell asleep from the studio, must've been saved cause no one hit me
They made a list about Chicago rappers and they skipped me
Maybe because I'm so much more
Forget what you not, this is about what you are[Hook]

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