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 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, 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

Ouarter 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, 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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