

Dopamine

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'm feelin' then yo get at me
And me? I get me fix from all sorts of shit
Every night a glass of milk with some Oreos 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, it's gettin' laid and it's 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 supposed to be
And that's the shit that I'm on, that's the shit that I want
Whether 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 because I know the ledge
I wake up when they go to bed
Got these cowards runnin', I'm bounty huntin' like I'm Boba Fett
Life is like a drug, we born addicted like crack babies
Tryin' ta' get that fix, you gonna hurt your back, like the Bag Lady
Now why do I expose these niggas'? I got to
These niggas' heads bigger than yakoo, it's not cool
Lyrical warnings, gettin' as gory as biblical stories, you ignoring 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 Sanaa Lathan
That's the feelin' I feel when I am creatin'
And the fire's escapin', though your fire escape
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 Hennessy with dopamine
This is dope, I mean, I ain't sober
Promethazine in my soda, I'm supposed ta lean
My momma cookin'? Encore
The family members I die for
The two beautiful kids that I stay alive for
Plus Hip-Hop makes me feel alive more
That fix

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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
We're the feelin' that you get when you open up your bag of weed waiting for
the first hit anxiously
We're the rush; when the Lakers beat the Celtics
The smile on your face when the joint lit, and ya smelled it
We the vibe at the party, when that shit's 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 celebrating Roar of the crowd when ya see somethi
ng amazing
We're the thrill of victory, we're 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, 9-11 shoes laced on it
Haters on dick, knowing they woman' face on it
Money long, snakes, givin' a open chase on it
I'm fully sober, my fix is chicks and change
And ridin' lookin' amazing in something so strange
I hit the hood, just to kick it with homies
Knowing they need it for support, everyone left 'em lonely
I do my best to dodge the phoney, cuz' I don't understand them
And I ain't tryin'
I'm the truth and I don't fuck with that lyin'
Stay from beside 'em
Hit the studio to blackout, every track gettin' packed out
Just like somebody woman as soon as I blow her back out
Might just give a laugh as I proceed to knock a track out
And burn off with my speakers in the trunk, who tryna' act out?
Say Watson tell Boogz I'm on my turn up
Get in them, meet me at Dreams, we bout to turn up

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