

# 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 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, 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 alle  
gories  
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 thi  
rd 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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