

Pink Matter

Frank Ocean

And the peaches and the mangos
That you could sell for me...
What do you think my brain is made for
Is it just a container for the mind
This great grey matter
Sensei replied, what is your woman
Is she just a container for the child
That soft pink matter
Cotton candy Majin Buu
Close my eyes and fall into you
My God she's giving me pleasure

What if the sky and the stars are for show
And the aliens are watching live
From the purple matter
Sensei went quiet then violent
And we sparred until we both grew tired
Nothing mattered
Cotton candy Majin Buu
Dim the lights and fall into you, you, you
My God, giving me pleasure
Pleasure, pleasure, pleasure
Pleasure over matter

Since you been gone
I been having withdrawals
You were such a habit to call
I ain't myself at all had to tell myself naw
She's better with some fella with a regular job
I didn't wanna get her involved
By dinner Mr. Benjamin was sittin' in awe
Hopped into my car drove far
Far's too close and I remember
My memories no sharp
Butter knife what a life anyway
I'm building y'all a clock stop
What am I, Hemingway?
She had the kind of body
That would probably intimidate
Any of 'em that were un-southern
Not me cousin
If models are made for modeling
Thick girls are made for cuddlin'
Switch worlds and we can huddle then
Who needs another friend
I need to hold your hand
You'd need no other man
We'd flee to other lands

Grey matter
Blue used to be my favorite color
Now I ain't got no choice
Blue matter

You're good at being bad
You're bad at being good
For heaven's sakes go to hell

Knock knock on wood

You're good at being bad
You're bad at being good
For heaven's sakes go to hell
Knock on wood
For heaven's sakes go to hell
Knock knock knock knock on wood

Well frankly when that ocean so mahfuckin' good
Make her swab the mahfuckin' wood
Make her walk the mahfuckin' plank
Make her rob a mahfuckin' bank
With no mask on and a rusty revolver