

Pink Dust

A.CHAL

Girl I'm tryna be your purple rain
The city got us both too far away
I know your ex, he ain't got no juice
He don't know what's up with me and you
Tell me all the shit that you got bottled in
I need someone I can share this bottle with
Jimmy Hendrix playing out in Malibu
It's bringin' out another side of you

The pink dust keep
Blowin', blowin', blowin', blowin', blowin'
Blowin', blowin', blowin'
It keep kinda like
Goin', goin', goin', goin', goin'
Goin', goin', goin'
It ain't the same when you
Gone, gone, gone, gone, gone
Gone, gone, gone
The pink dust keep
Blowin', blowin', blowin', blowin', blowin'
Blowin', blowin'

Yeah drivin' through my hood, nothin' ain't the same
Since you left my feelings haven't changed
Yeah these some shooters but I'm bulletproof
They don't know what's up with me and you
So much goin' on, I wanna share with you
But I don't wanna talk, I wanna lay with you
Shit feel like a drug, I wanna take it with you
I'm in the air with you

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Wish I could've watch the sunrise with you
(I wanna raise the sunrise)
Wish I could've watch the sunrise with you
(I wanna take it all night with you)