

Grape Drank

Busdriver

Grape soda, yeah
(Nosebleeds at the crucifixion, yah)
Grape soda, yeah

I'm sucking on that appearance dope
And peeping you through the periscope us
Someone looks cause I'm too OG
Write them scripts like I'm Truman Capote
Isolated that chord structure
And my loose thoughts become an oil gusher
But I'm burning with a born lover
And she's heating up on that spoon again
Soothe dark, the perfect gold earrings
For snapping jaws at a parole hearing
I subvert my niggas' class envy
With my good taste cause I don't have any
I'll buy a high with that black penny
In Baton Rouge with the dealt-up plates
She needs imaginary real estate
So my blood sugars, I'm a drug pusher
What's a song worth against the price of dope?
A break's a bitch with the right approach
When you fake the pain and then you fight the rope
And go a bit insane as you light the roach
Then just melt into this kaleidoscope
I love you too much to deny you that
And destroy your little vice with a cyber hat
Cause I love you too much to deny you that

Mystified, she hit "reply"
And told me that she can't stay sober
Thinks that I make her fly
Baby girl, it will change over
Mystified, she hit "reply"
And told me that she can't stay sober
Begged the girl, and beg my world
It feels like grape soda

(There's no need for me to even explain)
Grape soda
(It's so crazy when I'm counting up that bank)
Grape
Now you're going through the mix, it's grape soda
Doing business with them gangsters

Nosebleeds at the crucifixion, yah
With Jerusalem on ice, the crown with Louis Vuitton spike on
I knew right or wrong he was doing aight on sight
And if I wax this poetry and I asked you slow but
I shrugged like Atlas, with the blessing in the bank
Stressin' like I need a Tylenol
Parachutes a message inside of a molotov
No limit is wrong, grippin' the mic like the weaponized olive stalk stole
Livin' a lie in the heights with the oligarchs
Maybe if I smile I can get a slice
Trifecta for the style, blood sugar spice
God damn, black and milds nearly took my life

I'mma throw a [?] who could suffice
Twenty-five [?] miles to the nearest light
Fear alike for globe Fahrenheit
Fear alike, catch your foes like a deer in light
FOMO in the sold out paradise
Now I know why the old folks slo-mo
Now I know why the caged parrot carry on
Every day, episode Black Mirror show
Every day, grape soda and cereal
Free my nigga Will, [?] wish I could visit right now

Check in the back way, til you be in the ashtray
Til you see the cache
Right behind us, I needed life
Right beside the money and vice
Color dice with numbers society
99 cent high fructose think they're violent, shit

(There's no need for me to even explain)
Grape soda
(It's so crazy when I'm counting up that bank)
Grape
Now you're going through the mix, it's grape soda
Doing business with them gangsters

Bounce to the movement from the bass drop
You were clocking in the hours at the pot farm
[?] my relationship it goes in the bank shot
Bank shot, bank shot, bank shot
Baby girl, it will change over
Grape soda
There's no need for me to even explain