

Orgasm Full Of Pain

Guapdad 4000

Yeah

Yeah

I been drinkin' this liquor

That's the key, that's the smooth right there, yeah

I been drinkin' this liquor, bitch, this ain't no liquor

But it made my shit bigger, yeah, it made my shit, it made my shit

I'm drinkin' this liquor, bitch, this ain't no liquor

But it made my shit bigger (Yeah) it made my shit, it made my shit

Orgasm full of pain, yeah

Ayy, hangover for champagne

Orgasm full of pain

Can't feel the same, I just can't, yeah, yeah

Orgasm full of-

I hide my pride, but still came to say

She had the time of her lil' stupid ass life

Crawlin' in that candy paint

Strawberry with the flakes

Sour apple green, dapper than Gucci [?] to the bank

Touch more road than the street sweeper

For fishes in the tank, not to see, but to eat

Sashimi tuna on my plate, for the liquor in my face

Like chefs with fillet, she wanna put a truffle on my meat

I'm cuttin' up today

What is life for an open dude? Ghetto got my soul so confused

I used my white voice 'til my patience was overused

Use my black force and the white say the local rules

Sequoia leftover food

Was tap inside my cups, but it's not from the local brews

Uncles and daddies and all my cousins all been on the local news

Gentrification came to rape us and then the locals moved

And it's all love, as we all bust

Orgasm full of pain, yeah

Ayy, hangover for champagne (This shit slap nigga)

(I'm finna beat somebody today)

Orgasm full of pain

Can't feel the same, I just can't, yeah, yeah

Ayy, hangover for champagne (Ayy, okay)

Orgasm full of pain (What was the question)

Can't feel the same, I just can't

Okay, yeah these niggas pay to fuck

But I never gave a fuck 'bout all of the things that most people go crazy fo
r

I been savin' up bread from projects to get my folks out the projects

But I'm projected, hol' up, what was the question?

I tweak, must be the weed, no, I read

Don't tell my momma, I promised her I would quit by a week

A soul cold, and I know she know I be lyin'

But I think she feelin' drained and don't wanna force it on me

Let that sink in for a second

This ink pen is my weapon

I tweak again, what's the question?

This edible really over here with my head, dawg

Okay, I'm feelin' it

Killin' shit how I'm makin' a livin'
Me and my syndicate livin' more frivolous
Now that all my business legitimate
Grew up a citizen in a city where folks slime outsellers
Slytherin all for the love of the Benjamins
Pendulum swing, rap, shame song, camouflage blendin' in
'Cause those who stand out, soon require casket to sit 'em in shit
What was the question again bruh?
I'm off a Xanny, please don't tell my granny, don't think she be understandi
n'
I took a trip to LA for the Grammy's
Pockets on scampi, that shrimp, just like this plane, I can't tip
I want my pockets on crip, so I'ma hustle like Nip
For them blue faces, shoelaces tied, they want me to slip
But I can't fall at all, me and my dawgs gon' ball
Something, fall, somethin', something, at all
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