

Pink Matter (feat. André 3000)

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, oh, oh
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, oh, oh
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 better with some fella with a regular job"
I didn't wanna get her involved
By dinner Mr. Benjamin was sitting in awe
Hopped into my car; drove far
Far's too close and I remember my memory's 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 modelin'
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, nah, knock on wood
You're good at being bad, you're bad at being good
For heaven's sakes go to hell
Knock, knock, knock, knock on wood

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

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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