

# The Season / Carry Me

Anderson .Paak

My faith is buried somewhere underneath the town  
(Until it's paid for)  
Strawberry season, my sweetheart is coming 'round  
(I hear it rain and pour)  
How did you find me here? It must be perfect timing  
(Forever grateful)  
If I didn't love you then I damn sure love you now  
(Fruit of your labor) Say ain't shit change but the bank statements  
Spent the summer in the wave with the beach babies  
Threw your chula in the buggy  
With the top down up the PCH  
I'm heading north, I hope it doesn't rain  
Went from playing community ball to balling with the majors  
(Oh, what you major?)  
Yeah nigga I ran bases, pitch flame  
I call plays, remove labels  
And fuck fame, that killed all my favorite entertainers  
(Nothing short of amazing, ooh yeah)  
But I'm short on my patience  
See, I don't play that shit, I don't ever forget  
And don't forget that dot, nigga you paid for it  
I spent years being called out my name  
Living under my greatness  
But what don't kill me is motivation  
My faith is buried somewhere underneath the town  
(Until it's paid for)  
Strawberry season, my sweetheart is coming 'round  
(I hear it rain and pour)  
How did you find me here? It must be perfect timing  
(Forever grateful)  
If I didn't love you then I damn sure love you now  
(Fruit of your labor) Yeah, say, yeah  
Six years old I tried my first pair of Jordans on  
(Momma can you carry me?)  
It was late in the fall I caught a glimpse of my first love, my God  
(Momma can you carry me?)  
Knees hit the floor, screams to the Lord  
Why they had to take my ma?  
(Momma carry me?)  
To the early morn  
(Momma can you carry me?)  
To the early morning

(Momma can you carry me?)  
Hey, hey, hey, gather 'round hustlers  
That is if you're still living  
And get on down before the judge give the sentence  
A few more rounds before the feds come and get you  
Is you gonna smile when your date gets issued?  
You know them feds taking pictures  
Your mom's in prison, your father need a new kidney  
You family's splitting, rivalries between siblings  
If cash ain't king it's damn sure the incentive  
And good riddance Is the element of danger an important factor for the members of your peer  
group? Yes, you might say that. Why don't you give it a try and find out for yourself? 'Bout the  
year Drizzy and Cole dropped  
Before K.Dot had it locked  
I was sleeping on the floor, newborn baby boy  
Tryna get my money pot so wifey wouldn't get deported  
Cursing the heavens, falling out of orbit  
Tryna roll this seven, tryna up my portion  
What about your goals? What about your leverage?  
So they don't force you into some hole  
What's the meaning of my fortune reading?  
When I crack the cookie all it said was "keep dreaming"  
When I look at my tree, I see leaves missing  
Generations of harsh living and addiction  
I came to visit during the seven year stint  
But they wouldn't let me in because my license suspended  
Now I'm scraping the pennies just to kiss you on your cheek  
It's gonna be a couple weeks before I get it  
I know you miss me Six years old I tried my first pair of Jordans on  
(Momma can you carry me?)  
It was late in the fall I caught a glimpse of my first love, my God  
(Momma can you carry me?)  
Knees hit the floor, screams to the Lord  
Why they had to take my ma?  
(Momma can you carry me?)  
To the early morn  
(Momma can you carry me?)  
To the early morning  
(Momma can you carry me?)(Momma can you carry me?)  
(Momma can you carry me?)  
(Momma can you carry me?)  
(Momma can you carry me?)  
Yeah, oh, oh, oh  
And one of these is my rise  
One of these is my downfall  
And I'm the one to make it right  
I wanna make it right  
And one of these is my rise  
One of these is my downfall

And I'm the one to make it right  
I wanna make it right  
I wanna make it right  
I wanna make it right  
(Momma can you carry me?)  
To the early morning  
(Momma can you carry me?)  
To the early morning  
(Momma can you carry me?)  
Oh lord  
(Momma can you carry me?)  
(Momma can you carry me?)  
(Momma can you carry me?)  
(Momma can you carry me?)  
(Momma can you carry me?)I see here they call you a masochist  
I like pain  
Can you be specific? What kind of pain do you like?  
Any kind of pain  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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