

Saviers Road

Anderson .Paak

Here I go again There I go fallin' to me knees right now
Tryna get it back on my feet right now
Choppin' up the weight I don't need
Maybe I could sell it to a fiend, right now
Ay, what'chu mean?
An ounce, a quarter, a P
I would sell you faith but you niggas don't believe Lord, forgive them for they do not
Know what they do
But God if you're listening
Yes, Lord!
I could still reach you
Ten P's in the rental truck
Trimmin' flowers in the Marriott with little cuz
Send 'em off to Arizona, let 'em build a buzz
Then get it back for triple the profit
Help 'em split it up
Ten years, been a minute, I was somewhere
Between givin' up and doin' a sentence
God, if you existin', help my momma get acquitted
If they plottin', then help me see it
Before they get the drop on me
Probably coulda been a doctor, I'm fond of optometry
Vision was like Martin Luther on the mountain peak
Valley lows, I left home for more salary
Smoke with O's across border patrol, casually
Took notes and took control of it manually
Hand to hand 'til it's white sands in the canopy
Now follow me
I'm too old to act childishly
But every now and then I park the
Beamer in the gallery
Show off the paint for spectators and the faculty
Same ol' niggas that said they proud of me
Same ol' niggas that probably doubted me
Who gon' work it out for me?
There I go fallin' to me knees right now
Tryna get it back on my feet right now
Choppin' up the weight I don't need
Maybe I could sell it to a fiend, right now
Ay, what'chu mean?
An ounce, a quarter, a P
I would sell you faith but you niggas don't believe

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

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