

# Saviors 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 need?  
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, Lawd  
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  
Smuggled 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?

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