

# Few Good Things

SABA

I put the punch in the kick instead of punchin' a clock  
It's no wonder that this is timeless  
Nights spent sleepin' on the floor, need a bed or at least a cot  
Since his dreams startin' to define him  
The grind never stopped for the workin' class, fuck a Birkin bag  
I learned my colors, then I had to watch what color shirt I had  
Like a concierge, I show the way of our concernin' past  
But everybody can't come along, I come to terms with that  
I ain't never been one to burn bridges or burn a bag  
Ironic, money turn a man into an island  
And a friend into a financial advisor  
Take a family and divide it in America, the land of the tyrant  
Still with the same niggas, and that mean the women too  
The only thing change what I paid for the tennis shoe  
Like Eminem on the stage 'fore he blew, this is livin' proof  
Bad things come in threes, good things come, a few  
Yeah, few

All the fears we had to run from  
And he only want a few things  
We went back to where we start from  
Not the only one  
All the fears we had to run from  
And he only want a few things  
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Not the only one

Niggas reppin' blocks like the taxi wars  
But the thing about turf is that it never actually grows  
I tried to focus on the sprouts like a grocery store  
But in the hood, shit don't always go how it's supposed to go  
So we adjusted like a tailor makin' alterations  
Altercations in a Austin neighborhood was all for paper  
Group think swear that it was all contagious how we all complacent  
I said, "Fuck it, I'm all in" like I was off to Vegas  
The followed days, I grew my dreads like I was part Jamaican  
Know the journey waitin' is a lonely one, they'll call him crazy  
Because believin' in yourself not often celebrated  
People projectin' a mirror image that is merely hatred  
The fear he faces is the same as me, I'm peer adjacent  
All truth, you know I don't lie like Shakira shakin'  
Iridescent people show they colors, I assume they true  
Bad things come in threes, good things comin' soon  
Few

And he only want a few things

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From what we knew about my mother

She was cut from the cloth of South Carolina Gullah  
She knew to keep the root a right amount of color  
Her old soul remind you of somebody abuelas  
It's smooth the way she dip into her mental capoeira  
When she starin' into your soul and you tryin' not to let her  
Now and then you might get a word if not a operetta  
When she take it upon herself to drop a acapella 'bout  
Different rules, relatives you can't pick and choose  
How they quick to get confused and then disapprove  
Grown actin' like they still in school  
But in the grand scheme of things, it all seems pretty minuscule  
A cool toast to the people we adore the most  
Let's hold 'em close like the water headed for the coast  
I'm wide awake, what I'm haunted by is more than ghosts  
It's when you slip and sippin' a mornin' roast  
Listenin' to Hall and Oates, oyster flex on a ashy wrist  
As I reflect on what got me this  
How I'm one of Cassie kids, we from S.P. and we come in twos  
I'm unenthused, but good things come in fews

I tried that invincible shit, but the principle is  
When it's niggas defendin' your wig, then it's a pendulum shift  
I tried to spend a little less like a minimalist  
But then I can confess that this gets harder the bigger you get  
The rich'll get rich, the poor get pissed, that's just what it is  
We seen everything from the gutter to glitz  
Adults in the crib tellin' they kids to cover they ears  
Fight with a youngin and watch they older brothers appear  
Like two in the front and one in the rear  
The fun subsides when you gotta swallow your anger or stomach your fear  
All the money a myth, it's a sunken abyss  
But necessary for the family to have somewhere to live  
So you stuck with makin' decisions more than some wouldn't get  
The baggage that come with the bag, hope you not fumblin' it  
Marathon, not a sprint, like I'm honorin' Nip  
When commas the common denominator, all the percent  
Got us movin' to the Pacific in hopes that it would be different  
The boat we was on had physics that left some of us swimmin'  
Don't ask 'bout my independence, we not financially literate  
Dangle a million dollars when oxygen was the mission  
We just wanna breathe, we been drownin' down here for centuries  
Black and brown boy identity, families that depend on me  
Art get turned to assembly line every line my lineage  
Glass half full, the other half was the emptiness  
We turned a bunch of nothing to abundance  
Few good things

When- When- When uncle Eddie got married to auntie  
He- He married my aunt  
You have to tell the story