

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
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And he only want a few things
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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