

There You Go

SABA

I'm butter like Leopold
Look, I tell 'em to keep it low
I put all my people on
Fuck, whoever be opposed
I'm in a deeper zone than on my last one
Run all of it backwards, you punt
I chose to go for it was in the corridor
Now I'm on choruses (uh)
I can never fold
I'm 'bout my coin like the laundry tho'
I get my paper then adios
Youngin' with bars like a audy home
Saba but well known like sabido
Sober but got off a addy doe
I tell the truth on like every song
I drop a classic that's Abbey Road
You can add 'em up
Two under my belt like I'm fat as fuck
You begging for help like you had enough
We really not into that acting tough
I'm really myself in this
I'm like a out west philanthropist
I write my songs with no cannabis
I'm in the bay bitch I'm tapping in
I coulda made what you made if I signed
I'm a independent young black men
I'm at yo head that's a CAT scan
Not here to kick it no Jack Chan
Random shoutout to my black fans
Listening to it and yelling out pivot
I'm partially studious, partially ignorant
I'm not here for the 15 minutes
All my team is winning, Imma need a minute

Yeah this nigga musta lost his fucking head, nigga
Where it go?
Where it go?
Where it go?
Where it go?
(Oh)
Since high school I lost all my fucking friends, nigga
Where they go?
Where they go?
Where they go?
Where they go?
(Oh)
They point to the lame in the yearbook and be like
There you go
There you go
There you go
There you go!
I guess it's funny cause I'm pretty much the man now nigga every
Where I go
Where I go
Where I go
(Oh, oh)

Not to be cocky but it's a reason they copy me
Copy machine epon, they salty they seasoning
How many times must I do something completely
Out of the seemingly simple
You sceney boy, y'all done seen me
Funny thought y'all was competing
I Petey Pablo my block tho
I raise it up like it raised me
I'm talking cluckers and killers
We come from customers daily
I Barnes and noble these pages
My boy from noble he famous
Half of my boys is on papers
The other half on them stages
Yeah I'm sick as the stage IV
Take back the mixing you paid for
You should return all your beats to who made 'em
Because that was not what they made for
I take my words and I wage war
I'm the best out I can assure
I can guarantee it, I just let it be it
I just say less while they say more
I stand my ground like on a fort
Winning because I am a sore-
Loser I maneuver like commuters
The water prolly bluer in the sewer
They want you to drink it like a brewer
You just blew ya chance like you were Bueller
And ya interest, perfect attendance
Was on the bus but now I'm on the tour

Yeah this nigga musta lost his fucking head, nigga
Where it go?
Where it go?
Where it go?
Where it go?

(Oh)

Since high school I lost all my fucking friends, nigga
Where they go?
Where they go?
Where they go?
Where they go?

(Oh)

They point to the lame in the year book and be like
There you go
There you go
There you go
There you go!

I guess it's funny cause I'm pretty much the man now nigga every
Where I go
Where I go
Where I go
(Oh, oh)

Yeah there you go
Yeah there you go
Yeah there you go
Yeah there you go

Yeah there you go
Yeah there you go
Yeah there you go
Yeah there you go

"Remember that shit? Aye, what up Walt?"

There you go

There you go

There you go

There you go

Aye aye yeah Pivot Pivot gang