

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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