

Left to Right

Anderson .Paak

Yeah, them label me a criminal
Like me some type of animal
They wan' call me cannibal (True)
Celebratin' like it's carnival (Yeah)
Left turn, signal
Bury the food in funeral
Ya haffi respect principle
You niggas do it to 'em minimal (Minimal)
I broke you down to a mineral
My gyal, we finally made it to the pinnacle
How long you niggas waited for the antidote?
My god, she got a stance like a antelope
(Oh, yes lawd)
An ass like a cantaloupe
Now strike a pose for the camera, yo
And go
Left to right, left-left to right
Left to right, left-left to right, go
Run it up, gyal, bring it low
Salute me like a five-star general
Jump left to right, left-left to right
Left to right, left-left to right, oh
Bend over, gyal, touch your toe
Show me yoga, bend ya bone
And go left to right, left-left to right Girl, I'm back to act a fool wit' it
Said it all, I gotta fool wit' it
A nigga know just what to do with it
Real life, I know you miss me like you miss Obama
Real time, I been gettin' busy with them commas
Feels like I've been livin' life without a conscience
Realize that you're fuckin' with a real monster
The big screen, watchin' revolt
You're too lie, ya say ya do what ya don't
See me now, no need for hang up me coat
Big cloud, you see that ting when me smoke
'Nough cry, wan' come, rip off them clothes
SureFly, clip off them nose
Cruiseline, you know we control the boat
Who's finer? Fuck it, I'll take them both
They wanna break bread? Fuck it, I'll give 'em a loaf
I always encourage a nigga growth
Bad gyal, hold me down, never go

Buckwild, bustin' off a chemical
Sit it down, somethin' nice for ya hole
Ya boom-boom digital holes
Now come, come, digital
Let we make a movie, digital
Left to right, left-left to right
Left to right, left-left to right, go
I tried to tiptoe around it
Ya take me for fool
I lost my mind, but I found it
Now look at how I groove, ah
Pressed up beside me, hittin' me witcha thigh
Remindin' me what I do this for
So critical, so physical
So difficult, but still a miracle I'm fuckin' up the weekend
I'm jumpin' off the deep end
I'm high as fuck in this bitch
Think I'm finally peakin'
They wanna see me in a cell
They want me in the precinct
They wanna see me broke and sad
They want me street-sweepin'
They keep screamin' about
"Give us somethin' decent"
Now, why you disturbin' me now?
Bitch, I'm in a meetin' Left to right, left-left to right
Left to right, left-left to right, go Left turn, signal
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Left to right, left-left to right, goSo critical (So critical)
So physical (So physical)
So difficult (So difficult)
But still a miracle (Bumboclaat)
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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