

# 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.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>