The Season Carry Me

Anderson .Paak

[Hook]
My faith is buried somewhere underneath the town
(Until it's paid for)
Strawberry season, my sweetheart is coming 'round
(After it rains and pour)
How did you find me here? It must be perfect timing
(Forever grateful)
If I didn't love you then I damn sure love you now
(Fruit of your labor)[Verse 1]
Say ain't shit change but the bank statements
Spent the summer in the rave with the beach babies
Threw your chula in the buggie
With the top down up the PCH
I'm heading north, I hope it doesn't rain
Went from playing community ball to balling with the majors
(Oh, what you major?)
Yeah nigga I ran bases, pitch flame
I call plays, remove labels
And fuck fame, that killed all my favourite entertainers
(Nothing short of amazing, ooh yeah)
But I'm short on my patience
See, I don't play that shit, I don't ever forget
And don't forget that dot, nigga you paid for it
I spent years being called out my name
Living under my greatness
But what don't kill me is motivation[Hook]
My faith is buried somewhere underneath the town
(Until it's paid for)
Strawberry season, my sweetheart is coming 'round
(After it rains and pour)
How did you find me here? It must be perfect timing
(Forever grateful)
If I didn't love you then I damn sure love you now
(Fruit of your labor)Part 2: Carry Me[Hook]
Six years old I tried my first pair of Jordans on
(Momma can you carry me?)
It was late in the fall I caught a glimpse of my first love, my god
(Momma can you carry me?)
Knees hit the floor, screams to the Lord

Why they had to take my mom?
(Momma can you carry me?)
To the early morn
(Momma can you carry me?)
To the early morning
(Momma can you carry me?)[Verse 2]
Hey, hey, hey, gather 'round hustlers
That is if you're still living
And get on down before the judge give the sentence
A few more rounds before the feds come and get you
Is you gonna smile when your date gets issued
You know them feds taking pictures
Your mom's in prison, your father need a new kidney
You family's splitting, rivalry between siblings
If cash ain't king it damn sure is the incentive
And good riddance[Interlude: Sample]
Q: Is the element of danger an important factor for the members of your peer group?
A: Yes, you might say that. Why don't you give it a try and find out for yourself?[Verse 3]
'Bout the year Drizzy and Cole dropped
Before K.Dot had it locked
I was sleeping on the floor, newborn baby boy
Tryna get my money pot so wifey wouldn't get deported
Cursing the heavens, falling out of orbit
Tryna roll this seven, tryna up my portion
What about your goals? What about your leverage?
So they don't force you into some hole
What's the meaning of my fortune meeting?
When I crack the cookie all it said was "keep dreaming"
When I look at my tree, I see leaves missing
Generations of harsh living and addiction
I came to visit during the seven year stint
But they wouldn't let me in because my license suspended
Now I'm scraping the pennies just to kiss you on your cheek
It's gonna be a couple weeks before I get it
I know you miss me[Hook]
Six years old I tried my first pair of Jordans on
(Momma can you carry me?)
It was late in the fall I caught a glimpse of my first love, my god
(Momma can you carry me?)
Knees hit the floor, screams to the Lord
Why they had to take my mom?
(Momma can you carry me?)
To the early morn
(Momma can you carry me?)
To the early morning

(Momma can you carry me?)[Bridge]
(Momma can you carry me?)
(Momma can you carry me?)
(Momma can you carry me?)
(Momma can you carry me?)
Yeah, oh, oh, oh
And one of these is my rise
One of these is my downfall
And I'm the one to make it right
I wanna make it right
And one of these is my rise
One of these is my downfall
And I'm the one to make it right
I wanna make it right
I wanna make it right
I wanna make it right
(Momma can you carry me?)
To the early morning
(Momma can you carry me?)
To the early morning
(Momma can you carry me?)
Oh lord
(Momma can you carry me?)
(Momma can you carry me?)
(Momma can you carry me?)
(Momma can you carry me?)
(Momma can you carry me?)[Outro: Sample]
Psychologist: I see here they call you a masochist
Leroy the Masochist: I like pain
Psychologist: Can you be specific? What kind of pain do you like?
Leroy the Masochist: Any kind of pain

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