

Hand Over Hand (feat. Anderson .Paak)

Watsky

It's the American dream
But if you pull on the thread, it's gonna tear at the seam
See what I mean? We don't tend to scream
Baby, we just stare at the screen
Like it's a preacherman up at the pulpit
Some with the scars end up holding the bullwhip
Another angry kid unloading a full clip
And I could tie a pretty bow on this bullshit
But let's not lie for another second
We see the trouble, we're rubberneckin
No doublecheckin, if it's an issue we have to grapple
The words are caught in my Adam's apple
I make my body a happy chapel
Cause every person's a tabernacle
But there's no feeling you gotta hide
So let's all pray to the God inside, say it now
Never needed a hand til you needed a hand
You never know how to walk until you understand
Coulda been anything that you needed to be
How many more do you want? How many more do you need?
Still I wish I could break free
It's that same old simple song I still believe
How many more do we need?
Before it's hand over hand
Love over everything That's me with the long arm
Screaming at the top dog, spilling my blood on the cement
We willing to roll now, sick of getting mowed down
Fuck if I dope now, it'd kill me
Cause I'd rather be known for the dealing
Than known to be hooked on the feeling
How many more gotta go now? How many more gotta go down?
I'll stand in the rain witcha, just to get a little bit of glimpse of the plain picture
People need a pinch just to get em to wake up
You'll be in a ditch before I get you to wake up, say it bruh
Whoever said it wasn't fair, they was telling the truth
I'd be a liar if I said there was nothing to prove
They say we gotta know our role
Kiss the bottom of the totem pole
Set goals, and then go for gold
But we hibernate and hide inside our gopher holes
I wanna smoke a bowl, a hand on my dick
While the other one is busy clicking the remote control

I'm no Dalai Lama of the sofa but I hear I gotta go to
Where the sinners face the roasting coals
You say that your heart ain't got no holes, well bitch please
Let's all admit that we got souls like Swiss cheese
But wishing isn't gonna fill this abyss
And no hand over hand over fist riches is fixin what's missin
If I wanna kill this monotony
I know the answer is a light that I got in me
I got no university degree in philosophy
But I know that every baby's born with the lock and key

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>