

# HAND OVER HAND

ft. Anderson .Paak

Music by Jose Rios  
& Brandon Paak Anderson  
Lyrics by George Watsky

**INTRO**

A min D E min C G/B A min D E min

Vocals

Guitar

Guitar

**VERSE**

A min D E min C G/B A min D E min 4x

Vox. [RAP]

Gtr.

Gtr.

**PRE-CHORUS**

B min A min F E/G#

Vox.

Ne-ver need-ed a hand til you need-ed a hand\_\_ You nev-er know how to walk un-til you un-der-stand\_\_

Gtr.

B min A min F E/G#

Vox.

Could-a been an-y-thing that you need-ed to be\_\_ How man-y more do you want? How ma-n-y more do you need?

Gtr.

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## ft. Anderson .Paak

### Verse 1

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 bull-  
whip  
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

### Chorus

Never needed a hand til you needed a hand  
You never know how to walk until you under-  
stand  
Coulda been anything that you needed to be  
How many more do you want? How many 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

### Verse 2 (Anderson .Paak)

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

### Verse 3

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 got-  
ta 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'd 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

### All You Can Do

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