

# Noah's Ark

Mike Posner

Open your eyes  
Make room for a little sweet love  
The Lord is all around you, child  
And that's what you're made of  
Remember...  
There is a light  
And it shines bright just for you  
And you can't cut yourself off from it  
No matter what you do  
I had a 3.5 at Duke  
And I was blowin' up  
Three albums, I got a row of ducks  
When my dad was 22, dawg, he drove a truck  
January in Detroit is cold as fuck, you know it's tough  
But I came this far, I ain't slowin' up  
Livin' life with the LeBron James shoulder shrug  
One thing you'll never hear me say is "Close enough", I'm dope as fuck  
I lost 2018 to a broken heart  
I wrote this whole thing, I know my part  
I made a wildfire from a glowin' spark  
I pressed go in March, I gotta go in March  
All previous conceptions are blown apart  
Not everyone can come at me, it's Noah's Ark  
I am Gregg Popovich, I have no remark  
These are the type of riches one can only hold in heart  
And anyone that's gone over my history  
Know that I ain't stuck in the mode of the industry  
I am walkin' down the road of epiphanies  
Three words, growth over consistency  
Back again, they've been tappin' in McGreggor  
I've been tappin' in, livin' out the dreams  
I was once just imaginin', it's happenin'  
I get so much work done nowadays, it's almost like I have a twin  
I can't just sit on a couch  
Shovelin' shit in my mouth  
I don't know how I'ma walk across this country  
But I know I'ma figure it out  
And who knows what I'm gon' do when it's done  
Hopefully I touch your life, you could be one  
I'm not walkin' to show people who I am  
I'm walkin' to find out who I've become  
The people ain't stupid, they know what's real  
Sometime to get to heaven, we gotta go through hell

And I'm rollin' deep, no Adele  
 You can ask World Wide Wes, dawg, he knows me well  
 My life's like an instruction manual  
 How to not be borin' (Not be borin')  
 It's my spirit, my smile  
 That have got me soarin'  
 It broke my heart to tell the band  
 We would not be tourin'  
 But I just gotta do this (I gotta do it)  
 I can't stop explorin'  
 I was a short lil' Jewish kid, I ain't speak much  
 My whole life now somethin' that I've dreamed up  
 With no handout, I look at my heroes and yip...  
 That's what I am now Yoga class headband now  
 People say I'm off-brand, how  
 I am a brand, therefore  
 Anything I do is on-brand now, I'm on-brand now  
 People got attached to a version of me  
 And it hurts when they see a person who's free  
 But I'm so grateful for all of these lessons  
 Twice as much money, half the possessions  
 No drugs, now the vision's clear  
 People mad 'cause the old me isn't here  
 All my gold jewelry just disappeared  
 That's the universe tellin' me to start switchin' gears  
 The deeper the human, the deeper the songs  
 Look at my life, the dream isn't gone  
 I saw all of this two years ago  
 It's almost like it was me readin' my poem  
 People copy but they copy wrong  
 Puttin' out a bunch of sloppy songs  
 If I die and the Rockies don't  
 Forget to bury me with Petoskey stone  
 And opportunities keep on poppin' up  
 Killer concepts come to me and Shivasinya  
 This is just an intro, a daydream  
 The rest comes January 18th  
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