

Well Water

Bubba Sparxxx

Let that water cleanse yo' mind
Feel it tricklin down yo' spine
It's all about the wills and won'ts, do's and don'ts
and the price they'll pay to shine

Now I done came a ways up this long road
In spite of the lies that y'all told
Believe me these folks is all cold
From the Polo Club to Paul doe
They all know Bubba ya boy who cut her without a rubber
But you couldn't look past my skin
So me and Ken wrote about the water
Now it's true I babble on about blotter and tales of beanstalks
But peep it it ain't no secret I'm reachin beyond that cheap talk
Cause we fought battles and this water make yo' trunk rattle
So if it's beef you searchin fo' I run with poachers who hunt cattle
And it don't matter, if you crunk in the club, or drunk in the pub
Bring that notion to my ocean boy you sunk in a sub
I'm crumblin buds of homegrown, ponderin shit that's gone wrong
But fuck it it ain't productive to dwell on somethin that's lone gone
My dome's blown, from twenty plus years of experimentin
with whatever drug you pedal in, from acid coke to heroin
But lately I've been settlin for liquor and herbal treats
I want the money, the hoes, and the house on Myrtle Beach

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I pray it opens up your eyes
Cause can't nobody call, tomorrow at all
So we live for the present time

Next time you in the A-T-L get on 85 South and travel
sixty miles to Legrange, but watch yo' chrome off on that gravel
Then mount your horse and saddle cause you in the country now
The birthplace of Bubba 'kay now leave before the sun is down
It's funny how you look at us as nothin more than crumbs of dust
that's scattered on your wall when just like y'all in guns we trust
Run with us for bout a week, let us teach you how to speak
with this jazzy rural grammar to get them hoes up out they seat
Bouncin beats all down the street out them Buicks on chrome'n'blades
And even though it's Christmas day we still eatin on foamy plates
Ain't nuttin, we gon' be straight whether you accept us or decline us
I ain't Baby, Shan ain't Mannie - but I still feel we +Big Tymers+
Them classics all designers, unforgiven and livin
like today is forever cause tomorrow is for the vision
Based on optimism and honestly I can't see it
I'ma crank it up tonight if tomorrow comes so be it

Man I'm feelin day to day, on dope quotes

Ridin a boat that hope floats
With an entourage of po' folks
who smoke dope but don't cope
I swear to y'all I won't croak, before this dream is realized
No confederates in this settlement but trust me the South will rise
It ain't even about the rap shit, we already mastered that shit
All the water in this well's for country folks who never had shit
Did you know they closin down the only factory in this town?
But still you got the nerve to say it's plenty work to go around
I asked the Lord to hold me down 'til I find me some distribution
He kept me up for seven nights then finally hit me with this solution
As a result of this pollution it seems my water is now valued
at twenty dollars a jug, so yessir, we puttin it out soon
But in the form of loud tunes to soothe your troubled heart
What many call salvation is really just Bubba Sparxxx
So when I'm easin up them charts, say thank you cause this for y'all
Pay the price, live your life, and that money, get it all

If you need to bathe, then bathe
And if you want to drink, come on and drink
from this well

.. Bubba Sparxxx, huh, Big Shan, J.J., Southwestern Clay
.. Collabo, two geezy, huh, y'all hurtin for this
.. Huh, you need it, Bubbav