

# Bubba Sparxxx, Well Water

[Intro]

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

[Bubba Sparxxx]

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

[Chorus]

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

[Bubba Sparxxx]

Next time you in the A-T-L get on 85 South and travel  
sixty miles to Leflore, 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

[Chorus]

[Bubba Sparxxx]

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

[Chorus]

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

[Chorus]

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