

Bump Of Chicken

"Well"

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[DJ Quik]

Now if I broke my leg, tell me, would I be carried?
And would you still love, baby, if I was married?
Or will I make the shot even if I was hurried?
And will I still be remembered even after I'm buried?
They got me waking up in the morning getting loaded
Got me worrying so hard sometimes I'm feeling like my
brain exploded
But I'm a break it down, fix it and re-roll it
And show you haters out here that I control it
I'm in this for something so different that you couldn't
imagine
The style, the flyness, the beautiful hoes
The pile, the highness, the pitiful lows
That keeps a major player like me up on his toes
No, not quite, I want my props on the merit of the
hands
That I use to mould myself to the spirit of a man
I'm just a tiny grain of sand under my God
The one who keeps me humble, keeps me up and
working hard
It's alright to be in love with yourself
But when your sex life gets bad you ain't on the shelf
Lose your addictions, clean spirit's a must
Shed your inhibitions and come bounce with us
We trying to have fun from Japan to Compton
With no more evil cause it salts the program
See I never went back to something that burned out
And I ain't never did a party I ain't turn out

[Chorus: Raphael Saadiq]

Things I used to do, I don't do no more
Places I used to go, don't move me like before
Ahh, but it's gonna be rough

[Mausberg]

>From the bottom to the top, top to the bottom
Real homeys don't forget about the ones who thought
about em
Rags to riches, riches to rags
I apologize for hurting your feelings, little fag

Back in the day we was young thinking everything was cool
Ditching school, puffing beadies and drinking brew
Afraid of the bomb izm but we tried it
Ain't no sense in denying it, I loved that environment
Take a look back and damn near shed a tear
Reminiscing on the past time, year after year
When we grew up, things have changed
You in the penitentiary, I be dwelling in the rap game
Started at the same path but I chose to go right
Looking for money and fame cause I'm a rider for life
And all the slanging and banging and fucking rats in the past
I shook it to the left and I ain't looking for a pass

[Chorus]

[DJ Quik]

Now I just want to do my best whether it's work, play or either
And I ain't trying to be no preacher cause they ain't perfect neither
One of the coldest entertainers that I done seen yet
With the skill to rock the fellas and make the ladies sweat
But there's a method to the madness that I suffer from
Making the hardest dudes tremble and even tougher run
It's called the spirit and it's fly, and it's making me bigger
Keeping me from stressing out and throwing nuttys on niggas
Ain't religion for me unless it's all to the good
Cause I'm an open-minded ex-G with my sights on the hood
Trying to keep the little YGs out of the line of the fire
Even if it means I'm gonna take the hit, leak and expire
Now I see what Top was saying before he left his hole
That we'll shine like glitter, my nigga, but keep your soul
Don't give another nigga control of your gold
Share your parties with the world and watch you get swirled

[Chorus]

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