

## 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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