

## C 21

# "Hanging On A String"

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*[Bubba Sparxxx]*

Okay

If you shed blood with me to this point, you deserve an explanation

For all the hell you've endured, while helping me reach my destination

And this effort to bless the nation

I've might had did more harm than good

But I've always showed you heart, this is just my but apart from would

Man I love the darkest hood

But also the brightest suburb

To think I would just despise the folks because I'm broke and white it's absurd

I'm told be tight you get hurt, but I don't hear my spinal spinning

Yeah we found some distribution, but bet the crying is just beginning

Cause these bright nights, could lead to dark days and vice versa

Even if Greg Street don't play, I guarantee you a nice purchase

Frankly, I'm quite certain I'm the livest fucker out there

I'm making love to the truth, inside that vocal booth without care

I won't even talk about stare

From angry illogic rappers

Cause every time they get confronted, they'll give you head than dap ya

This one don't really need a hook, but Shannon said it'll be a single

So I devote this to my life, so much more than a catch of a jiggle

*[Chorus]*

Dark days, bright nights

For that outside in the night, you know what Bubba's life is like

Bright nights, dark days

For them broads that truly love me and hate to see me live this way

Dark days, bright nights

For when they say you can't live, fuck them, do it just  
out of spite  
Bright nights, dark days  
For every person without a voice that got something  
they need to say

*[Bubba Sparxxx]*

See it's apparent that you know, there's a lot of folks  
that love Bubba  
Not cause of any rap I wrote, they see something above  
gutter  
Though, my pockets don't reflex that  
It's my vision, and they respect that  
Love comes in a form of a various drug, and I can't  
neglect that  
So me and my folks get fucked up like six nights out of  
seven  
That's the bright light of our lives

Like God's shinning light right out of Heaven  
But at the conclusion of every session  
I wish that Dark Day to expose  
The plight of my situation, no blow, no dough for big  
shows  
But still they see we this close from seeing the promise  
land  
So that leads to another bright night, when all of us is  
college grand  
Being loved by the moms and dads  
Which some of us wasn't blessed with  
You think we all born with two lovin' parents and a  
treasure chest  
Shit, I was fortunate to be loved, by my paternal units  
I'm gonna make their son a winner, fuck how bad it'll  
hurt I'm doing it  
Even if I was to ruin it  
Never with me and my heart part ways  
We developed too strong of a bond, turning bright  
nights into dark days

*[Chorus]*

Yeah it's true, I also do get praise from the other side  
of the tracks  
You know, that dark days part of town, when they  
intentionally hide the blacks  
Ain't got no reply to that, I said I'm sorry if I'm to blame  
I tried like hell to sooth your soul by planting the facts  
inside your brain  
I never once lied to the game, the acceptance of not  
one black dude

It's just Bubba that country fucker smoking swages and  
eating snack foods  
Now every time they ask you, "why you live the way you  
choose too?"  
Say cause Bubba set you right, the only one they loved,  
knew you  
That leaves you with no excuse to settle with what they  
offer  
He try to pay you the slave wagers, play that role, and  
tell them naw, sir  
I'll probably won't even falter if you dismiss me as the  
demon  
It is true, I am not you, my skin's the tone of piss and  
seamen  
But if we fight this evening, I assure you, we'll both  
bleed red  
And it'll take your whole slum and all your guns to leave  
me dead  
Plus all that blood we shed what do nothin' but server  
their purpose  
So let's unite these bright nights and dark days, they'll  
see you nervous

*[Chorus (Fades to the end)]*

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