

Feeder

"Well Water"

Visit "[Well Water](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[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 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

[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

Visit [Feeder](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.