

## **Bubba Sparxxx "Well Water"**

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Let that water cleanse yo' mind  
Feel it tricklin' down yo' spine  
It's all about the wills and wont's, do's and don'ts  
And the price they'll pay to shine

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 pedalin', 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

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

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

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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 yes sir, 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

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

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

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