

## **Bumpin' Uglies**

### **"White Boy's Reggae"**

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Just another suburban stereotype  
I've got the love for the rhythms.  
And the Grooves to Spite  
That I'm not from the islands  
I'm the palest of white.  
I've put the reggae roots together,  
For the words that I write.

But I can't relate to a struggle that I've never seen.  
I can't praise a god that I don't believe  
You might think I be lying when it comes from the  
seems.  
But I'm not a fucking lying I'm a drunk with a dream,

And I'm a million miles away from everything,  
I thought I'd become.  
I've lost all my faith in the Lord above.  
And if I work real long and keep my convictions.  
I could still fill and satisfy everyone's predictions

So I drink to stay numb,  
But I sing to stay alive.  
There's no shot big enough to keep me satisfied  
No rhymes smart enough for me to save my pride.  
There's a fire burning in me that I cannot deny it!  
Yeah.

And I am not preaching shit  
All I want is to be able to make enough money with  
Music to quit waiting tables  
And my Blood runs cold  
As I try to comprehend  
All the words we defied that are creations of men.

I'm just a hopeless romantic with the focus  
I'm hopeless, writing love song after love song  
And I hope that I can cope with  
The truth of my reality  
But It's hard for me to swallow  
The realest love I know  
Is between my liver and a bottle

Decidedly rough I have confided enough  
I am forever in possession of one unrequited love  
So I tether my confessions  
To the words I supply  
I would rather die alone then settle for a lie

Because I'm a dying breed  
The extinction of a race  
Separating heads from shoulders  
So I can spite my face

Been coming around like a brother , a son ,  
Do a skip from the mow that I've worn in the ground  
With the walls closing in on my prophetic sin  
I would like to explain but before we begin

If you're waiting for me to fall  
Take a seat and hold your breath  
It's almost last call  
And I'm just one shot away from an early grave  
I've been running at a pace that I can't maintain  
There's a demon living in me who's controlling my  
brain.  
A Poison running through me that I'll never contain  
So I siphon it off with a mic and a pen.  
But the growth is exponential it's drawing me in  
Acting inconsequentially I'm lost at the same  
You call it White boy's reggae,  
I call it "Sanity's End".

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