

Bubba Sparxx

"Nowhere"

Visit "[Nowhere](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

First, you must travel a long desolate road
This road you travel will seem like nowhere
But nowhere will turn into somewhere
Keep your head up Bubba, dont let nobody get ya down
Cause that road you travel will turn around

Ive accepted every challenge and risen to all occasions
A country boy that got them most like Randy, Mos, and
Jason
Perhaps old Bubbas new rules dont fit in ya'lls equation
If your opinion coincides with that you ought to save
them
Cuz to quote the greatest southern rapper, fuckin'
period
Negative spirits, they only keep you down a myriad
Of Satan selflessness, and my sister steal my wisdom
Is never once compromised, thats between God and I
Never once forgotten my manners cuz my Mamma
Played in public housing, be polite in Alabama
but she had a different plan for me and Russ and
Ginger
Thank the Lord for Jimmy Mathis, pop sing must
remember
Cuz he stuck around when them other clowns
disappeared
Showed me how to set the scope, shoot, and leave with
the deer
And then he made me drink the blood to show me life
was precious
The money rolled from nowhere to somewhere, here's
my directions

Chorus:

I know what its like to be nowhere
I know what its like
I know what its like to be nowhere
I know what its like

Can you relate to 5 kids, 6 fishsticks on the plate?
Or writing Santa Claus, I guess he got the list too late
Or to catch the fish you bait the hook with little Dillans

poopoo

On Mr. Allens property, he catch you he will shoot you
Let these cats amuse you with comical depictions
But where Im from me and Brooks no honorable
afflictions
Love some Jimmy Carter, but we never even voted
But song is still song, so you best believe we told it
Every firearm from AK's to 30 30's
And from live rocks to livestock it pays the early
birdies
Thus we worked the land like you work the block with J
Lo
but I choose keys over cattle cuz the profit's way mo'
Might get locked away though, peddalin' some
snowcones
So we keep it simplified with acres of that homegrown
Plus the finest shine you can find this side of Memphis
From east nowhere to west somewhere, still the grind
is endless

Chorus

It all comes down to this, one last chance to advance
Beyond the second round of this big dance for my
plans
Of being viewed as something special, more than just
the other ones
Will vanish in the flavors that the flavored south has
suffered from
The world's weight, plus a ton, restin on my shoulders
But what the tractors deem a curse is blessed to the
beholder
Cuz Eminem's incredible, but did I really have to say
this
For y'all to leave my soul at rest and add me to your
playlist?
But this time Im anxious, let me clear that hurdle man
Cuz its gonna be a million more, who knows if they'll be
worth a damn?
Bubba K I surely am, with that silky kind of sound
Carson, tell your folks that I'll be early for this time
around
Cuz Ive come too far for my own mistakes to quell me
Looking back on it still swoons, and aches, and ailes
me
Theres nothing they can tell me to leave somewhere in
a hurry
If Im nowhere then thats nowhere and no one needs to
worry (okie dokie)

chorus

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

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.