

Welcome To The Fold

Filter

You take my money
You take your drink
You think it's funny
And I hit your face You got your Jesus
And I got my space
You got your reasons
And I got my case Just got to sit your self down
To contemplate
Get yourself a nice cold beer
And drink yourself away
Celebrate nothing
You feel a-okay
You celebrate nothing
To feel a-okay You think you're precious
I think you're shit
I kill father
Destroy his seed
I'm nothing rolled over
Destroy your dream Just got to sit your self down
To contemplate
Get yourself a nice cold beer
And drink yourself away
You celebrate nothing
You feel a-okay
You celebrate nothing
To feel a-okay Now when you break yourself down
Go this place
You give yourself no reason
To get off your case
And when you break it down again
Seen through this shit
You give yourself no reason
To live, through this Mama give, me my medicine
Mama give me my medicine
Mama give me my medicine
The one that makes me feel taller
Mama give me my medicine
Mama give me my medicine,
The one that makes me feel so tall, tall

Like a tall tree
Mama give me my medicine
That make me feel like a tall tree
Mama give me my medicine
That make me feel like a tall tree
Mama give me my medicine
That make me feel like a tall tree You celebrate nothing
You feel a-okay
You celebrate nothing
And you, feel a-okay

Songwriters

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