

# Nowhere (feat. Kiley Dean)

## Bubba Sparxxx

Listen, first, you must travel, a long, desolate road  
This road that you shall travel, will seem like nowhere.  
That nowhere, will turn into somewhere  
Keep your head up Bubba, don't let nobody get you down,  
Cause that road you travel will turn around I've accepted every challenge, and risen to all occasions  
A country boy that's got his shit like Randy Moss and Jason  
Perhaps some of these numerals don't fit in ya'lls equation  
If your opinions coincide with that you oughta save Æ??em  
Lookin' for the greatest Southern rapper, fuck it period  
Negative spirits they only keeping down a myriad  
Of Satan's substances, and my systems' still my wisdom  
It never once compromised that between God and I  
Never once forgotten my manners  
Cause my ma'ama played in public housin' in Alabama  
But she had a diff'rent plan for me, russ and ginger  
Thank the lord for Jimmy Mathis, pops he must remember us  
Are you really down when those other clowns disappear  
Taught me how to set the scope, shoot and leave with the deer  
Man made me drink the blood, and showed me life was precious  
The muddy road from nowhere to somewhere is my direction [Chorus]  
I know what it's like to be nowhere  
I know what it's like  
I know what it's like to be nowhere  
I know what it's like Can you relate five kids, six fish sticks on the plate  
All writin' to Santa Claus, I guess he got the list too late  
Or to catch the fish you bait the hook with lil' Dylan's poo-poo  
On Mr. Allen's property, he catch you, he will shoot you  
Let these cats amuse you with comical depictions  
But where I'm from being broke is no honorable affliction  
Love some Jimmy Carter, but we never even voted  
But slum is still slum, so you best believe we told it  
Every five armed from AK's to 30-30's  
And from live watch to live stock they pays the early birdy  
Thus we worked the land like you worked the block with yayo  
But I choose keys over cattle cause the profits way more  
But I might get locked away though peddling the sno cones  
So we keep it simplified with papers of that homegrown  
It's the finest shine that you can find on 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 the big dance, all my plans  
Of being viewed as something special, more than just the other one  
We'll vanish from the papers and the plague the South has suffered from  
The world's weight plus a ton, restin' on my shoulders  
But what's attractive, to ease my nerve, is blessed to the beholder  
Cause Eminem's incredible, but did I really need to say this  
For ya'll to leave my soul at rest and add me to your playlist  
But this time I may just, leap and clear that hurdle man  
Cause there's gonna be a million more, who knows if they'll be worth a damn  
Bubba K, I surely am, with that silky kinda sound  
Carson Daily host it out, I'll be early for this time around  
Cause I've come to far for my own mistakes to quell me  
Cause looking back at self improvement proves an aching ailment  
Cause nothing they can tell me will get me somewhere in a hurry  
If I'm nowhere, then that nowhere will leave me no more need to worry

Songwriters

Mathis, Warren Anderson / Mosley, Timothy ZPublished by

Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc. Song Discussions is protected by U.S.  
Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>