Selling Live Water

Sole

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

I didn't vote; now I'm rolling with the Commies
But I never took lessons from no hip-hop Nazis
Keep throwing darts because the world is made out of plastic
Why bother to shower, there is no power, it was all built empty?
I could have been a lot bigger by now, but I've loved being a threat
Give me some of that good old-fashioned electrotherapy
So what if I dress like a terrorist, walk like a bug
Or am dumb like a journalist?
Suckers write for critics, so I kill for the art
I jog in peace, the rest is stress; don't let them fool you
Follow me if you want your face on every milk carton
All your superheroes are afraid of the dark
And in their own shadows they wear too much black
And in their dreams dance naked
Walking through crowds awake, and you can't tell who's laughing at you
Or trying to be the new best friend of the hour, so you drink more
With a ton of urine on my shoulders, I learned to swim
So if God gives you acid, burn
Down for the bubbles, there's no Don and no jacuzzi
What would a preacher do? I'm fucking with kids
Everybody's jealous of the people they can't be like, except me
I got a cross-shaped penis and I love myself when God isn't looking
If you buy that, there's a lot of money to be made on Wall Street
You'd be a lot better if you were different
But you're just like them, so it's business as usual
So I don't need your respect, I just want a fancy funeral
That's why we're selling live water to out-of-towners with cameras
Living like ghosts in this globe we can't run from
Look closely: I bleed through my nuclei pores
They shoot it out their nose and say this can't be art
It's so easy being honest, it feels like I'm stealing
At times you were like real down for a cause, but wanted Geraldo

All I ever wanted was a fancy funeral
When I'm a gas, I'll be a laughing gas
Thought they was gas the way they come and go so freely
Searching for some Holy Grail; there I go again, chasing my tail
I'm peace on rap, but the (w)raps, they fit me so well
I came and saw and laughed and drew on all the walls
These days babies fall from the sky like porridge
From the mall, from the bouncing ball
Go buy a Playstation 2; this is what your enemy looks like:
An infrared blotch on a screen, for 30 lb. shells
They run, run out of breath, rest, stop and get killed
Because God wants McDonald's plots on every desert shield
I'm just trying to eat well, but there's no healthy food at gas stations
A lot of us can't sleep well being raped
And public school is military training
Don't be putting acid in the teacher's coffee
Read about the 20's, the 40's, and the 60's
Walk out, get a GED, and go to Berkeley University
Since they never tell you the stories about who makes away with the money
I'm selling live water to out-of-towners with cameras
We're still all poor, so what the fuck you bitching for?
Got to keep selling live water to out-of-towners with cameras
You better go find God or something, because Christians get the best distribution
We keep selling live water to out-of-towners with cameras
I watch them fall from the sky like porridge
Hard as you try, you can't save them
We keep selling live water to out-of-towners with cameras
As long as I keep living for nothing, then I'll be keeping a record
We keep selling live water to out-of-towners with cameras
America game: pick your character
Will you be easy to get along with or hard to kill?

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