

# 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?

Lyrics provided by  
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