

Well Runs Dry

Evidence

Times have dried, and the well went first
Starving to death - nah, I think I'm dying of thirst
I get inspired on a momentary basis
A livewire - been flow so many places.
For various faces, like I never knew the mob I was married to the matrix
I'm making placements, but living in my basement
So what's a verse if I ain't really ain't say shit
I paid the mortgage, and the storage and it keep pourin'
Can't afford it so I gotta keep on tourin'
Trying to make a record in between was never foreign
But unfamiliar when there's no way to afford it
No way I was loyal to believing in cream
But when the well runs dry we go beyond our means
And above, most are really just lookin' for love
And shed a tear don't mean you know the sound of a dove

When the well runs dry, and the people go home
And it's the end of the song, and ya...
Tears won't fall, so you just can't cry
When the well runs dry for ya...
Like the car stopped running
And the checks stopped coming
Somebody let the sun in...
When your card's declined give it one more try
'Till the well runs dry

Mom was old school, and I was just a child
Never knew that when she died it would have me actin' wild
Have me actin' crazy, maybe out of my mind
But never lazy, we actin' on borrowed time
A leader for no reason, used to start up a cause
Just believing in my odds became a part of my laws
Went from dreaming, to receiving these screaming applause
Hear nothing, but believin' for no reason at all
A product of a parent leaving is apparently wrong
Fuck appearances, appear in here then 'poof' you gone.
I took a look at my life, and my reflection long
And that's the same fear mirrored, when I hear this song
I just wanna go where I belong
I just wanna go to places where I feel strong
(For two seasons without rain)
And I tell them why,
When the fame goes, the same when the well goes dry

Lack of sleep, sometimes I can't dream
Eyes so red, already tried Visine
Stacking cheddar, wasn't checking amounts
Then went from savings right back down to checking accounts (Straight up!)
I smacked the Miss Piggy bank with the hammer out
A real hammer, not the guns that they ramble about
Develop hardship, buying in a sellers market
Almost quit smoking weed, but I better spark it
(Like my target) Then I see no evil,
Then weeks go by, and I see no people
Trapped in a home, broke with bills trying to pay for
Wonder why the album was late - need I say more

I love this rap, but I'm living in life
The kind that keep me up to these sleepless nights
And I don't need love, but I need this mic
To feed the energy that's keepin' me right

Yeah - it's till the wheels fall off
It's 'till the well runs dry
We gon' get it
Once you've been down
Only way to go is up
It's for my dog right there,
You gon' get it.