

Ain't Life Grand (ft. Scar)

Bubba Sparxxx

Ain't life grand
You're workin' to the bone
You're givin' it, then it's gone
You keep on or you don't Ain't life grand
You're workin' to the bone
You're givin' it, then it's gone
You keep on or you don't
Ain't life grand Yeah, this is it, put the kids to bed and get your shit
A hit's a hit though, but took I ain't forget this shit
But when we get a hit, we only slack a little bit
But y'all gettin' sick of banjos and fiddle shit I hit a lick with it, but now I'm feelin' brand new
It's time to reinvent again and win again
So can you, put on that loop, split the blunt and food
And send me on my merry like you did my favorite rap group We outlast and outclass these vagabonds
Dungeon Fam, yeah pass me that baton
See my medicine, as an adolescent one was
Black eyes and Babylon, shit that's what I'm proud I'm from And what I have become is a major fact that one
They don't mention much, but trust they know that cracker's on
Fuckin' believable, believe it dude, please don't let me intrude
Smoke the blunt and eat your food Ain't life grand
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You're givin' it, then it's gone
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Ain't life grand You sit and wonder 'bout it
You hope and wish you got it
You try your best to hide it
You'll have to keep from cryin' Ain't life grand
One day your on a high then
Next day you wished you died
Folks hate it when you're ballin'
They'd rather see you gone This is me man
I just bust, I don't adjust much
To bust what this month left, I'm huff puff
On the hush hush, they'll never touch us Dis-a-gust the national, that's putt, putt
I'm in the Butt Hut, fucked up some wet
Uncut, untucked, tryin' help me one up

One OC 8, oh makes me a whole Entirely different type of a-hole
Gotta proper bank roll, Betty drop that thing slow
Motherfuckin' load the devil thing like it swell
Same way the Range Rove, same way the Chevrolets Same way the Cadillacs, how I do it everyday
Bubba K'll never sway, born and bred in GA
I love Troy but it never was no play
It's like my four head stacks off a baby put it
They find it stankin' in Tennessee, here they wouldn't find ya, ho Ain't life grand
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Ain't life grand In conclusion, listen to me when I'm talkin' to you young fella
It's fittin' to start rainin', hope you got an umbrella
I'll probably never be a number one seller
Might of been beige, but I never was yella And when I saw yella, I don't mean yella
As in light skin, I just mean the type when
The beef heighten, get to sprintin' right then
Like a herd of bison, when I start riflin' Oh yeah, I will go there
?Cause I'm from nowhere and I really don't care
If a pussy wanna stare, then a pussy gon' wear
My hand across the face, when I put it on there I'm a one in a million, Dungeon affiliate
I brought you the realest shit and a bunch of you feelin' it
This gun I will empty it, if the chatter continues
You never did like me, but you had to pretend to ?Cause that just what men do when they hear we blew
Thirty million dollars, just as fast as them trees blew
Then how he refueled, and with Big re-booed
This whole fuckin' ship for a like a million and three moons, bitch Ain't life grand
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Songwriters

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