

Hey! (A Lil Gratitude)

Bubba Sparxxx

Yeah, I'm a country boy but I'm a player too
All up in your city flexin' down the avenue
But I ain't mad at you dog, that's what I had to do
At least that you could do is gimme a lil' gratitudeHey, everybody wanna say hey, Timmy
Girl, get to it or be on your way, hey
And I really hate it came to this
How else can I say it, I don't speak no other languagesI came to do two things, kick some ass
And drink some cold beer and I'm almost out of beer
Looky here, we damned if every other year
He ain't stumble back in, Bubba, baby, that's himI love me some me and I don't mind you
Shoot ya move dog, we lovin' whatcha tryin'a do
Just do it over there, I feel some kinda away
I guess what I'm tryin'a say is I ain't got no time to playI might could die today, I might just live forever
I done endured being poor but being rich is better
From that dirt road in La Grange, I did came
A long way, we can do this all dayYeah, I'm a country boy but I'm a player too
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At least that you could do is gimme a lil' gratitudeHey, everybody wanna say hey
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How else can I say it, I don't speak no other languagesHey, everybody wanna say, hey
Girl, get to it or be on your way, hey
And I really hate it came to this
How else can I say it, I don't speak no other languagesAin't no excuses, just gotta be more the shit
Than I already was and that's unfortunate
For all these babblers, still booty chatterers
This what a rapper was supposed to be and that's what's upCountry this, yeah, yeah, country that
I'm a country cat, it's just a fact, can't run from that
Keep high, a bunch out back, now watch the money stack
Hide in the hay, in the barn out on the farmI can charm, the fangs off a cotton mouth
Right there by my house way down in the south
Know what I'm talkin' 'bout, it would appear, no
Girl who's that zero, holla at the hero, y'allYeah, I'm a country boy but I'm a player too
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At least that you could do is gimme a lil' gratitudeHey, everybody wanna say, hey
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Girl, get to it or be on your way, hey
And I really hate it came to this
How else can I say it, I don't speak no other languages
Yeah, yeah, it's Bubba K, I plans to give 'em hell
Yes Sir, I did my thang and I did it well
I walk the walk baby and all that daddy tells
I ain't even noticed my skin, damn, is it pale
Oh, well, I guess that how it go
Now I know, movin' right along on down the row
Another good morning, another breath of air
Dude, I don't ask for much, still I got blessings everywhere
And I ain't scared to share, you can have my last
But you ever diss on me and mine that's yo ass
You hear that thang beatin', Timmy still speakin'
That's how real I keep it, everything else our little secret, whoa
Yeah, I'm a country boy but I'm a player too
All up in your city flexin' down the avenue
But I ain't mad at you dog, that's what I had to do
At least that you could do is gimme a lil' gratitude

Songwriters

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