

# My Tone

## Bubba Sparxxx

My tone

(Tell me do you love it?)

My southern slang

(Tell me do you love it?)

I'm sorry girl

(Tell me do you love it?)

(Tell me do you love it?)

Gettin' jazzy

(Tell me do you love it?)

I'm so jazzy baby

(Tell me do you love it?)

Gettin' jazzy

(Tell me do you love it?)

(Tell me do you love it?)

C'mon

Yeah, I'll be damned if I ain't the slick son gun y'all seen

Walkin' like a swallowed up the pharmacy at Walgreens

Never did I love her, sorry baby it was all clean

Who you think you dealin' with? This Jimmy Mathis' offspring

Forty I was deep on the eighty I was there

Knock it out put on my boots and get the hell up out of there

You know a rapper's rule, in and out before the snare

And as far as parting shots, wash that shit up out your hair

Stob block, Cobb block, Dodge Ram, got Knox

Six twelves, four amps, three sluts, what's hot

I told ya once hot shot, you done braggin' too hot

Reach inside that tool box, this is where the feud stops

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Papa was a Rolling Stone but I'm a ballin' boulder  
And I ain't gotta flex the chain or hit the mall to show ya  
I just hibernate a while and call ya when it's over  
Don't know where I'm headed but it's pretty far from sober  
Yeah I fucked up in life, but wouldn't start it over  
'Cause Momma said that, "God said he got a party for ya"  
And I'm a give ya Lord, every beat a heart I owe ya  
It sounds a bit cliche but Bubba Sparxxx a soldier  
What you know about balin' hay in that South Georgia heat?  
Very few roads are paved, still I do it for the streets  
There's a heap a shit to lose, but there's even more to keep  
If you feelin' froggy baby, better look before you leap

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Baby it's the tone, that got me gettin' Georgia Dome  
Like Shondon with that Steven on the phone  
Or maybe it's the slang that got me gettin' down my brains  
On the plane, met this chick in Fort Mayne  
And you certainly can blame the jazziest persona  
But it's classy broad that get trashy in the sauna  
Bubba's just the slickest, how else is there to word it  
I'll just plead my case, and then let y'all unveil the verdict

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(Tell me do you love it?)  
Gettin' jazzy  
(Tell me do you love it?)  
(Tell me do you love it?)  
C'mon

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