Comin' Round

Bubba Sparxxx

I see you comin' round the bend
I just can't think of anything
That can make me smile like you can
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I just can't think of anything
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There's a portion of the south in the spirit of this song
Keep followin' the fiddle, it'll never steer you wrong
I've lived a lot of life so my innocence is blown
I'm headin' to the grave to replenish it at most
I've been across the globe and I've seen the world's charm
I taught 'em my slang, I didn't mean the world harm
It makes the soul smile to see what I've accomplished
I got up out the woods without a map or a compass
Life does change, and the sun does set
But my last breath ain't a one gust yet
As long as daddy know that his son does sweat
The same as he did for that uncut check
I'll sleep fine and a child will come
With the same last name as my poppa's son's
And you can rest assure that my son will know
That his da-da wasn't a one squeal show
I see you comin' round the bend
I just can't think of anything
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One time for the New South's imminent progression
Ain't the good Lord so generous with blessings
Whenever it was needed He'd send me some direction
I'd gaze up at the sky and take a minute for reflection
Is it baby balls, or a miniature erection
It makes you view change with degenerate dejection
Pay no nevermind to what the senators confession
He don't really mean it, he just winning his election
Nothing they can do to have prevented this obsession
With the vaccination of innocence infection
My heart is behind it if I hint it or suggest it

I finish with aggression but meant it with affection
To the common man at the end of his oppression
Welcome into church only meant for collection
And the common woman, genders no exception
Please keep providing with men in your reflection
I see you comin' round the bend
I just can't think of anything
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There is no king for the throne I seat
All by myself, so alone I leap
For the young boy that's gone five weeks
He's only fourteen, but he's grown by me
'Cause he keeps the heat on and his little sister fed
With his knowledge of the land and the tools in the shed
He could be in school, but he choose this instead
No avenue he won't pursue for the bread
And who was there to speak for him but Bubba
He listens to his own, can't relate to none other
The product of a bad hand and a young mother
If daddy wasn't ready all it took was one rubber
To prevent the pain that his family done suffered
Thankfully his son is a real come upper
'Cause it's gonna be something on the table come supper
There, the plight of my people is uncovered
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