

Bubba Talk

Bubba Sparxxx

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

I can't do that Timbaland shit, that that shoop shit
There goes that damn Bubba just bein' his country self
Slide inside Timmy's track and ride it 'til nothing's left
Bet you then they'll get the picture, a legendary mixture
Like Jim Beam and Coke, can you cope with that elixir?
Drank it, that'll fix ya, why you angry anyway?
I'm in the same mud as you, been dirty for plenty days
Okay, let's get it on, in any shape form or fashion
At the tunnel in New York, or at the dorms out in Athens
Y'all still don't hear me? Am I not speakin' clearly?
I just throw y'all little lames on any trash heap that's near me
Fuck 'em, hot damn 'em, really, to hell with 'em
Send 'em to Nelly B, and certainly they'll get 'em
I really don't have to answer to questions that y'all present me
But I know why after this here session, y'all resent me
Never the one to fuss, just smile and let 'em walk
Okay-dokey, now they knowin' how Bubba talk
Y'all don't know me a'tall
I say the same thang but slower than y'all
A little Southern charm to top it off
Okay-dokey, dis dat Bubba talk
Y'all don't know me a'tall
I say the same thang but slower than y'all
A little Southern charm to top it off
Okay-dokey, spit boy
This time it gets ugly, my folks done got to drinkin'
Some rednecks and thugs in the club, now what you thankin'?
Hopped up and stankin', bankin' on Bubba's rise
All up on that Betty you got, with rubber thighs
Can't help but love them guys, they happy they out the country
But the country's still in them, black and nappy, white and grungy
Lawed this boy's gone, from dirty to fast speed
And if she don't visit, we snatchin' that rare squeeze
If you mad leave, this is not yo' type of party
Some Jim Beam with gin and Henn with white Bacardi
Yeah, we quite retarded but hell you only live once
Still talkin' Bubba but I can't complete the sentence
Y'all don't know me a'tall

I say the same thang but slower than y'all
A little Southern charm to top it off
Okay-dokey, dis dat Bubba talk
Y'all don't know me a'tall
I say the same thang but slower than y'all
A little Southern charm to top it off
Okay-dokey, spit boy I slowly let my anger turn to just concern
for y'all's well bein', I'm seein' there's much to earn
In this money pit of music, this dummy shit's amusin'
That's what you think it is? Meet me at the bank with this I'll withdraw the same two bills and spend it on port
Y'all can't run with me, stay on the porch please
There's somethin' special, about Bubba's mannerisms
That's why they should accept, any helpin' hand I give 'em
I don't know, is it me, or is this industry foul?
They used to be sugar but they shit to me now
Get in and get bent, that's enough then cut me off
No matter what it cost it's worth it when Bubba talk Y'all don't know me a'tall
I say the same thang but slower than y'all
A little Southern charm to top it off
Okay-dokey, dis dat Bubba talk
Y'all don't know me a'tall
I say the same thang but slower than y'all
A little Southern charm to top it off
Okay-dokey, spit boy Y'all don't know me a'tall
I say the same thang but slower than y'all
A little Southern charm to top it off
Okay-dokey, dis dat Bubba talk
Y'all don't know me a'tall
I say the same thang but slower than y'all
A little Southern charm to top it off
Okay-dokey

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