

Bubba Sparxxx

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Its Bubba Sparxx in the streets (2x)

I just hitch hiked my way from Athens to Cascade
Paid homage for three days been written the past eight
I feel I'm the last great warrior of written lyric
You can move to Polo Club bitch you still ain't gettin near it
If its Bubba spittin fear it, this that shit legends made of
It'll take more than a flag for them folks to segregate us
Hook it, let it cake up prepare it for whole sale
This my mother fuckin heart I don't care if it don't sell
I dare you to go tell, your people that Bubbas bogus
I'm sorry, did my antics interrupt your fucking focus?
Dammit I guess its hopeless, y'all just won't listen
When I'm rhyming to provide you with diamond that don't glisten
I had to be the one, this shit was my birth right
You content with moving units, I'm faced with a worse plight
To give you a verse like, that first hit of ecstasy
Yeah you special in your click but you ain't shit up next to me
And if you get the best of me, nah, that shit ain't feasible
'cause trying to get a hold of Bubba is like chasing a greasy bull

Its Bubba Sparxxx in the streets (The coolest white boy I know)
Its Bubba Sparxxx in the streets (C'mon know y'all don't really want it)

Shit these boys don't really want it, the just mumblin to be heard
Damn y'all wasn't lying, sleepy crumblin in some sweet herb
I'm humble till my speech slurs, then its off the bleachears
In the closet with your wife enticing her to floss her features
This one 'ot to teach you, it ain't fun to play with Bubba
Took a rich prissy bitch and played her this and made her gutta'
But she made me late for suppa', and I don't eat but once a day
I'm tryin to watch my weight 'cause my street days a month away
And I want these sluts to love me, but if they don't then fuck 'em
'cause tomorrow if they swallow, if they won't the I duck 'em
I bet y'all never seen one of me look so clean
Kept it right here in the South and did it with a good ol' team
So hate it if you must, but I made it and you can trust
That every vowel out my bowel, is sacred it just to us
They played it and made a fuss, 'cause the truth is a frighten topic

Ricky pull the plug, shit, that's all that might could stop it

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Its Bubba Sparxxx in the streets (C'mon now y'all don't really want it)
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I'm through noddin my head to shit, that's anythin but monumental
can't just settle for La Grange, therefore my slang is continental
From my road to your trap, my code is no dap
If your head is like a keg, chillin ice cold with no tap
Five shows with no nap, I'll sleep when I in the dirt
Ain't tryin to party with you industry faggots I come to work
Emergin from the hurt, that life was and still will be
Took a shower at the dungeon, dried off and was still filthy
These bitches will feel me, I promise just bein honest
Its like its '93 again, got that heat for them premadonnas
Wide eyed in the booth, this goes beyond politics
In other words keep that pussy, I already got a bitch
And I'm pledgin not switch from authentic to counterfeit
'cause when it comes to that raw, y'all hit it I found the shit
And I won't speak in the dungeon, till its hardway on the wall
In the name of Bubba Sparxx, shit ain't even fair for y'all

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