

Take A Load Off

Bubba Sparxxx

Oh! (ah, ah, ah, ah)
Oh! (ah, ah, ah, ah)
Oh! (ah, ah, ah, ah)
Oh! here we go All my mami's right (Oh!)
(Here we go)
All my mami's right (Oh!)
(Here we go)[Chorus: x2]
Hey! (Ah) Why you headin' my way (ah)
What you need to do is (take the load off) (what)
(Take the load off) (what), (take the load off) (what)
(Take the load off willy) Who else is so rural, but still make you feel urban
Walk up in spine, ask if they chill Bourbon
Jim Beam, Jack D, Evan Williams, that's me
Tellin' Ginuwine "I love Hank sing in that key"
Now he's lookin' at me, like Bub you alright
Yeah I party dog, but not with them drugs that y'all like
Now where Prada, Hampton and that little fuss is all hype
I want what you want, and that's the busted bra type
Where I come from, white boys ain't lame dog
Honky and all that, the real ones ain't called
Don't pull no bullshit unless you playin' paintball
You a fuckin' felon, yeah but I'm gonna wipe the stank off
C-W-B, read nothin' to flee
Go on take a load off, I'll clean up the debris
C-W-B, read nothin' to flee
Go on take a load off, I'll clean up the debris[Chorus: x2] Slowly, homie just get to know me
If we ain't compatible then disown me
But don't tell me your men are for me
If we ain't click keep some distance on me
On and on, Bubba K no matter what I say
These country folks wouldn't have it, no other way
Cause I yell, but they ain't got nothin' else to say
And I got a heat warm and tugged away
Plus the beep, beep, Timmy keep heat
Him and Rick each, ain't no weak links
Guess I'm just different than whatever you sniffin'
Still the same language, this ain't hieroglyphics
Ask am I prolific? Yes sir indeed
Really who are you to be questionin' me

See how I maneuver so effortlessly
You'll be hard pressed to find a fresher MC[Chorus: x2]Free willy, take a load off
Please silly, I ain't takin' no loss
He's really got the greatest tone dog
One potata, two potata, three potata don't pause
Betty boo, let it loose, work it for that revenue
Am I not the most unique person that you ever knew?
Walk up in the party, sanitation blurtin' with a brew
Bet ya this album does all the first one didn't do
Stop with the badgerin', can't you see I'm staggerin'?
All that you babblin', ain't even close to matterin'
What you shouldn't think, you should know that I'm arrogant
My "come to talk Bubba" shirt, tonight I ain't wearin' it[Chorus: x2]

Songwriters

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