

# Bubba Sparxxx, Claremont Lounge

(feat. Killer Mike, Cool Breeze)

[Intro - Bubba Sparxxx]

Haha, yeah  
It is I (it is I)  
I don't know 'bout all that other shit, can't call that  
But beside this motherfucker right here  
This motherfuckin boo  
Hey that's me all day, all day, twice on Sunday  
Hey what I motherfuckin do I rap, I rap  
Hey, what's happenin  
God dammit  
Get these pussies off me, will ya?  
I love it, haha  
Yeah, yeah, yeah

[Verse 1 - Bubba Sparxxx]

I'm fittin to meet this bitch up at the Claremont Lounge (at the lounge)  
The money's low, but I dare not scrounge (don't scrounge)  
Cause I'll be right back (right back) and the money'll follow  
It's cloudy today, it'll be sunny tomorrow  
I promise (promise), honest, every week let's do some other shit  
Liver than that other shit, bitch I'm still the fuckin shit  
I've got my publishing (check) and my royalties (check)  
Never lost loyalty, it's Organized Noize and B  
You bitch, you already know the remainin  
Let us jealousy, I don't entertain it (nope)  
I got a cave bitch (white girl), she's a cheerleader (pom pom)  
I split a 12 with her (Miller Lite), she licked this here penis  
Snatched her from a ballplayer, that wasn't playin ball  
He paid for it all, but she wouldn't take it off (ha)  
So I'ma take it off his hands, I know you heard of that  
And I'ma murder that furry cat for a fact

[Chorus - Bubba Sparxxx - 2X]

I'm fittin to meet this bitch up at the Claremont Lounge  
The Claremont Lounge, the Claremont Lounge  
And once she get a whiff of this, believe it's goin down  
it's goin down, right now it's goin down

[Verse 2 - Killer Mike]

Floss, comin through L or Tampa on vogues (on vogues)  
In Uncle Mooney's 'lac wit a hoodrat ho (Mooney)  
She got three kids and about four goals (four goals)  
She serve her pop ex and fuck other hoes  
She used to fuck with this nigga named Tone, that was on  
Even frontin her the zones, 'til he died in born homes (\*laughing\*)  
he was killed by a young nigga creepin with the chrome  
Took the money out the trunk and like sixteen zones  
But fuck that, let's take it back to the 'lac  
Me and this batch laidback burnin purp sacks (okay)  
High as fuck, contemplatin million dollar plans (uh huh)  
She a million dollar bitch and I'ma million dollar man (million dollar man)  
Only thing missin is about a million dollars (what?)  
Sent her ass to the country with the work and a Impala  
I gave her sixteen ounces and told her hold daddy down  
And I'll meet you in a week at the Claremont Lounge (yeah)

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - Cool Breeze]

Hey look, I chillin in the lounge and this girl gonna walk in the bathroom  
She said damn you look cute, but why you ain't got no tattoos  
I said I didn't come to look cute, Cool came to cut (cut)

And damn you look cute, why you ain't got no butt (butt, ooooo)  
Hey, walk back to my seat, I guess shorty felt dissed  
Cause I see this sucker checkin me, while I'm checkin the mix  
So I walk over to him, bro I don't care who you wit  
Man you better be like G-Rock and "go and get that bitch" (go and get that bitch)  
I let Bubba security handle that, step back to the back  
Man you ought to be ashamed to run your mouth like that  
This my house, don't tell me how to do my thing  
I don't like you, you really on my promotional team (ooooo)  
See you could of got a cameo at the video shoot  
See I could of got you a bitch at the video shoot  
But you to busy out here lookin cute tryna take your shirt off  
If we was in a group, I'd have your microphone turned off

[Chorus]