Bubba Sparxxx, Hey! (A Lil' Gratitude)

(feat. Timbaland)

Yeah I'm a country boy, but I'm a player too All up in your city flexin' down the avenue But I ain't mad at you dog, that's what I had to do That least that you could do is gimme a lil' gratitude Hey, everybody wanna say hey, Timmy Get into it or be on your way, hey And I really hate it came to this How else can I say it, I don't speak no other languages

I came to do two things, kick some ass And drink some coke, yeah, and I'm almost out of beer Looky here, we damned if every other year He ain't stumble back in, Bubba, baby that's him I love me some me, and I don't mind you Shoot ya move dog, we lovin' whatcha tryin'a do Just do it over there, I feel some ? away I guess what I'm tryin'a say is I ain't got no time to play I might just die today, I might just live forever I done endured being poor but being rich is better From that dirt road in the grange I did came A long way, we can do this all day

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Ain't no excuses, just gotta be more the shit Than I already was and that's unfortunate For all these babblers, still booty chatterers This what a rapper was supposed to be and that's what's up Country this, yeah yeah, country that I'm a country cat, it's just a fact, can't run from that Keep high, a bunch out back, now watch the money stack Hide in the hay, in the barn out on the farm I can charm, the fangs off a cotton mouth Right there by my house way out in the south Know what I'm talkin' bout, it would appear no Girl who's that zero, I am the hero, y'all

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Hey, everybody wanna say hey Get into it or be on your way, hey And I really hate it came to this How else can I say it, I don't speak no other languages Yeah yeah it's Bubba K, I plans to give 'em hell Yesiree I did my thang and I did it well I walk the walk baby, and all that daddy tells I ain't even noticed my skin, damn, is it pale Oh well, I guess that how it go Now I know, move right along down the row Another good morning, another breath of air Dude I don't ask for much, still I got blessings everywhere And I ain't scared to share, you can have my last But you ever diss on me and mine that's yo ass You hear that thang beatin', Timmy still speakin' That's how real I keep it, everything else our little secret, whoa

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