

Bubba Sparxxx, Hungry

Aha, 2000, Bubba Sparxxx, yeah, 2000 baby
Now tell me how y'all expect to eat if y'all boys ain't hungry
How you figure you gon straighten the beef if y'all boys ain't hungry
Shit, you couldn't relate to Bubba K if we shared the same blood
That's why I keep you guessin like manics change up
Flame up for my peers who done walk with me for years
Through this pissiness then rain, we gon be ballin when it clears
In the mall workin the seers tryin to get my ? to ?
I swore to tell the truth, though it may offend them itty-bitty weak-minded crabs
Who gon keep tryna stab
And Bubba with that side talk, that make me think that I ought to
? with ? glock, and run up in their spot
Fuck that money in your safe, I want them munchies off the top
Folk that's hungry off this block and they countin on me to feed em
Got a car load of chickens and we bout to go home and eat em
I'm cravin everything from cabbage chips to cheese
Cos it's that feeling in my stomach got me takin trips for keys
From Athens to Belize, whatever for my nutrition
I'll even turn cannibal if it takes that for you to live
Now tell me how y'all expect to eat if y'all boys ain't hungry
How you figure you gon straighten the beef if y'all boys ain't hungry
I been seekin for a deal for years and for real I'm still hungry
They say that country folk can't do it but we will cos we hungry
Man that first verse ain't fill me up, it's like I gotta take worm
I'm eatin lettuce and ? nuggets and just ? that take turn
It's that flake that hate burn
Live by y'all who can't learn
Why it hurts to see them with them platinum plates they ain't earn
I'm lickin this cool whip munchin on a few chips
Fittin a snack on this broad I thought I'd never fool with
Duddy the chef throw out that kick, heat up that snare
Season that tip, I rhymin with a reason to spit
We leavin the shit financially and physically slick
You'll never see me undernourished cos I'm lyrically fit
Like grillin this shit when it comes to verses of hunger
I'm rappin this for happiness and polo shirts for the summer, yeah
It hurts me to wonder if you can me can leave with each other
You might not like my cookin now but I'm gon teach you to love it
I speak to you in public, the pride, the salary calories
I don't know when your turn gon come
But it have to be after me
Now tell me how y'all expect to eat if y'all boys ain't hungry (get it up, what)
How you figure you gon straighten the beef if y'all boys ain't hungry (ah, ah, ah)
I been seekin for a deal for years and for real I'm still hungry (aha, what)
They say that country folk can't do it but we will cos we hungry (yeah, yeah)
I got a tape full of songs, wylin with five ones
Waitin on the deal to come cos my plate full of crumbs
It's so hard through them bright nights sleep on dark days
And these crackers livin good that ain't what my stomach say
I got a tape full of songs, wylin with five ones
Waitin on the deal to come cos my plate full of crumbs
It's so hard through them bright nights sleep on dark days
And these crackers livin good that ain't what my stomach say
Man I came up in the grains with Jen and Steve
And every meal I ate consisted of some bread and cheese
I'm bet to believe y'all ain't scared to eat after me
But if you don't want what's left of this, well then feed after me
You want me to leave the charts toward this buffet then just say
Bubba it's feedin time and I'll sharpen these teeth of mine
And devour this filthy slop that they fed us from the start
I thank the Lord for daily bread and plus for blessing you with Sparxxx
Now tell me how y'all expect to eat if y'all boys ain't hungry (uh, uh)
How you figure you gon straighten the beef if y'all boys ain't hungry
I been seekin for a deal for years and for real I'm still hungry (yeah, ah, what)

They say that country folk can't do it but we will cos we hungry (c'mon, c'mon)
Now tell me how y'all expect to eat if y'all boys ain't hungry (get it up, get it up what)
How you figure you gon straighten the beef if y'all boys ain't hungry
I been seekin for a deal for years and for real I'm still hungry (wh-what)
They say that country folk can't do it but we will cos we hungry (ah, ah, ah, ah)
Yeah, Duddy Ken, Bubba Sparxxx, nonsense
Underground south collabo, yeah, 2000 baby