

Bubba Sparxxx, Bubba Sparxxx

Its Bubba Sparxxx 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 dont care if it dont sell
I dare you to go tell, your people that Bubbas bogus
Im sorry, did my antics interrupt your fucking focus?
Dammit I guess its hopeless, y'all just wont listen
When I'm rhymin to provide you with diamond that dont 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 extascy
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
Cuz 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 dont really want it)

Shit these boys dont really want it, the just mumblin to be heard
Damn y'all wasnt lying, sleepy crumblin in some sweet herb
Im humble till my speech slurs, then its off the bleacheers
In the closet with your wife enticing her to floss her features
This one 'ot to teach you, it aint 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 dont eat but once a day
Im tryin to watch my weight cuz my street days a month away
And I want these sluts to love me, but if they dont then fuck 'em
Cuz tomorrow if they swallow, if they wont 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, cuz the truth is a frighten topic
Ricky pull the plug, shit, thats all that might could stop it

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Im through noddin my head to shit, thats anythin but monumental
Cant 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
Cuz when it comes to that raw, y'all hit it I found the shit
And I wont speak in the dungeon, till its hardway on the wall
In the name of Bubba Sparxxx, shit ain't even fair for y'all

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