

Bubba Sparxxx, Bubba Talk

[Bubba Sparxxx]

I can't do that Timbaland shit, that that shoop shit..

There goes that damn Bubba just bein his country self
Slide inside Timmy's track and ride it 'til nothing's left
Bet you then they'll get the picture, a legendary mixture
like Jim Beam and Coke, can you cope with that elixir?
Drank it, that'll fix ya, why you angry anyway?
I'm in the same mud as you, been dirty for plenty days
Okay, let's get it on, in any shape form or fashion
At the Tunnel in New York, or at the dorms out in Athens
Y'all still don't hear me? Am I not speakin clearly?
I just throw y'all little lames on any trash heap that's near me
Fuck 'em, hot damn 'em, really, to hell with 'em
Send 'em to Nelly B(?), and certainly they'll get 'em
I really don't have to answer to questions that y'all present me
But I know why after this here session, y'all resent me
Never the one to fuss, just smile and let 'em walk
Okey-dokey, now they knowin how Bubba talk

[Chorus: Bubba Sparxxx]

Y'all don't know me a'tall
I say the same thang but slower than y'all
A little Southern charm to top it off
Okey-dokey, dis dat Bubba talk
Y'all don't know me a'tall
I say the same thang but slower than y'all
A little Southern charm to top it off
Okey-dokey - SPIT BOY!

[Bubba Sparxxx]

This time it gets ugly, my folks done got to drankin
Some rednecks and thugs in the club, now what you thankin?
Hopped up and stankin, bankin on Bubba's rise
All up on that Betty you got, with rubber thighs
Can't help but love them guys, they happy they out the country
But the country's still in them, black and nappy, white and grungy
Lawd this boy's gone, from dirty to fast speed
And if she don't visit, we snatchin that rare squeeze
If you mad leave, this is not yo' type of party
Some Jim Beam with gin and Henn with white Bacardi
Yeah we quite retarded but hell you only live once
Still talkin Bubba but I can't complete the sentence

[Chorus]

[Bubba Sparxxx]

I slowly let my anger turn to just concern
for y'all's well bein, I'm seein there's much to earn
In this money pit of music, this dummy shit's amusin
That's what you think it is? Meet me at the bank with this
I'll withdraw the same two bills and spend it on port (?)
Y'all can't run with me, stay on the porch please
There's somethin special, about Bubba's mannerisms
That's why they should accept, any helpin hand I give 'em
I don't know, is it me, or is this industry foul?
They used to be sugar but they shit to me now
Get in and get bent, that's enough then cut me off
No matter what it cost it's worth it when Bubba talk

[Chorus - repeat 2X]