

# Bubba Sparxxx, Comin' Round

I see you comin round the bend  
I just cant think of anything that can make me smile like you can  
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Theres a portion of the south in the spirit of this song  
Keep followin the fiddle, itll never steer you wrong  
Ive lived a lot of life so my innocence is blown  
Im headin to LaGrange to replenish it at most  
Ive been across the globe and Ive seen the worlds charm,  
I taught em my slang, I didnt mean the world harm  
It makes the soul smile to see what Ive accomplished  
I got up out the woods without a map or a compass  
Life does change, and the sun does set  
But my last breath aint a one gust yet  
As long as daddy know that his son does sweat  
The same as he did for that uncut check  
Ill sleep fine and a child will come  
With the same last name as my poppas sons  
And you can rest assure that my son will know  
That his Da-da wasnt a one-squeal show

[Chorus]

One time for the New Souths imminent progression  
Aint the good lord so generous with blessings  
Whenever it was needed hed send me some direction  
Id gaze up at the sky and take a minute for reflection  
Is it baby balls, or a miniature erection  
It makes you view change with degenerate dejection  
Pay no nevermind to what the senators confession  
He dont really mean it, he just winning his election  
Nothing they can do to have prevented this obsession  
With the vaccination of innocence infection  
My heart is behind it if I hint it or suggest it  
I finish with aggression but meant it with affection  
To the common man at the end of his oppression  
Welcome into church only meant for collection  
And the common woman, genders no exception  
Please keep providing with men in your reflection

[Chorus]

There is no king for the throne I seat  
All by myself, so alone I leap  
For the young boy thats gone five weeks  
Hes only fourteen, but hes grown by me  
Cause he keeps the heat on and his little sister fed  
With his knowledge of the land and the tools in the shed  
He could be in school, but he chose this instead  
No avenue he wont pursue for the bread  
And who was there to speak for him but Bubba  
He listens to his own, cant relate to none other  
The product of a bad hand and a young mother  
If daddy wasnt ready all it took was one rubber  
To prevent the pain that his family done suffered  
Thankfully his son is a real come-upper  
Cause its gonna be something on the table come supper  
There, the plight of my people is uncovered