

# Bubba Sparxxx, Intro

[Intro: spoken by Big Rube]

Optimism, about the fate of the people  
that have accepted the mission improbable  
To become simpatical, purged by discourage of sufferin  
Anger, hate, vengeance and war  
It's tough to explain, debate, lament or explore  
But I'll die straight to the core  
In an implosion of introspection so quiet it can deafen you  
Yet breathe breath into the singed lungs of the most temper thug  
Tears of bull get dismembered and drug through the mud  
with a point from the head of a heavyweight  
From the cold detailed reality of hot graphite  
missing meat in a butcher trap  
To the grandios flights of fancy from the abstract mind  
of a hip-hop super nerd, as long as the truth is heard  
The truth must be spoken  
My youth has been smokin and drinkin, drinkin and smokin  
A life that to most may seem dream like  
But rarely are things what they seem like  
We ain't tight 'less y'all tight  
Might bless me in all type, but it's all wrong  
The goal is for all thrones to be sat upon by true kings  
All pretenders must fall into the fathoms of their own character flaws  
But as long as we attempt to fool ourselves, we are not yet free

[Verse One: Bubba Sparxxx]

All at once, say it, Bubba K now  
I'm headed out west today, on the Greyhound  
Sittin in the back on top but close to 8 pounds  
Huntin for an innocent town that I can shake down  
Past the Mississipp' by swimmin the Great Lakes now  
Made it this far but still I can't escape how  
the law ran in, back, in the A-town  
All I'm worth is all that they ain't found  
My brother in Denver used to do is sell dirt  
Made it through him, I can move a little work  
In Wichita, I produce a little smirk  
Stop at Wal\*Mart, new shoes and a shirt  
Tried to call momma, shit she denied the call  
Seems she don't smoke the shit I provide for y'all  
Tried to doze off with PM Tylenol  
Just moved to Q.P. and still I can't smile at all

[Interlude: Big Rube]

Not yet free, not yet free

Not yet free, not yet free

[Verse Two: Bubba Sparxxx]

Continuing my voyage in to Colorado  
Folks live life but not with my bravado  
I know that this pill is hard for you to swallow  
More pig shit in which for you to wallow  
I'm posted up here, at least until tomorrow  
with a pound of buffalo nicks that you can swallow  
Only thing I'm holdin is pain that you can borrow  
Plus a whole pocket of change, for your sorrows  
A lotta cats bustin but they can't find the hop  
Lotta cats hustlin, if you ain't grindin, stop  
On the open road, now is not the time to flop  
The buzz is formulatin Jimmy now's your time to drop..