

# Bubba Sparxxx, Like It Or Not

(feat. Sleepy Brown)

All the way from Athens, the A-T-L shawty

[Bubba Sparxxx]

Uhh, Sleepy Brown

Uhh, Bubba Sparxxx

We gon' keep doin it baby

Whether you like it or not.. uhh

[Chorus: Sleepy Brown + (Bubba)]

Ain't a damn thang pretty

From dirt roads to the city, uhh

(You might catch me drunk in the pub)

(Or either crunk in the club)

WHETHER YOU LIKE IT OR NOT

Don't matter where I hang

People love my twang, uhh

(Call us country or Southerners mayn)

(We gon' keep doin our thang)

WHETHER YOU LIKE IT OR NOT

[Sleepy Brown]

Rollin up +So Fresh, So Clean+

Wood grain, big screen TV's

Uhh, I got the bump-bump in my trunk now

Uhh, I'm 'bout to, I'm 'bout to funk

Now all the ladies seem to like my style

Guess I'll be here for a while, mmm

To see who wants to come and be with me

I'll take you back to the flat so I can show you where it's at, c'mon

Ohh, wee - look at me

Movin 'cross the floor so easily

Oh, my, can't deny

This funk starts high in the sky

I'm 'bout to get my groove on

Uhh, I'm 'bout to bust a move on 'em

Uhh, there's no-thing you can do for 'em

Uhh, cause I'm checkin the spot if you really like it or not

[Chorus]

[Bubba Sparxxx]

I know you hate it, I'ma say it to you anyway

I'm 'bout to throw them 24's on that Escalade

Still I got the Mickey T's on the Chevrolet

Z-7-1, the mere sight'll take your breath away

It's today but I'm still on it like it's yesterday

Throw me the ball, this the game that I was bred to play

And pass the cooler with this stewardess named Desire

You ain't no concern, I'ma wait and see what Heaven say

I got a brother by the name of Snicky Ricky Wade

He said - Bubba, real careers ain't quicky quickly made

My other brother by the name of Patrick "Sleepy" Brown

Said that our +Noize+ is the type that you should keep around

They led me through the forest, took me to the wizard Ray

He told me that tomorrow won't be what it is today

I said, "Damn, that's just what my brother Tim would say"

I'm back at home, just how long have I been away?

[Chorus]

[Bubba Sparxxx]

I'm the type that you might see with Petey Pablo

Chasin fielder's dream with corn and three Diablos  
And I'll be blessed to death if I see tomorrow  
But I'ma live to get my son a lead that he can follow  
I might can't flip a brick but bet that I can move a pound  
And if you call yourself the king, well then there's two in town  
Regardless where you from, what you do, or who you found  
You best to get to practice early for the shoot-around  
Cause Bubba don't play, do them thangs you won't say  
Be damned if I even pull my {dick} out and don't spray  
Daddy told me just to do them thangs he never did  
Breakin broads, get money, live your life and treasure it  
And that's the least that I can do, for the man who  
raised me up and through his faults helped me understand you  
And now I'm certified, New South pioneer  
Born and raised down here, best believe I'm dyin here

[Chorus]

[Bubba Sparxxx]

For all my rebels ridin dump truck, heavy Chevy's, Cadillacs  
Hot rods, no seats, in the back  
Browning, thirties-thirties, in the rack  
Guaranteed, leave your land, where you at?  
Dump truck, heavy Chevy's, Cadillacs  
Hot rods, no seats, in the back  
Browning, thirties-thirties, in the rack  
Guaranteed, leave your land, where you at?  
Sump truck, heavy Chevy's, Cadillacs  
Hot rods, no seats, in the back  
Browning, thirties-thirties, in the rack  
Guaranteed, leave your land, where you at?

Bubba Sparxxx! (YEAH)  
Organized Noize (YEAH) Beat Club  
Timbo (YEAH) the whole New South  
Real down South Georgia boy  
Real country white boy, real HARD  
Get it together, a new beginning..