

# Bubba Sparxxx, New south

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

To all it was

All it is

And all it shall be

New South

[Bubba Sparxxx]

Uh, yeah, yeah (motherfuckers)

I gotta key Bubba answers, a kilo of questions

The heart for humility, that ego perplexes

Strength, will and honor, a hero's possessions

On the road to destiny I need no directions

Far to Southerners, the best man the winner

And only this morning does the best man remember

Fighters seen the weak, more success than inventors

And a saint never ever suffers less than a sinner

But I'm proud to admit that this shit no longer

Phases or amazes me, I only grow stronger

At any given moment this world can so long ya

Box you up, drop you in the dirt and slow song ya

So every blessed minute I'm breathin

I'm conceivin, for when I do perish, reasons for your grievin

That's not to say I plan on leavin here this evening

I'll be in Honolulu with Steven next season

[Chorus]

Dear God, left, right

Life will pass by

Breathe in, exhale

I scream, you yell

New South! (New South!)

New South! (New South!)

Ew, a ew, (break it down)

Ew, a ew (break it down)

[Duddy Ken]

And we gonna rush 'em with a blitz on this

Go round the world and hit every other upper scale and project brick with it

Bubba Sparxxx who meet with the Organized Godly beat

Man it's funny how God can be when you work hard to achieve

It's still slaw nigga (\*vocal scratch\*), spittin that Pac liquor

This is straight up pocket party, your summer that not nigga

classical rhymes got most cats tryna battle with Ken

Bet they won't "go up shit creek without they paddle again"

Come down to my town, bet you won't visit Athens again

And I write that hard har, roll like I got crack in my pen

But since your so happy that things go exactly as planned

Don't clack if we land, then it's crack a lackin again

Then most of these clowns up outta the pay

All I need is a stout, clean your coolatta and day

And the day that I'm able to finally get outta the game

What this hip hop has become is what the New South gotta change

Bring it back

[Chorus]

[Bubba Sparxxx]

What difference does it make, who I'm affiliated with

Cause if you love 'em, how could you have really hated this

All the groundbreakin these hillbilly maders did

Wasn't no room for +Bubba Talk+ until we made it did

I flow for Jimmy Mathis on that bus route daily

And for momma June and all she fuss about lately

I'm a get it white, if your hairless for Governor

I'm tellin y'all the yanks ain't prepared for this southerner

C-Dub certified, DF, dignitary

Beat Club, they applaud, New South, visionary

In spite of the efforts y'all made to pigeon hole me

I rose from the pig shit without a smidgen on me

At 15, 90, Adam's drive makin miracles  
For these many much, yes and everyday is pivotal  
I'm no entertainer so what I say is literal  
You say you "New South", faker tat it on your genitals  
[Chorus] - 2X