Justin Timberlake, Hootnanny

I could go number one ten times
Pretty girls that like my rhymes
You can say Bubba ain't gonna shine
Guess wha, wha, don't really give a hootnanny
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Now I done banged a heap of Betties in various modes of transport
'N told them as they exit be sure that they close the damn door
The quiet country types is usually those I'm scared for[??]
Some scared at first, but usually those demand more
Really ain't conceited, I just call myself the cutterbug
A horny little parasite that all the women love to love
Tell you what it is today, I ain't concerned with what it was
Bubba fixin' to get it done, I put that on my brother ??
Hear them in the closet, in the kitchen, justa whisperin'
Bubba so psst psst knowing that I'm listening
I ain't gotta chain, boy my peck[?] is all that's glistenin'
Whachu steamin' on folk, y'all ain't even disciplined
I ain't leaving nothin', this the house me and my people built
Huggin' me and dappin' me, buddy I can see your guilt
It's cold when you're wrong and you lookin' like you need a quilt
Y'all matter less everytime this margarita tilt

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A lot of y'all was thinkin' that Bubba would probably disappear
Get some show money from UGLY and buy a keg of beer
And another pig to give my other pigs some company
Rent a doublewide and just live it out in luxary
In due time, but there's business left to attend to
I need another farm to bequeath my next of kin to
And another ? before my great aunt Missy
Yea, I've been drinkin' but I ain't that pissy
Thinkin' back to when my daddy told me what it's all about
He said no matter what I do in life, some of y'all'll pout
I can deal with that long as all my folks is eatin' good
Let that channel pass over more than any Easter could
I'm on the roll again and I ain't talkin' ecstacy
Tell them folks at Interscope they fixin' to write some checks to me
Soon as me and Timmy finish up this latest pig schlop
Man I think you right, it ain't nothing but some hen???

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I'm back off in the saddle with smile and that cajolery
Mama always knew how big a stallion I would grow to be
Way beyond these suckers both lyrically and vocally

I doubted for a moment, now it's clear to me I'm supposed to be
An uncanny whit plus a time that is impeccable
Make the sharpest cat feel his mind is just a vegetable
How does Bubba do it, you won't find it in a manual
Confused them all at first so this time is understandable
Staring at the ceiling fan, pondering my future now
Wondering what the hell to do with all this loot I found
Got my tractor polished up and I'm as drunk as Cooter Brown
Navigating yet another one of Timmy's supersounds

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