

Bubba Sparxxx f/ Scar

"Ain't Life Grand"

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[Chorus - Scar]

Ain't life grand
You're workin to the bone
You're givin it, then it's gone
You keep on or you don't
Ain't life grand
You're workin to the bone
You're givin it, then it's gone
You keep on or you don't
Ain't life grand

[Verse 1 - Bubba Sparxxx]

Yeah
This is it, put the kids to bed and get your shit
A hit's a hit though, but took I ain't forget this shit
But when we get a hit, we only slack a little bit
But y'all gettin sick of banjos and fiddle shit
I hit a lick with it, but now I'm feelin brand new
It's time to reinvent again and win again
So can you, put on that loop
Split the blunt and food
And send me on my merry like you did my favorite rap
group
We outlast and outclass these vagabonds
Dungeon Fam, yeah pass me that baton
See my medicine, as an adolescent one was
Black eyes and Babylon, shit that's what I'm proud I'm
from
And What I have become is a major fact that one
They don't mention much, but trust they know that
cracker's on
Fuckin believable, believe it dude, please don't let me
intrude
Smoke the blunt and eat your food

[Chorus]

[Break - Scar]

You sit and wonder 'bout it
You hope and wish you got it
You try your best to hide it

You'll have to keep from cryin
(Ain't life grand)
One day your on a high then
Next day you wished you died
Folks hate it when you're ballin
They'd rather see you gone

[Verse 2 - Bubba Sparxxx]

This is me man
I just bust, I don't adjust much
To bust what this month left, I'm huff puff
On the hush hush, they'll never touch us
Dis-a-gust the national, that's putt putt
I'm in the Butt Hut, fucked up some wet
Uncut, untucked, tryin help me one up
One OC 8, oh makes me a whole
entirely different type of a-hole
Gotta proper bank roll, betty drop that thing slow
Motherfuckin load the devil thing like it swoll
Same way the Range Rove, same way the Chevrolets
Same way the Cadillacs, how I do it everyday
Bubba K'll never sway, born and bred in GA
I love Troy but it never was no play
It's like my fourhead stacks off a baby put it
They find it stankin in Tennessee, here they wouldn't
(find ya, ho)

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - Bubba Sparxxx]

In conclusion
Listen to me when I'm talkin to you young fella
It's fittin to start rainin, hope you got an umbrella
I'll probably never be a number one seller
Might of been beige, but I never was yella
And when I saw yella, I don't mean yella
As in light skin, I just mean the type when
The beef heighten, get to sprintin right then
Like a herd of bison, when I start riflin
Oh yeah, I will go there
Cause I'm from nowhere and I really don't care
If a pussy wanna stare, then a pussy gon' wear
My hand across the face, when I put it on there
I'm a one in a million, Dungeon affiliate
I brought you the realest shit and a bunch of you feelin
it
This gun I will empty it, if the chatter continues
You never did like me, but you had to pretend to
Cause that just what men do when they hear we blew
Thirty million dollars, just as fast as them trees blew
Then how he refueled, and with Big rebooded

This whole fuckin ship for a like a million and three
moons (bitch)

[Chorus]

[Break]

[Outro - Scar]
Ain't life grand ...
Ain't life grand ...
Ain't life grand

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