

## Bad Examples

### "If It's Bumpin"

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[Bubba Sparxxx]

I drop the verses y'all don't deliver  
Take the chances y'all won't consider  
Got a loyal broad named Betty who  
know what to do with that chrome I give her  
I'm on the shitter  
thinkin bout my bank account and how to make it  
bigger  
Then I grab the tool and take your jewels  
and I'ma watch this blew the same as Jigga's  
It ain't the liquor I'm really sick, smokin Shwag eatin  
Crystal chicks  
On a rollercoaster with Bo and Kosha  
Can't even fuck witch'all pencil dicks  
Ain't this some shit?  
Every time we step inside the club y'all tryna guess  
which one of us gon' snatch your bitch  
and leave you strokin all by yourself  
Understand this Bubba Sparxxx, S-P-A-R-triple X  
I sprinkle soul in your pussy hole  
and put some coal on your nipple and neck  
Tell your man, if he flex it's gettin drastic, legend has it  
I know this mob spell G-A and with no delay they'll let  
him have it  
It's just a habit, reppin Athens and LaGrange, it's in my  
veins  
I'm mixin Beam with Coke and (?), and every time it's  
still just the same  
I tend to aim towards spittin thangs, it's classical so  
masterful  
When it comes to this here make the shit clear  
Heard to y'all comes natural

[Chorus]

We make these lames wanna fight, make these bitches  
wanna fuck  
Drink Bourbon in a cup, if it's bumpin turn it up  
We gon' weave, we gon' roll, watch the Franklin faces  
fold  
Chasin multi-platinum plaques while y'all settlin for  
dough

Drop that liquid on yo' tongue, put that reefer in your  
lungs  
Close the curtains here we come, boy hush until I'm  
done  
We gon' drink, we gon' smoke, keep that floss on they  
toes  
When these broads start some lickin, we just might end  
up with yours

[Kosha]

Step in the club it's on  
Nevertheless gonna find the somebody I could sip on  
A seat with a view in the V.I.P., and got two tight things  
to grip on  
A bag of trees to put my lip on - gotta cut it, roll it, light  
it, pass  
And me and Bubba gettin crunk in the club  
with a tape full of Bud in a champagne glass  
Puttin it down for the B.C., in the backwoods where we  
be  
Better call a producer when you see me  
and get your ass right back in the GT  
Y'all lame boys, hangin up lookin just for a name boy  
Goin upsize with the Gameboy  
Witcho' mind right go out lookin for a cane boy, it's a  
shame boy  
You the main one tryna stall right, sold the broads out  
the game boy  
I beat 'em down like chop chop chop  
Yessuh, cut 'em up and leave 'em alone  
On my cell phone they callin, talkin 'bout "Kosha baby,  
call me"  
Leave your name and your number at the sound of the  
beep  
and I'll get back witcha shawty  
Most hated by baby daddies for breakin up happy  
homes  
When the men is on and she don't say no then that  
mean she wanna bone  
So partna don't get me wrong, I'm just bein Kosha  
That Southern playa with a stroke that keep 'em wet like  
a ocean  
Yessuh, me and Bubba get rowdy (rowdy)  
And me and Bubba get bout it (bout it)  
We are violators we annihilate you, no ifs ands butts  
about it  
The air up here stay cloudy, I originate in shotcallin  
We stay up in the club y'all look at us  
and say, "Damn, them boys be ballin"

[Chorus]

[Bo Hagin]

Whassup fuck nigga, man you know who you is (you know)

You the ones be payin hoes and buyin them gifts (trick ass)

You mad when you find out some other niggaz get it  
Ain't payin no bills just stayin real and still be hittin it

I'm a old school playa I just pay for her dinner

Maybe buy a little liquor - I spend some talk in the mirror

This the playa from the soul; love to gang up on hoes  
I'm tryna let this pimp shit go cause I don't even like it no mo'

See these niggaz that I hang with they just run through these skanks

Talk about 'em over dinner, pass women like dank

[Interlude: Bubba]

Mmm-hmm, and I'ma put twenty-five  
on the them ol' fire ass Mercedes Rolls  
that don't never come 'round no mo' that shit right dere  
Country-ass Bubba Sparxxx, ain't no fuckin around wit  
G.O. again

That put me in this backwoods committee

My ace Kosha, Bo Hagin, west central Georgia's finest  
Man Bo, go on snap again

[Bo Hagin]

Man, I'm gon' tell it like it is, I'm gon' sit the rear

I stand true to high live, this a quest for a mil'

It done took a nigga different places, seen plenty of faces

Whatever may have been the cases I thank God for his graces

See my knife'll tell the fakers, kept me spinnin like breakers

And every day I play awake a nigga learnin by haters

See I take a ho, and shake a ho, that's how we live

All women ain't bitches but see most of them is, uhh

[Chorus] - repeat 2X

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