

Barbara Streisand

"If It's Bumpin"

Visit "[If It's Bumpin](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[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

Visit [Barbara Streisand](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.