

Feeder

"Betty Betty"

Visit "[Betty Betty](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Uh-uh.. wassup ladies?
Bubba can't forget about y'all..

(Intro)

Hey Betty Betty, hush your mouth, let me tell you
something
Hey Betty Betty, this Bubba K, the one your boyfriend
bumpin'
He Betty Betty, understand, see I ain't got no patience
Hey Betty Betty, get in the truck, lets crank up these
relations

I left yesterday, and I headed straight, up 78, to the A-
T-L
These record sales done paid me well, so I'm smoking
good, cant you smell?
Life is hell, till you drop a gem, now Bubba got hoes,
jocking him
Not cuz he cute, cuz he got that loot, wear polo suits,
and that's hot to them
I see your ass, over at the bar, try your best to fill up
that bra
A double-D, sippin' bubbl-y and you'd give your life just
to fuck with me
Reluctantly I walk on by, I'm not gon' lie, that Betty fine
But I got to drank, cant even thank, unless I'm tanked,
I'm already high
So let it fly, miss Kimberly, I can see right now you into
me
Im'a holla at you bout 10 till 3, tryin' to switch from
Beam to Hennessy
But you know I cant, so give me Jimmy
And sit right down till the bottles empty
Then we cut, but now shut up, old stupid slut, I stated
simply
4 AM, we back in Athens, rollin' balls, and the bitch is
laughin'
Chalk the first one, up to rappin'
I waited years, but tonight it happen

(CHORUS)

Hey Betty Betty, hush your mouth, let me tell you
something
Hey Betty Betty, this Bubba K, the one your boyfriend
bumpin
Hey Betty Betty, understand, see I ain't got no patience
Hey Betty Betty, get in the truck, lets crank up these
relations
Hey Betty Betty, I'm tryin' to see if you adventurous
Hey Betty Betty, I only mess with 9's and 10's and up
Hey Betty Betty, you got some things, I'd love to
photograph
Hey Betty Betty, you heard a while, but you don't know
the half

I missed you Betty, since I last, saw your ass at the Polo
Club
What's the matter, cant show no love?
I guess you here bout them photos of, you and me on
the internet
Get over there, we ain't finished yet
I got a new, cam-er-a, miss Pam-el-a, and I'm fin to let
Bobby introduce you to the helicopter, and when he
through
I bet its clear, why crackers here, ain't trying to hear,
another word from you
I'm certain to, attract a virus, cuz using rubbers, don't
excite us
If you ain't cutting, don't invite us, and I wont return, if
you stole the nighters
Don't deny us, we them boys, talkin' bout you sing with
a pretty voice
Just to fuck, and now your buck, all in my face, you
made a shitty choice
I get it moist every time I touch it, freaky deaky all out
in public
And guess where Mr. Sparxxx erupted?
In her grill, but still, she loved it

(CHORUS)

Now you might see me, ridin' 'Lac, with Rodney Black,
on a coochie chase
Or you might catch me with chunky Shan, at some
slightly tan, white groupie's place
Then booty shake, Betty's got, a special spot in Bubbas
heart
Puttin' cheese to her college degree, but a lot of fleas
shake it up for free
If it was up to me, you'd be with me, sippin' Beam,
ridin' in between
Lagrange and Athens, if you love me, engrave my

name on your nipple ring
I'm spiffy clean, when it comes to females, sex with me
only ups your resale
Blazin' quarters, up to ounces, keep the dimes, they
done nixed the Sprewell
How that weed smell? Oh I know it, that's how these
Georgia crackers grow it
You getting high to every time you blow it, if you feelin'
freaky, why won't you show it?
I don't mind, Shan don't mind, Jed don't mind, WE don't
mind
But if u scared, get on from here, cuz frankly dear, we
don't need your kind

(CHORUS)

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

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.