

## Feeder

### "Comin' Round"

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[Chorus] - 2X

I see you comin round the barn  
I just can't think of anything that can  
make me smile like you can

[Bubba Sparxxx - talking over Chorus]

Yeah, yeah  
It's the era of the New South, yes sir  
Sooner or later, one way or another

[Verse 1 - Bubba Sparxxx]

There's a portion of the south in the spirit of this song  
Keep followin the fiddle, it'll never steer you wrong  
I've lived a lot of life, so my innocence is blown  
I'm headin to La Grange, to replenish it at home  
I've been across the globe and I've seen the world's  
charm  
I taught 'em my slang, I didn't mean the world harm  
It makes the soul smile to see what I've accomplished  
I got up out the woods without a map or a compass  
Life does change and the sun does set  
But my last breath ain't a one gust yet  
As long as daddy knows that his son does sweat  
The same as he did for that unjust check  
I'll sleep fine and a child will come  
With the same last name as my papa's son  
And you can rest assure that my son will know  
That his dada wasn't a one squeal show

[Chorus] - 2X

[Verse 2 - Bubba Sparxxx]

One time for the New South's imminent progression  
Thank the good lord so generous with blessings  
Whenever it was needed he'd send me some direction  
I'd gaze up in the sky and take a minute for reflection  
Is it baby balls or a miniature erection  
It makes you view change with degenerate dejection  
Pay no nevermind to what the Senator's confessin  
He don't really mean it, he just winnin his election  
Nothin they can do to have prevented this obsession

With the vaccination of innocence infection  
My heart is behind it if I hint it or suggest it  
I finish with aggression but meant it with affection  
To the common man at the end of his oppression  
Welcome into church only meant for the collection  
And the common woman, gender's no exception  
Please keep providing with men in your reflection

[Chorus] - 2X

[Verse 3 - Bubba Sparxxx]

There is no king for the throne I seat  
All by myself, so alone I leap  
For the young boy, daddy gone five weeks  
He's only fourteen, but he's grown by me  
Cause he keep the heat on and his little sister fed  
With his knowledge of the land and the tools in the  
shed  
He could be in school, but he chose this instead  
No avenue he won't pursue for the bread  
And who was there to speak for him but Bubba  
He listens to his own, can't relate to none other  
The product of a bad hand and a young mother  
If daddy wasn't ready all it took was one rubber  
To prevent the pain that his family done suffered  
Thankfully his son is a real come upper  
Cause it's gonna be somethin on the table come supper  
There the plight of my people is uncovered

[Chorus] - 4X

[Bubba Sparxxx]

Hey people!  
Let me see if you can work it  
And say ..

[Missy Elliot from "Work It"]

\*"I put my thang down, flip it and reverse it"\* -  
backwards - 2X

[Bubba Sparxxx]

Hey people!  
Let me show you the reverse trick

[Missy Elliot from "Work It"]

"I put my thang down, flip it and reverse it" - 2X

[\*beat from song mixed with Missy Elliot's "Work It"  
beat\*]  
C'mon ..  
C'mon ..

C'mon ..  
C'mon ..  
Uh huh

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