

Feeder

"Jimmy Mathis"

Visit "[Jimmy Mathis](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Bubba Sparxxx]

New South! LaGrange, Georgia... Athens, Georgia...
The whole state of Georgia
Daddy! The MudKats, MudKats
Bubba got another one for ya - MOMMA!
Uhh, better BELIEVE we get it done this time baby
The Mathis family, they can't hide that money from us
no mo'
It's goin down, uh, yeah

[Chorus: Bubba Sparxxx - repeat 2X]

Jimmy Mathis please come out here
And tell these folks who yo' son is
And momma tell Russ to load the shotgun
And get this loot cause we ain't got none (what?)

[Verse One: Bubba Sparxxx]

Ha, ha...
Any blood shed for a cause it deserves it
It's blood well worth it, we fought to preserve it
You caught him in person, you know Bubba's psyched
out
You hate it when they talk, but love it when I shout
Fuck with me I doubt, that you really can
When I get to doin, my hillbilly dance
A step to the left, then two back to the right
Take a shot of the trone and then get back to the mic
Yeah I'm rappin tonight, but soon as the light hit
I'm all about the green man to hell with this white shit
Unless it's that white shit, that speed up your
pulserates
Some party saccarhin, so sweet with a dub taste
This what they must face, I'ma be right here
Spittin these flames out, and drinkin Bud Light beer
'til the cows home and the dogs quit barkin
Daddy tell 'em who I am and don't beg no pardons

[Chorus]

[Verse Two: Bubba Sparxxx]

Ahh...

They watch me in the country like the race on Sunday
And I wear the crown for 'em 'til you take it from me
I made some mo-ney, but blew most of
Bought and sold all the shit that you boast of
But I love my life and ain't much I regret
I just hope I remember, half of what I forget
Through the years and the tears, the blood and the
sweat
But if you ever believe, it's time to double your bet
Cause I ain't even tapped into half my potential
But I have shown growth though, and that is essential
Grab you a pencil, and jot a few notes down
The questions they asked me, the answers I know now
Bet I ain't no clown, fuck what you thought dawg
I'm in Jimmy Mathis old truck with a sawed off
Pistol-grip pump, let some shit jump
We take it to the water and yo' ship'll get sunk

[Chorus]

[Chorus]

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