

Feeder

"Run'n Wit Bubba"

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Hahahahahahaha
Where Bubba at, oh
He down the hall, talkin' nonsense baby

You runnin' wit Bubba now, put on your track shoes
Got a mouth full of fire, I'm finna spit it at you
No tattoos, just ? and other drugs
You don't love me just for that, well I bet you my mother
does
What up cuz, we can do it, however you gon' pursue it
I went from big balls to sticks y'all, but still ain't nothin'
to it
So grab that Betty, Betty, run up in that wetty, wetty
Then tell her you run wit Bubba, she know that he
legendary

This twelve pack of natural light got a cracker actin'
right
Bumpin' everythang from Screw to Dave Matthews
satellite
Daddy's right, Bubba K still is white feelin' like
If these hoes don't chill tonight I'm gon' feed her pills
tonight
Until they right, yes sir, I'm buzzed, feelin' very festive
So I stroll up in the club to see if I am on the guest list
Excuse me Boi and Dre forgot to put me down again
But what if I hop my chunky ass up on this counter then
I finally found a friend and he said his name was Jill
Asked me did I wanna crank it at this other spot that he
go
I said just let me know, we can take the Whitey Ford
But you gotta put in for gas whatever price you can
afford
Look at this ice I scored, it ain't shiny, it don't glitter
But it'll keep us up for days and make your heart go
patter-pitter
But if you got some kids you might call the babysitter
And tell your lady bye cause after this she may be
bitter

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Now we out on twenty-five, me and Jill with this crew
Bitch he hookin' up with got a white friend that suck
dick
Fuck this man, we finna take these hoes to Athens
They already drunk and rollin', and that real hoe is
passin'
Plus around my Honda there's more ? than Anacondas
But Jill man that's cool, we got a swimming pool and a
sauna
Out at the polo club, no no cuz, ain't no worries
But we gotta make it snappy though, my vision's gettin'
blurry
And it's only ten-thirty, man this night is just beginnin'
Betty check that temperature, it's like the weather's
right for sinnin'
But these some feisty women, and they got their own
agenda
Did we tell 'em we was payin', fuck man I don't
remember
I really hope we didn't cause I ain't got but nine dollars
And it ain't shit out in the ? except some empty wine
bottles
To hell with these sluts we ? put they ?
Called along and say they missin' shit, hopefully they'll
find us

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It's Monday morning now, me and Jill still ain't slept yet
You gotta work today, just call in sick, that's your best

bet

A doctor would suggest rest but not when you with
Bubba

Just weed, smoke and liquor, no oxygen, no water
Believe me when I say I'm a legend still in progress
Just run out to LaGrange and wait on my weed to
harvest

Regardless of whether the cheddar finds my pocket
I'm a do this dope and hope my mind can profit
Allow the blind to watch it, allowed your man to hear it
They say he came with heart, Sparxxx came with spirit
Only lames will fear it, my rednecks and thugs
Will walk with me to death, the rest stepped in mud
Attracted all my bruvz, you could have wiped your feet
Them high school all Americans, man they can't
compete

With the pills that I swallow, ideals that I follow
Or how I did they sister in Jill's Monte Carlo
I still need to borrow a few bones for two stones
Or maybe just the keys to that new home that you own
I'm too grown for playin', I'm too ripped, I'm stayin'
Wit you another day, what you say, it's Bubba K-in',
haha

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