

Feeder

"The 1st Whutchacallit"

Visit "[The 1st Whutchacallit](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Bubba Sparxxx]

Uh-huh, uh-huh

That fish, that money, Bubba Sparxxx..

Uhh

Now allow me to present the very first resident
of this millenium mindframe, no angel but heaven-sent
So make a print on this landscape and when it's little as
a handshake

I convince you to think of Bubba as yo' brother the color
of mayonnaise

We lockin up these airwaves from LaGrange to that
staircase

and your projects up in Queens with no budgets nothin
but dreams

I consume me a couple of Beams now I'm feelin like life
is wonderful

Got me seein past the lies that otherwise make me
uncomfortable

I'm peepin out this jungle full of snakes, tigers and
elephants

All huntin the same prey but the chase got them all
negligent

And Betty looks so elegant but our motive's dirty like
sediments

It takes more to make Bubba sway to slick talk at
handsome measurements

Fuck it I'm turnin celibate - nah, I'm only playin

If yo' lady listenin now, takin her on home but she
stayin

I bet y'all think he playin when he tellin y'all he the first
whutchacallit, alcoholic, with that 32-gallon thirst

[Chorus: Bubba Sparxxx]

Who was the first whutchacallit? Actin foolish at yo'
function

The first whutchacallit - tryin out yo' daughter's suction

The first whutchacallit - lookin clean and still stankin

The first whutchacallit - in your head has gotcha thinkin

I'm the first whutchacallit - spinnin frequent in yo' city

The first whutchacallit - every weekend gettin shitty

The first whutchacallit - ridin chrome just because
I'm the first whutchacallit - with some nuts all in my
drawers

[Bubba Sparxxx]

You probably saw me out in Kaia lit pushin up on Mya
When the vibe ask her why I bet she say that I'm a liar
But I feel like I'm that fire and these bitches share that
sentiment

My project's in the woods scarin like the Blair Witch with
Flippin it, from one roll to another head then cut her
in the back, another knack, now picture that with out a
rubber

Out the cutter twistin green, listenin to what you seen
That slick shit you spit get nada, not a fuckin thing
Fuckin Queens small time but mostly it's just bear holes
and assholes with Aloe but I guess you know how that
goes

I'm shallow for now, but wait a second, it gets deeper
I'm through cryin over her cause after this shit I want
neither

I'm off the meter totin heaters cause you showed me
that's the sensity

A country Caucasoid talkin noise cause it's my destiny
What you thought it was ain't nothin like what it is
From the swats up to your neck, got every cent bumpin
in

[Chorus]

[Bubba Sparxxx]

Hey man forgive me if the thought of Bubba woke you
from yo' sleep

But next time, get that phlegm up out your throat
before you speak

Why won't you just compete instead of mumblin petty
shit?

Or let me visit witcho' gul to see how wet that Betty get
Very sick how I spit, next let's hit the next millenium
I'm fuckin with the best, then I kill the rest, I pity 'em
Oh Bubba K's the silly one - hmm, that Sparxxx my
interest

We lose so many units that the fuckin charts exempt us
For me to guard is endless, got me tryna get some ice
So I can see the pray to Christ, cause right now I'm
hatin life

I won't never take advice so let me be to find myself
And even though I can't see I beg you Lord for helpin
well

And whoever else that felt my plight, I hope you take
flight

The flaws, snappin jaws, no applause, exit stage right
From daylight to the day gone if you ain't wrong stay
strong
And show these fuckin faggots seven figures they can
hate on

[Chorus]

Whutchacallit, get yo' ass up, get yo' ass up, get yo'
ass up
Get yo' ass up, get yo' ass up, get yo' ass up boy, get
yo' ass up

[Chorus]

.. Like that, 9-6, (?)
.. Bubba K, Khalifani on the beat
.. Rip the face off of this bitch
.. G.A. mob up in this bitch, like that
.. Baby give me love

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