

## **Bubba Sparxxx**

### **"Bubba Sparxxx"**

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This is Bubba Sparxxx in the streets  
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I just hitch hiked my way from Athens to Cascade  
Paid homage for three days, been writin' the past eight  
I feel I'm the last great warrior of written lyric  
You can move to Polo Club bitch, you still ain't gettin'  
near it

If it's Bubba spittin' fear it, this that shit legends made  
of  
It'll take more than a flag for them folks to segregate  
us  
Hook it, let it cake up prepare it for whole sale  
This my mother fuckin' heart, I don't care if it don't sell

I dare you to go tell, your people that Bubbas bogus  
I'm sorry, did my antics interrupt your fucking focus?  
Dammit I guess it's hopeless, y'all just won't listen  
When I'm rhymin' to provide you with diamond that  
don't glisten

I had to be the one, this shit was my birth right  
You content with moving units, I'm faced with a worse  
plight  
To give you a verse like, that first hit of ecstasy  
Yeah you special in your click but you ain't shit up next  
to me

And if you get the best of me, nah, that shit ain't  
feasable  
'Cuz trying to get a hold of Bubba is like chasing a  
greasy bull

It's Bubba Sparxxx in the streets  
(The coolest white boy I know)  
It's Bubba Sparxxx in the streets  
(C'mon now y'all don't really want it)

Shit these boys don't really want it, the just mumblin' to  
be heard  
Damn y'all wasn't lying, sleepy crumblin' in some sweet

herb  
I'm humble till my speech slurs, then it's off the  
bleachears  
In the closet with your wife enticing her to floss her  
features

This one 'ot to teach you, it ain't fun to play with Bubba  
Took a rich prissy bitch and played her this and made  
her gutta'  
But she made me late for suppa' and I don't eat but  
once a day  
I'm tryin' to watch my weight 'cuz my street days a  
month away

And I want these sluts to love me, but if they don't then  
fuck 'em  
'Cuz tomorrow if they swallow, if they won't, I duck 'em  
I bet y'all never seen one of me look so clean  
Kept it right here in the South and did it with a good old  
team

So hate it if you must, but I made it and you can trust  
That every vowel out my bowel, is sacred it just to us  
They played it and made a fuss 'cuz the truth is a  
frighten topic  
Ricky pull the plug, shit, that's all that might could stop  
it

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I'm through noddin' my head to shit, thats anythin' but  
monumental  
Can't just settle for La Grange, therefore my slang is  
continental  
From my road to your trap, my code is no dap  
If your head is like a keg, chillin' ice cold with no tap

Five shows with no nap, I'll sleep when I in the dirt  
Ain't tryin' to party with you industry faggots, I come to  
work  
Emergin' from the hurt, that life was and still will be  
Took a shower at the dungeon, dried off and was still  
filthy

These bitches will feel me, I promise, just bein' honest  
It's like its '93 again, got that heat for them  
premadonnas  
Wide eyed in the booth, this goes beyond politics  
In other words keep that pussy, I already got a bitch

And I'm pledgin' not switch from authentic to  
counterfeit  
'Cuz when it comes to that raw, y'all hit it I found the  
shit  
And I wont speak in the dungeon, till it's hardway on  
the wall  
In the name of Bubba Sparxx, shit ain't even fair for  
y'all

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