

Bubba Sparxxx**"Claremont Lounge - featuring Killer Mike and Cool Breeez"**

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(feat. Killer Mike, Cool Breeze)

[Intro - Bubba Sparxxx]

Haha, yeah

It is I (it is I)

I don't know 'bout all that other shit, can't call that

But beside this motherfucker right here

This motherfuckin boo

Hey that's me all day, all day, twice on Sunday

Hey what I motherfuckin do I rap, I rap

Hey, what's happenin

God dammit

Get these pussies off me, will ya?

I love it, haha

Yeah, yeah, yeah

[Verse 1 - Bubba Sparxxx]

I'm fittin to meet this bitch up at the Claremont Lounge

(at the lounge)

The money's low, but I dare not scrounge (don't
scrounge)

Cause I'll be right back (right back) and the money'll
follow

It's cloudy today, it'll be sunny tomorrow

I promise (promise), honest, every week let's do some
other shit

Liver than that other shit, bitch I'm still the fuckin shit

I've got my publishing (check) and my royalties (check)

Never lost loyalty, it's Organized Noize and B

You bitch, you already know the remainin

Let us jealousy, I don't entertain it (nope)

I got a cave bitch (white girl), she's a cheerleader (pom
pom)

I split a 12 with her (Miller Lite), she licked this here
penis

Snatched her from a ballplayer, that wasn't playin ball

He paid for it all, but she wouldn't take it off (ha)

So I'ma take it off his hands, I know you heard of that

And I'ma murder that furry cat for a fact

[Chorus - Bubba Sparxxx - 2X]

I'm fittin to meet this bitch up at the Claremont Lounge
The Claremont Lounge, the Claremont Lounge
And once she get a whiff of this, believe it's goin down
it's goin down, right now it's goin down

[Verse 2 - Killer Mike]

Floss, comin through L or Tampa on vogues (on
vogues)
In Uncle Mooney's 'lac wit a hoodrat ho (Mooney)
She got three kids and about four goals (four goals)
She serve her pop ex and fuck other hoes
She used to fuck with this nigga named Tone, that was
on
Even frontin her the zones, 'til he died in born homes
(*laughing*)
he was killed by a young nigga creepin with the chrome
Took the money out the trunk and like sixteen zones
But fuck that, let's take it back to the 'lac
Me and this batch laidback burnin purp sacks (okay)
High as fuck, contemplatin million dollar plans (uh huh)
She a million dollar bitch and I'ma million dollar man
(million dollar man)
Only thing missin is about a million dollars (what?)
Sent her ass to the country with the work and a Impala
I gave her sixteen ounces and told her hold daddy
down
And I'll meet you in a week at the Claremont Lounge
(yeah)

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - Cool Breeze]

Hey look, I chillin in the lounge and this girl gonna walk
in the bathroom
She said damn you look cute, but why you ain't got no
tattoos
I said I didn't come to look cute, Cool came to cut (cut)
And damn you look cute, why you ain't got no butt (butt,
ooooo)
Hey, walk back to my seat, I guess shorty felt dissed
Cause I see this sucker checkin me, while I'm checkin
the mix
So I walk over to him, bro I don't care who you wit
Man you better be like G-Rock and "go and get that
bitch" (go and get that bitch)
I let Bubba security handle that, step back to the back
Man you ought to be ashamed to run your mouth like
that
This my house, don't tell me how to do my thing
I don't like you, you really on my promotional team
(ooooo)

See you could of got a cameo at the video shoot
See I could of got you a bitch at the video shoot
But you to busy out here lookin cute tryna take your
shirt off
If we was in a group, I'd have your microphone turned
off

[Chorus]

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