

Bubba Sparxxx **"Handle Of Beam"**

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Back in the day he was outta control
Need another standoff but his music ate y'all
That's when me and fat Steve got that handle of beam
Drank that motherfuckin' drive, started chasin' these
dreams
Then a tram pulled up bumpin' Player's Ball
We soaked up the game, fish grits and all
And now look what the south done let up out they
mouth
Country ass, Bubba Sparxxx, and I ain't fin to cut it out
Buckle up, look daddy, cause Bubba K come to play
All these crackers livin' good, that ain't what my
stomach say
Every slutty U-G-A who daddy pay they way
Wanted me to stay and play, well Betty gotta pay to lay
I really hate to say you can't elevate to this
But if I settle for your level I ain't never make the hits
Me and ? tight as shit on the demo, fore we send it
And I'm tryna fuck these tits on this bimbo fore I end it
See I'm off balance, and I just bought a half a gallon
Of Jim Beam cause it seems to cultivate this talent
That I got in my hot, why don't you ask the slums
Or them folks who get they crumbs using microphones
and drums
Or go to where I'm from, in LaGrange for a change
But be careful, it gets muddy, get a stain on your range
The shame made you change, you could look me eye
to eye
Cause Bubba got that fire, tell the truth, you like it, aye
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