

Bubba Sparxxx

"If It's Bumpin"

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I drop the verses y'all don't deliver
Take the chances y'all won't consider
Got a loyal broad named Betty
Who know what to do with that chrome I give her

I'm on the shitter
Thinkin 'bout my bank account
And how to make it bigger
Then I grab the tool and take your jewels

And I'ma watch this blew the same as Jigga's
It ain't the liquor I'm really sick
Smokin' Shwag eatin' Crystal chicks
On a rollercoaster with Bo and Kosha

Can't even fuck witch'all pencil dicks
Ain't this some shit?
Every time we step inside the club y'all tryna guess
Which one of us gon' snatch your bitch

And leave you strokin' all by yourself
Understand this Bubba Sparxxx, S P A R triple X
I sprinkle soul in your pussy hole
And put some coal on your nipple and neck

Tell your man, if he flex it's gettin' drastic, legend has
it
I know this mob spell G-A and with no delay they'll let
him have it
It's just a habit, reppin Athens and LaGrange, it's in my
veins
I'm mixin' beam with coke and [Incomprehensible]

And every time it's still just the same
I tend to aim towards spittin thangs, it's classical so
masterful
When it comes to this here make the shit clear
Heard to y'all comes natural

We may be lame wanna fight, may be bitchin' wanna
fuck
Drink Bourbon in a cup, if it's bumpin' turn it up

We gon' weave, we gon' roll, watch the Franklin' faces
fold
Chasin' multi-platinum plaques while y'all settlin' for
dough

Drop that liquid on yo' tongue, put that reefer in your
lungs
Close the curtains here we come, boy hush until I'm
done
We gon' drink, we gon' smoke, keep that floss on they
toes
When these broads start some lickin', we just might
end up with yours

Step in the club it's on
Nevertheless gonna find the somebody I could sip on
A seat with a view in the V.I.P. and got two tight things
to grip on
A bag of trees to put my lip on gotta cut it, roll it, light
it, pass

And me and Bubba gettin' crunk in the club
With a tape full of Bud in a champagne glass
Puttin' it down for the B C, in the backwoods where we
be
Better call a producer when you see me

And get your ass right back in the GT
Y'all lame boys, hangin' up lookin' just for a name boy
Goin' upsize with the Gameboy
Witcho' mind right go out lookin' for a cane boy, it's a
shame boy

You the main one tryna stall right, sold the broads out
the game boy
I beat 'em down like chop, chop, chop
Yessuh, cut 'em up and leave 'em alone
On my cell phone they callin', talkin' 'bout 'Kosha baby,
call me

Leave your name and your number at the sound of the
beep
And I'll get back witcha shawty
Most hated by baby daddies for breakin' up happy
homes
When the men is on and she don't say no
Then that mean she wanna bone

So partna don't get me wrong, I'm just bein Kosha
That Southern playa with a stroke that keep 'em wet like
a ocean

Yessuh, me and Bubba get rowdy
And me and Bubba get bout it

We are violators we annihilate you, no ifs and buts
about it
The air up here stay cloudy, I originate in shot callin'
We stay up in the club y'all look at us
And say, "Damn, them boys be ballin'"

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Whassup fuck nigga, man you know who you is
You the ones be payin' hoes and buyin' them gifts
You mad when you find out some other niggaz get it
Ain't payin' no bills just stayin' real and still be hittin' it
I'm a old school playa, I just pay for her dinner

Maybe buy a little liquor, I spend some talk in the mirror
This the playa from the soul, love to gang up on hoes
I'm tryna let this pimp shit go 'cause I don't even like it
no mo'
See these niggaz that I hang with they just run through
these skanks
Talk about 'em over dinner, pass women like dank

Mmm hmm, and I'ma put twenty-five
On the them ol' fire ass Mercedes Rolls
That don't never come 'round no mo' that shit right
dere
Country-ass Bubba Sparxxx, ain't no fuckin' around wit
G O again
That put me in this backwoods committee
My ace Kosha, Bo Hagin', west central Georgia's finest
Man Bo, go on snap again

Man, I'm gon' tell it like it is, I'm gon' sit the rear

I stand true to high live, this a quest for a mil'
It done took a nigga different places, seen plenty of
faces
Whatever may have been the cases, I thank God for His
graces

See my knife'll tell the fakers, kept me spinnin' like
breakers
And every day I play awake a nigga learnin' by haters
See I take a ho, and shake a ho, that's how we live
All women ain't bitches but see most of them is, uhh

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