

Bubba Sparxxx

"Intro"

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{Optimism, about the faith of the people
That have accepted of the mission of improbable
To become some particle
Purged by the discourage of suffering
Anger, hate, vengeance and war
It's tough to explain, debate the men or explore
But I die straight to the core}

{In an implosion of introspection so quiet
It can deafen you
Yet breathe breath into the sinner's lungs
Of the most tempered thug
Tease a bull that has been dragged through the mud
With a point from the head of a heavy weight}

{From the cold detailed reality
Of high graphite missin' meat in a butcher trap
To the grand Negro's flights of fancy
From the abstract mind of a hip hop super nerd
As long as the truth is heard
The truth must be spoken}

{My youth passed me smokin' and drinkin'
Drinkin' and smokin'
A life that to most may seem dream like
But rarely are things what the seem like
We ain't tight unless y'all tight
Might bless me and all types}

{But it's all wrong
The goal is for all grows to be sat upon by true kings
All pretenders must fall into the fathoms
Of their own character flaws
But as long as we attempt to fool ourselves
We are not yet free}

All in once say it, Bubba K now
Here to doubt, where's today?
On the Grey Hound, sittin' in the back on top close to 8
pounds
Run for a innocent town that I can shake down
Passed the Mississippi, I'm swimmin' in the Great Lakes

now
Made it this far, but I still I can't escape now
Law ran in back in the A town
And all I'm worth is all that ain't found

My brother in Denver used to do a 'lil dirt
Maybe through him I can move a 'lil work
Can't produce a walk I produce a 'lil smirk
Shop at Wal-Mart, new shoes and a shirt
Tried to call mama, said she denied the call
It seems she don't smoke the shit I provide for y'all
Try to doze off with PM Tylenol
Jus' move a huge piece till I can't smile at all

Not yet free
Not yet free
Not yet free
Not yet free

Continuin' my voyage, in the Colorado
Folks live life but not with my bravado
I know that this pill is hard for you to swallow
More pig shit in which for you to wallow
I'm posted up here, at least until tomorrow
Get a pound of Buffalo Nik's that you can swallow
Only thing I'm holdin' is pain as you can borrow
Just a whole pocket of change for your sorrow

Lotta kat'z busted
But they can't find the hop
Lotta kat'z hustlin'
But they ain't tryin' to stop
On the open road
Now is not the time to flock
The buzz is formulating
Jimmy now it's time to drop

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