

## **Bubba Sparxxx** **"Jimmy Mathis"**

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New south, [Incomprehensible] Athems Joy, Mudd Kat'z  
[Incomprehensible]  
The Mathis family, they cant hide  
Their money from us no more, it's going down

Jimmy Mathis, please come out here  
And tell these folks who ya son is  
And Mama tell Russell, load the shotgun  
And get this loot 'cause we ain't got none

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Any blood sheared for causes that deserves it, is blood  
well worth it  
We fought to preserve it, you caught him in person  
You know Bubba siked out, you hate it when they talk  
But love it when I shout

Fuck with me, I doubt that you really can  
When I get to doin' my Hill Billy dance, a step to the left  
And 2 back to the right, take a shot of petrone  
And get back to the mic

Yeah I'm rappin' tonite, but as soon as the light hit  
I'm all about the green man, to hell with this white shit  
Unless it's that white shit that speed up ya pulse rate  
Some cardiac arrest so sweet with a dough taste

This what they must face, I'ma be right here  
Spittin' these flames out, and drinkin' Bud Light beer  
'Til the cows home and the dogs quit barkin'  
Daddy tell 'em who I am and don't beg no pardons

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They watch me in the country, like the rates on Sunday  
And I wear the crown for 'em till you take it from me  
I made some money, but blew most up  
Bought and sold all the shit that you bust up

But I love my life, and ain't much I regret  
I just hope I remember half of what I forget  
Through years and the tears, the blood and the sweat  
But if you ever believe, its time to double your bet

'Cause I ain't even tapped into half my potential  
But I have shown growth though and that is essential  
Grab you a pencil, jot a few notes down  
The questions they asked me, the answers I know now

Bet I ain't no clown, fuck what you thought, dogg  
I'm with Jimmy Mathis ol' truck with a saw, dogg  
Just to rip up, let some shit jump  
We'll take it to the water, and yo shit will get sunk

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Jimmy Mathis, please come out here  
And tell these folks who ya son is  
And Mama, tell Russell, load the shotgun  
And get this loot 'cause we ain't got none, wot?

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