

## **Bubba Sparxxx**

### **"Like It Or Not"**

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All the way from Athens, the A T L Shawty

Uh, Sleepy Brown  
Uh, Bubba Sparxxx  
We gon' keep doin' it baby  
Whether you like it or not

Ain't a damn thang pretty  
From dirt roads to the city  
You might catch me drunk in the pub  
Or either crunk in the club  
Whether you like it or not  
Don't matter where I hang  
People love my twang  
Call us country or southerners man  
We gon' keep doin' our thang  
Whether you like it or not

Rollin' up so fresh, so clean  
Wood grain, flat screen TVs  
Uh, I got the bump bump in my trunk now  
Uhh, I'm 'bout to, I'm 'bout to funk  
Now all the ladies seem to like my style  
Guess I'll be here for a while  
To see who wants to come and be with me  
I'll take you back to the flat  
So I can show you where it's at, c'mon

Ohh, wee, look at me  
Movin' 'cross the floor so easily  
Oh, my, can't deny  
This funk starts high in the sky  
I'm 'bout to get my groove on  
Uhh, I'm 'bout to bust a move on 'em  
Uhh, there's nothing you can do for 'em  
Uhh, 'cause I'm checkin' the spot if you really like it or  
not

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Whether you like it or not

I know you hate it, I'm a say it to you anyway  
I'm 'bout to throw them 24's on that escalade  
Still I got the Mickey T's on the Chevrolet  
Z 71, the mere sight'll take your breath away  
It's today but I'm still on it like it's yesterday  
Throw me the ball, this the game that I was bred to play  
And pass the cooler with this stewardess named Desire  
You ain't no concern, I'm a wait and see what Heaven  
say

I got a brother by the name of Snicky Ricky Wade  
He said " Bubba, real careers ain't quicky quickly  
made"  
My other brother by the name of Patrick "Sleepy" Brown  
Said that our noise is the type that you should keep  
around  
They led me through the forest, took me to the Wizard  
Ray  
He told me that tomorrow won't be what it is today  
I said, "Damn, that's just what my brother Tim would  
say"  
I'm back at home, just how long have I been away?

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I'm the type that you might see with Petey Pablo  
Chasin' fielder's dream with corn and three Diablos  
And I'll be blessed to death if I see tomorrow  
But I'm a live to get my son a lead that he can follow  
I might can't flip a brick but bet that I can move a pound  
And if you call yourself the king, well then there's two in  
town  
Regardless where you from, what you do, or who you  
found  
You best to get to practice early for the shoot around

'Cause Bubba don't play, do them things you won't say  
Be damned if I even pull my out and don't spray  
Daddy told me just to do them things he never did  
Breakin' broads, get money, live your life and treasure  
it  
And that's the least that I can do, for the man who  
Raised me up and through his faults helped me  
understand you  
And now I'm certified, New South pioneer  
Born and raised down here, best believe I'm dyin' here

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Whether you like it or not

For all my rebels ridin' dump truck, heavy Chevy's,  
Cadillacs  
Hot rods, no seats, in the back  
Browning, thirty-thirties, in the rack  
Guaranteed, leave your land, where you at  
Dump truck, heavy Chevy's, Cadillacs  
Hot rods, no seats, in the back  
Browning, thirty-thirties, in the rack  
Guaranteed, leave your land, where you at  
Dump truck, heavy Chevy's, Cadillacs  
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Guaranteed, leave your land, where you at

Bubba Sparxxx!  
Organized Noise, Beat Club  
Timbo the whole new south  
Real down South Georgia boy  
Real country white boy, real hard  
Get it together, a new beginning

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