

Bubba Sparxxx "New South"

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Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
To all it was all it is and all it shall be
New south

Yeah, yeah motherfuckers
I gotta key Bubba answers, a kilo of questions
The heart for humility, that ego perplexes
Strength, will and honor, a hero's possessions

On the road to destiny I need no directions
Far to southerners, the best man the winner
And only this morning does the best man remember
Fighters seen the weak, more success than inventors

And a saint never ever suffers less than a sinner
But I'm proud to admit that this shit no longer
Phases or amazes me, I only grow stronger
At any given moment this world can so long ya

Box you up, drop you in the dirt and slow song ya
So every blessed minute I'm breathing
I'm conceiving, for when I do perish, reasons for your
grieving
That's not to say I plan on leaving here this evening
I'll be in Honolulu with Steven next season

Dear God, left, right life will pass by
Breathe in, exhale I scream, you yell
New south new south, new south new south
Ew, a ew, break it down, ew, a ew break it down

And we gonna rush 'em with a blitz on this
Go round the world and hit every other upper scale
And project brick with it Bubba Sparxxx who meet
With the organized Godly beat man it's funny
How God can be when you work hard to achieve

It's still slaw nigga, spitting that pack liquor
This is straight up pocket party, your summer that not
nigga
Classical rhymes got most cats tryna battle with Ken
Bet they won't go up shit creek without they paddle

again

Come down to my town, bet you won't visit Athens
again

And I write that hard har, roll like I got crack in my pen
But since your so happy that things go exactly as
planned

Don't clack if we land, then it's crack a lacking again

Then most of these clowns up outta the pay
All I need is a stout, clean your coolatta and day
And the day that I'm able to finally get outta the game
What this hip hop has become is what the New South
gotta change
Bring it back

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What difference does it make, who I'm affiliated with
'Cause if you love 'em, how could you have really hated
this

All the ground breaking these hillbilly maders did
Wasn't no room for Bubba talk until we made it did

I flow for Jimmy Mathis on that bus route daily
And for momma June and all she fuss about lately
I'm a get it white, if your hairless for Governor
I'm telling y'all the yanks ain't prepared for this
southerner

C-Dub certified, DF, dignitary
Beat Club, they applaud, New South, visionary
In spite of the efforts y'all made to pigeon hole me
I rose from the pig shit without a smidgen on me

At fifteen, ninety, I was drive makin' miracles
For these many much, yes and everyday is pivotal
I'm no entertainer so what I say is literal
You say you "New South", faker tat it on your genitals

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