

Bubba Sparxxx

"Other Side"

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[VERSE I-Bubba Sparxxx]

I come, they go
I run, they slow
I ain't ashamed that I did what I did
I just live how I live, you don't like it, say so
Ain't a singer on my payroll
I'm platinum, they're probably that gold
Buckhead bouncing, move a little ounces
Talking out loud, but I ain't low
Wait for the day that Bubba can't blow
And get them fo'sho, bitch can't blow
S.V. style, you know what I'm talking about
Mo'fucking bank account, you say Os
These hoes better stay on their toes
The big play threat, I just may go
87 yards in the blink of an eye
It really don't matter what you think of the guy
Cuz I'm eager to try this style, and that style
And stack piles of cash, while sayin' something
Dudes agile, hear that? Wow.
A bad child that turned good
Now, I've earned good, but I've burned better
That cush, please just sush, wuss
I'm the team captain, get your first letter
BITCH! (Pussy!)

[CHORUS-Sleepy Brown]

You thinking you dead, boy?
Know where I'm at, boy?
I'm on the other side of the room
Your lady feel frisky
Tell her come get me
I'm on the other side of the room
If you came to party, let's go get it started
I'm on the other side on the room
Whether you with me
Or you're against me
I'm on the other side of the room

[VERSE II-Petey Pablo]

I remember when we used to carry them things

Back in the days
Hot as a flame and I'm setting through the blaze
Homey, full of hate
Dollar bill full of cane
It's the mister motherFUCKER with a hundred different
names
Ain't fuck with nobody
Can't roll no problem, diamond
Never could quite understand a man that never talked
how to
Stay to himself (mimic gun cocking) Quiet as kept
With a coldness in his eyes that will scare you to death
I was on my way, man I had one foot in the grave
Motherfucker I stayed contemplating about my last and
final day
I'm supposed to be nothing, they were supposed to
give me life in prison
Last pick, misfit, probably did a full twenty
Hey, I'm right here, head up
Got the whole world shaking for meâ€¦I said

[CHORUS-Sleepy Brown]

[VERSE III-Bubba Sparxxx]

Maybe death and taxes ain't the only thing certain
To come unnerved from out behind the closed curtain,
Bubba skirting
What's the word? You must have heard a lot of BS was
asserted
Since none of us is perfect, wonder who it was
unnerving
Not me, not you, grin and bear it? Got to
If they ain't worried about you, then they ain't worried
about you
Hear, hear, get it clear, disappear from out my
hemisphere
If indeed you've got some business here, then state it
crystal clear
All this fake innuendo from little minnows
Is gonna make the big goldfish unload on the fish hole
Fuck Cane and Nate, baby tell me that it is so
I'd rather watch my momma get low than quit this, fo'
sho, yo

[CHORUS-Sleepy Brown]

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