

Bubba Sparxxx

"Take'm To The Water"

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Now, truthfully, I believe that I'm the tightest nigga,
musically
Usually, I wouldn't brag but I've been bustin' since my
puberty
In a Cadillac, that ride with five guls and their nudity
You can bring yo' best words, I bet, I still out rep you
brutally

Low down, dirty and beautiful, who wanna test my
verbal side?
Boy, I'm fly, tie, especially when I let that herbal fly
Southern fried, cool kid, some of that country culture
Leave you dead, peep your bread, a value meal for
them busters

Shit, I'm steppin' off in the tunnel with a funnel of
Keystone
Ate a ten-strip of blotter, been wiggin' all week long
Y'all keep on with that jibbery-jabbery, slippin' out
happily
Expose you pretty hoes with a dose of this hospitality

Gravity in yo' trunk, while yo' producers forgot the
bump
We introduce you to these high hats like that, yo' spot
is krunk
This blunt, I put the fire to, I really do admire you
But even though Bubba dirty, he certainly fin' to shine
too

I hope you can swim if you wanna battle
You're up shit creek without a paddle
Whatcha gon' do now? Grab my pen and slaughter
Bubba Ken, Duddy Ken, take'm to the water

Swim, if you wanna battle
You're up shit creek without a paddle
Y'all ain't ready
(Y'all ain't ready)
Y'all ain't ready, take'm to the water

See, momma named me, Lil' Devil, that ain't no relation

to Satan
Ain't got no patience for hatin', I'll be at the station,
awaitin'
The arrival of that DJ that don't replay unless we pay
I stormed the beach like D-Day, now, that bitch play
when we say

I'm with D.K., ain't no N.Y., and we been fly, since gin
and I
Sips Bourbon with a twist, Bubba, lurkin' in your midst
Without my dick, perverted this, 'cause y'all was
smellin' vaginal
Been bumped wrong, one too many times for actin'
rational

D.K., I bomb folks, man, I throw heat like I was John
Smokes
But mine from a gun though, change yo' name to John
Doe
Shit, have your whole family mourning like Alonzo
Then go back to my condo, so I can let my kind grow

Is you blind folk? Why you can't see bigger thangs?
Don't run up on this stage, 'cause ain't no bitch-ass
nigga, mayn
And my mob ain't, either, don't make me have to play a
song
With my lil' chrome heater, bet that and ain't no punk

Now, get it, get it, crunk, like jump-offs, B.K. they
trippin'
I'm fin' to go on and take one of they lumps off, 'cause
I ain't slippin'
Just hippin', you to this real shit, so, get in where you fit
Sittin' on lean, off that Jim Beam, fin' to throw a fit

From A.T.H. to Atlanta, Louisiana, Savannah
Sippin' gin and Tropicana while Georgia play Alabama
Might stumble over a freestyle and pick up like a
scanner
Turn the mics off, lost, somebody, call the light boss

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Boy, I'm out here chasin' daddy lucid, shit, Satan
produced it
Switched from duce, duces to substance-abuse
nuisance
Fuckin' these loose geeses, raw dick, we all sick
I'm goin' skinny dippin' after y'all hit

That country fuckin', Bubba, hit his head and lost his
mind
Eight grand for a Roley? That only just bought you time
I'm in line waitin', to grind, it's too cloudy for me to
shine
I'ma keep this bitch krunk, get rowdy, while you recline

And in time, I'ma jump this fuckin' ship, and run and
get
My crown in every town, I lay it down, when I spit
This shit, is so much more than white folks and white
thangs
Or black folks and black thangs, just bounce if the track
bangs

You lack game, Bubba got that shit goin' two for fifty
Communicatin' cool with them country folk, strictly
Just hit me, on the beep, whenever, 'cause I don't sleep
Two thousand, every week, take a peep, before you
leap

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