

Bubba Sparxxx "The Otherside"

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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)

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

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, 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 me, I said

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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

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

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