

## Justin Timberlake "Hootnanny"

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I could go number one ten times  
Pretty girls that like my rhymes  
You can say Bubba ain't gonna shine  
Guess wha, boy, don't really give a hootnanny  
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Now I done banged a heap of Betties in various modes  
of transport  
'N told them as they exit be sure that they close the  
damn door

The quiet country types is usually those I'm scared  
for[??]

Some scared at first, but usually those demand more  
Really ain't conceited, I just call myself the cutterbug  
A horny little parasite that all the women love to love  
Tell you what it is today, I ain't concerned with what it  
was

Bubba fixin' to get it done, I put that on my brother ??  
Hear them in the closet, in the kitchen, justa whisperin'  
Bubba so psst psst knowing that I'm listening  
I ain't gotta chain, boy my peck[?] is all that's glistenin'  
Whachu steamin' on folk, y'all ain't even disciplined  
I ain't leaving nothin', this the house me and my people  
built

Huggin' me and dappin' me, buddy I can see your guilt  
It's cold when you're wrong and you lookin' like you  
need a quilt  
Y'all matter less everytime this margarita tilt

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A lot of y'all was thinkin' that Bubba would probably

disappear

Get some show money from UGLY and buy a keg of  
beer

And another pig to give my other pigs some company

Rent a doublewide and just live it out in luxury

In due time, but there's business left to attend to

I need another farm to bequeath my next of kin to

And another ? before my great aunt Missy

Yea, I've been drinkin' but I ain't that pissy

Thinkin' back to when my daddy told me what it's all  
about

He said no matter what I do in life, some of y'all'll pout

I can deal with that long as all my folks is eatin' good

Let that channel pass over more than any Easter could

I'm on the roll again and I ain't talkin' ecstasy

Tell them folks at Interscope they fixin' to write some  
checks to me

Soon as me and Timmy finish up this latest pig schlop

Man I think you right, it ain't nothing but some hen???

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I'm back off in the saddle with smile and that cajolery

Mama always knew how big a stallion I would grow to  
be

Way beyond these suckers both lyrically and vocally

I doubted for a moment, now it's clear to me I'm

supposed to be

An uncanny whit plus a time that is impeccable

Make the sharpest cat feel his mind is just a vegetable

How does Bubba do it, you won't find it in a manual

Confused them all at first so this time is

understandable

Staring at the ceiling fan, pondering my future now

Wondering what the hell to do with all this loot I found

Got my tractor polished up and I'm as drunk as Cooter

Brown

Navigating yet another one of Timmy's supersounds

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