Justin Timberlake "Hootnanny With Bubba Sparxxx"

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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, wha, 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

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