

**Bader & Di Mino****"New South"**

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Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
To all it was  
All it is  
And all it shall be  
New South

[Bubba Sparxxx]  
Uh, yeah, yeah (motherfuckers)  
I gotta key Bubba answers, a kilo of questions  
The heart for humility, that ego perplexes  
Strength, will and honor, a hero's possessions  
On the road to destiny I need no directions  
Far to Southerners, the best man the winner  
And only this morning does the best man remember  
Fighters seen the weak, more success than inventors  
And a saint never ever suffers less than a sinner  
But I'm proud to admit that this shit no longer  
Phases or amazes me, I only grow stronger  
At any given moment this world can so long ya  
Box you up, drop you in the dirt and slow song ya  
So every blessed minute I'm breathin  
I'm conceivin, for when I do perish, reasons for your  
grievin  
That's not to say I plan on leavin here this evening  
I'll be in Honolulu with Steven next season

[Chorus]  
Dear God, left, right  
Life will pass by  
Breathe in, exhale  
I scream, you yell  
New South! (New South!)  
New South! (New South!)  
Ew, a ew, (break it down)  
Ew, a ew (break it down)

[Duddy Ken]  
And we gonna rush 'em with a blitz on this  
Go round the world and hit every other upper scale and  
project brick with it  
Bubba Sparxxx who meet with the Organized Godly

beat  
Man it's funny how God can be when you work hard to  
achieve  
It's still slaw nigga (\*vocal scratch\*), spittin that Pac  
liquor  
This is straight up pocket party, your summer that not  
nigga  
classical rhymes got most cats tryna battle with Ken  
Bet they won't "go up shit creek without they paddle  
again"  
Come down to my town, bet you won't visit Athens  
again  
And I write that hard har, roll like I got crack in my pen  
But since your so happy that things go exactly as  
planned  
Don't clack if we land, then it's crack a lackin again  
Then most of these clowns up outta the pay  
All I need is a stout, clean your coolatta and day  
And the day that I'm able to finally get outta the game  
What this hip hop has become is what the New South  
gotta change  
Bring it back

[Chorus]

[Bubba Sparxxx]

What difference does it make, who I'm affiliated with  
Cause if you love 'em, how could you have really hated  
this  
All the groundbreakin these hillbilly maders did  
Wasn't no room for +Bubba Talk+ until we made it did  
I flow for Jimmy Mathis on that bus route daily  
And for momma June and all she fuss about lately  
I'm a get it white, if your hairless for Governor  
I'm tellin y'all the yanks ain't prepared for this  
southerner  
C-Dub certified, DF, dignitary  
Beat Club, they applaud, New South, visionary  
In spite of the efforts y'all made to pigeon hole me  
I rose from the pig shit without a smidgen on me  
At 15, 90, Adam's drive makin miracles  
For these many much, yes and everyday is pivotal  
I'm no entertainer so what I say is literal  
You say you "New South", faker tat it on your genitals

[Chorus] - 2X

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