

Da Brat F/ Vita, Destiny's Child

"Lovely"

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[Bubba] Here it comes again
[Timmy] Come on, come on
[Bubba] Here it comes again
[Timmy] Come on, come on

[Bubba Sparxxx]
Don't I look extra slick in this Nautica?
Just think, it was you that she bought it for
Now you lookin through receipts tryin to audit her?
Man that shit ain't really happen, I thought it up, call her
up
Cuss that little groupie out anyhow (uhh)
I coulda done it shit I'm fuckin with Timmy now (uhh)
If I had her it just woulda been in and out (uhh)
Back in that Escalade, we spinnin out, women shout
Bubba brought some shit and we noticed it
Got them hoes stuck listenin motionless
Please don't think of me as a chauvinist
But I am on fire and I'm knowin this, blowin this
whole landscape to fragments
And yeah you heard right I'm in Athens
Can't hardly keep up with these fashions
That's why forever Ralph Lauren's my passion, ask him

[Chorus 2X: Bubba] + (Timmy)
Just gimme a minute (gimme a minute)
I betcha everything'll turn out lovely (lovely)
Just gimme a minute (gimme a minute)
I'ma be a-ight just trust me (trust me)

[Bubba Sparxxx]
Fuck weak cash, I get mine on the slow roll
Beat Club eleven thou' is the logo
I ain't too far removed from the hobos
Tryin to help 'em so I gotta get more dough, oh no!
Bubba K done got in the zone boy
That's Timmy's Bentley dawg get your own toy
And as far as ladies go J lockin that
Now that that's clear, where the vodka at? Bring it back
I'll be takin drunkard to Stonewall
Tell Jed hold my phone calls

He say he wanna run but he gon' crawl
You heard "Get Right" I done told y'all, don't stall
Let's keep this thang movin okay bud?
{Man Bubba ain't snappy} Now say what?
I can see why they gon' hate us
Cause we all up in they grill like breakers

[Chorus]

[Bubba Sparxxx]
Boy you ain't blowin nuttin but hot air
All on the charts, how you got there?
Then again, ain't no secret it's not fair
But Bubba got 'em single the top scared, stop there
Met this little Betty through Demon Jones
And she love to slurp it up 'til the semen's gone
She must like the taste, she won't leave me 'lone
That might sound sick but to each your own, freak it on
All types of kinky lil' fetishes
All stimulants and all sedatives
Got interracial sense but I'm devilish
And Betty when I aim I never miss, tell 'em this
Bubba don't run with no lame ducks
Think he got a big dick but he can't fuck
That's why when you call us you hang up
And I just shot a load on that same slut

[Chorus] - repeat 2X

[Timbaland]
Gimme a minute.. gimme a minute.. gimme a minute..
trust me
Gimme a minute.. gimme a minute.. lovely
Gimme a minute.. gimme a minute.. I'm in this ugly

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