

Take'm To The Water

Bubba Sparxxx

Now truthfully, I believe that I'm the tightest nigga musically
Usually I wouldn't brag but I've been bustin since my puberty
In a Cadillac that ride with five guls and they nudity
You can bring yo' best words, I bet I still outrep you brutally
Low down dirty and beautiful, who want to test my verbal side?
Boy I'm fly-n-tie(?), especially when I let that herbal fly
Southern fried, cool kid, some of that country culture
Leave you dead, peep your bread, a value meal for them busters

Shit I'm steppin off in the tunnel with a funnel of Keystone
Ate a ten-strip of blotter, been wiggin all week long
y'all keep on, with that jibbery jabbery slippin out happily
Expose you pretty hoes with a dose of this hospitality
Gravity in yo' trunk while yo' producers forgot the bump
We introduce you to these high hats like that, yo' spot is krunk
This blunt, I put the fire to, I really do admire you
But even though Bubba dirty, he certainly fin' to shine too

I hope you can swim if you want to battle
You're up shit creek without a paddle
Whatcha gon' do now, grab my pen and slaughter
Bubba Ken and Duddy Ken, take'm to the water
I hope you can swim if you want to battle
You're up shit creek without a paddle
y'all ain't ready (y'all ain't ready)
y'all ain't ready - take'm to the water

See momma named me lil' devil, that ain't no relation to Satan
Ain't got no patience for hatin, I'll be at the station awaitin
the arrival of that DJ that don't replay unless we pay
I stormed the beach like D-Day, now that bitch play, when we say
I'm with D.K., ain't no N.Y., and we been fly, since gin (?)
Sips bourbon with a twist, Bubba lurkin in your midst
Without my dick perverted this cause y'all was smellin vaginal
Been bumped wrong, one too many times for actin rational

D.K. I bomb folks, man I throw heat like I was John Smokes
But mine from a gun though, change yo' name to John Doe
Shit, have your whole family Mourning like Alonzo
Then go back to my condo, so I can let my kind grow
Is you blind folk? Why you can't see bigger thangs?
Don't rup on this stage, cause ain't no bitch-ass nigga mayn
And my mob ain't either, don't make me have to play a song
with my lil' chrome heater, bet that and (?) punk nigga
Now get it get it crunk, like jumpoffs, B.K. they trippin
I'm fin' to go on and take one of they lumps off, cause I ain't slippin
Just hippin you to this real shit, so get in where you fit
Sittin on lean, off that Jim Beam, fin' to throw a fit
From A.T.H. to Atlanta, Louisiana, Savannah
Sippin gin and Tropicana while Georgia play Alabama
Might stumble over a freestyle and pick up like a scanner
Turn the mics off lost, somebody call the light boss

Aww shit
Boy I'm out here chasin daddy lucid, shit Satan produced it
Switched from duce-duces to substance abuse nuisance
Fuckin these loose geeses, raw dick, we all sick
I'm goin skinny dipplin after y'all hit (aww shit)
That country fuckin Bubba hit his head and lost his mind
Eight grand for a Roley? That only just bought you time
I'm in line waitin to grind, it's too cloudy for me to shine
I'ma keep this bitch krunk, get rowdy, while you recline
And in time, I'ma jump this fuckin ship, and run and get
my crown in every town, I lay it down, when I spit
This shit, is so much more than white folks and white thangs
or black folks and black thangs, just bounce if the track bangs
You lack game, Bubba got that shit goin two for fifty
Communicatin cool with them country folk, strictly
Just hit me, on the beep, whenever, cause I don't sleep
Two thousand, every week, take a peep, before you leap