

# The Otherside

Bubba Sparxxx

I come, they go, I run, they slow  
I ain't ashamed that I did what I did  
I just live how I live, you don't like it, say so  
Ain't a singer on my payroll  
I'm platinum, they're probably that gold  
Buckhead bouncing, move a little ounces  
Talking out loud, but I ain't low  
Wait for the day that Bubba can't blow  
And get them fo?sho, bitch can't blow  
S.V. style, you know what I'm talking about  
Mo?fucking bank account, you say Os  
These hoes better stay on their toes  
The big play threat, I just may go  
87 yards in the blink of an eye  
It really don't matter what you think of the guy  
'cause I'm eager to try this style, and that style  
And stack piles of cash, while sayin' something  
Dudes agile, hear that? Wow, a bad child that turned good  
Now, I've earned good, but I've burned better  
That cush, please just sush, wuss, I'm the team captain  
Get your first letter, bitch  
(Pussy)  
You thinking, you dead, boy?  
Know where I'm at, boy?  
I'm on the other side of the room, your lady feel frisky  
Tell her come get me, I'm on the other side of the room  
If you came to party, let's go get it started  
I'm on the other side on the room  
Whether you with me or you're against me  
I'm on the other side of the room  
I remember when we used to carry them things  
Back in the days  
Hot as a flame and I'm setting through the blaze  
Homey, full of hate  
Dollar bill full of cane  
It?s the mister motherfucker with a hundred different names  
Ain't fuck with nobody  
Can't roll no problem, diamond  
Never could quite understand a man that never talked how to  
Stay to himself, quiet as kept  
With a coldness in his eyes that will scare you to death  
I was on my way, man I had one foot in the grave  
Motherfucker, I stayed contemplating about my last and final day  
I'm supposed to be nothing, they were supposed to give me life in prison  
Last pick, misfit, probably did a full twenty, hey, I'm right here, head up  
Got the whole world shaking for me, I said  
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Whether you with me or you're against me  
I'm on the other side of the room  
Maybe death and taxes ain't the only thing certain  
To come unnerved from out behind the closed curtain, bubba skirting  
What's the word? You must have heard a lot of BS was asserted

Since none of us is perfect, wonder who it was unnerving  
Not me, not you, grin and bear it? Got to  
If they ain't worried about you, then they ain't worried about you  
Hear, hear, get it clear, disappear from out my hemisphere  
If indeed you've got some business here, then state it crystal clear  
All this fake innuendo from little minnows  
Is gonna make the big goldfish unload on the fish hole  
Fuck Cane and Nate, baby tell me that it is so  
I'd rather watch my momma get low than quit this, fo? sho, yo  
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