

Getcha a Pull

Bubba Sparxxx

OWWWW!

Don't even matter to me baby
Well alrighty then

I guess I just don't understand it, just ain't how it was made
You can't present it as love when it's undoubtedly hate
You can't be reckless, gon' bump it, think it's 'bout to be straight
When I look ya in ya face, this will not be the case (never!)
But I'm not a cage fighter, boy I'm simply a man
Had a plan to stack a hundred thou' and get me some land
And I did it one time, then I did it again (again!)
Did it 'bout a hundred mo' times, I promise ya can (you can do it!)
Got a 5-0-9 Merlin, baby it's purrin
At first it was roarin and my ride is not foreign
It was bought and paid for by not no snorin
Blew a whole lot of money and I'm fin' to blow more of it (get money!)
My girlfriend is made in America also (okay)
A mistress from Paraguay, and mine is from Oslo (okay)
I get 'em all together way out in the woods
And they get 'em a pull, and I get me a pull

I got that asshole motor sittin under my hood
C'mon get you a pull, get'cha get you a pull
All the country girls they wanna know how good do I do it
I tell 'em get you a pull, baby get you a pull
Yeah buddy flexin hard, I really wish that he would
C'mon get him a pull, buddy get you a pull
The whole world can be yours dawg, I promise it could
Just gotta get you a pull, gon' get you a pull, woo!
Get'cha get'cha get'cha get'cha get you a pull, baby
Get'cha get'cha get'cha get you a pull, hoss
Get'cha get'cha get'cha get you a pull, baby
Get'cha get'cha get'cha get you a pull, hoss

Oh yeah, hey

I ain't even slightly concerned with negativity
They talk and they talk and they talk, it never gets to me
I stay surrendered to God's will, that's my boss
So you can talk your lil' mouth off - brother (ha ha!)
It's none other than Bubba K from LaGrange (LaGrange)
Or Trap County to be exact, we run thangs (run thangs)
I done thangs to re-arrange the rap game (rap game)
The country lane, we doin the same thang mayne (c'mon!)
I never wanted your girl to become smitten dude
When she was kissin me, bet she was missin you
Yeah she was feelin it, and I was in the mood (what then?)
We never even made a song, couple interludes (ha ha!)
We had to get us a pull, you know the ritual (yeah yeah)
Then I walked on the stage and straight get into it (yeah yeah)
A couple thousand they screamin, they tryin to get a pull
So I give it to 'em, I had to give it to 'em (woo!)

They wanna know what I got under my hood
Motor geeked up like I got blow in the fuel
Yeah, flow cold better get you some wood
Only wishful thinkin I'm doin is wishin you would
Boy, I came to win and don't care how I do it

Jump in the ring with a bull, scare it up out the woods
With no description or a fingerprint they know I'm that dude
Got 'em scared, rappers see me they attempt to elude
At the party I'm that dude who took a piss in the pool
Me and Bubba in the mud again with shit on our shoes
When my money be talkin, I can see 'em get scared
Got the lil' chick overseas, I'm havin foreign affair
Yeah, ay, I'm livin life like I struck oil
Matter fact, I'm thinkin 'bout inventin in the Cowboys
Supply the whole trap with cocaine cause it full up
They see me gettin money so they wanna get a pull of