

# Handle That

Bubba Sparxxx

I been done talk mine  
Been done walk through it  
I've been done turn that country shit up y'all knew it  
We all was conflicted I grip mine and got it in  
Era of no fake shit what so ever is what I was in  
Sittin' on them Mickey Thompsons when there wasn't no country rap  
Just an ol' boy from La Grange tryin' ascertain where the money's at  
Uhh got me a bunch of that  
Fuck it up and as a matter of fact  
'bout time to get some more  
Hey Yela dog let's handle that

That round thing just pokin' out and sittin' up  
I'm gonna handle that  
What we drinkin' that Jim Beam is a fifth enough  
No handle that  
Jacked up my Duramax and rimmed up that Cadillac  
Got 'em talkin' they mad at that  
Keep it up we gonna handle that  
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I was raised up in La Grange Georgia  
Down there I'm Jimmy's boy  
I can redneck with the best yet  
I throw chrome on any toy (yeah)  
Shine up that Silverado  
Cake mud on a '69  
Yeah it said Chevelle what the hell  
Difference is that bitch is mine  
Get in line it's a long one  
If you gonna say you gone whoop me  
But it ain't one that actually go do the shit they so pussy  
I just wanna drink a beer and where the line maybe it gets sloppy  
Not get bothered by anybody  
This is probably a lot to be askin' for  
It to just happen because people are mad and that is a fact  
But where are the women that's eager not timid  
It is much simpler I'm handling that  
[?] American and it ain't better than  
But someone tell them Bubba Mathis is back  
Actually here for the first time  
I'm comin' for mine and we handlin' that

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I'm comin' to get it immediately  
If you think I can't get it then we disagree  
You're skeptical and there's reasons to be  
But one thing about it we [?] to see  
You think that you know but I know what you think  
And it don't resemble the thinkin' of me  
Many of you seem to be stuck between dreamin' and thinkin' some fesable shit  
I'm keepin' it Carhart clean  
I'm Mossy Oak mean  
Yeah boy we like it dirty we love the mud that's how we gon' lean  
Yeah boy that bird dog point  
The big dog's eat  
Got my gun my bow it's everything season  
Full name Bubba K. Mathis  
My [?] handle that  
What ever that happens to be  
Wherever that happens at  
I'm a southern boy with some rebels ways ain't never needed a flag for that  
The only white hood that I put on is the mobile home habitat  
Imagine that buddy and accept that as a fact  
This ain't no cracker jack magic act  
Like how a white girls ass is fat  
Only 'cause a doctor added that padded that  
No roots go smashin' that  
Somebody told daddy that  
He said [?] you [?]  
Noose out gon' handle that that that

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