

Intro

Bubba Sparxxx

Optimism, about the faith of the people
That have accepted of the mission of improbable,
To become some particle, purged
By the discourage of suffering,
Anger, hate, religions and war,
It's tough to explain, debate,
Or even explore, but I die
Straight to the core,
And explosion of introspect so quiet,
He can definitely, yet he can breath
Into the sins lounges into the most tempered thug,

'Tis a bull that has been through the mud
With a point of the head of a heavy weight,
From the cold detail of the hot
Reality of the butcher trap to the grand Negro's flights
Of fancy from the abstract mind of a hip hop super nerd,
As long as the truth is heard,
The truth must be spoken,
My youth has been smokin' and drankin',
drankin' and smokin',
A life like that may seem right, but
That ain't what the seem like,
We ain't tight unless y'all tight,
Might bless me and all types,
The goal is for all grown-ups to be sat upon by true kings

All pretenders must fall into the phantoms of they own character fall,
But as long as we attempt to tell ourselves,
We are not free

All in once say it, Bubba K now,
Here to doubt, where's today?
On the Grey Hound, sittin'
In the back on top close to 8 pounds,
Run for a innocent town that I can shake down,
Passed the Mississippi, I swim in the great lakes now,
Made it this far, but I still can't escape now,
Law ran in, back in the A town,
And all I'm worth is all that ain't found,
My brother in Denver used to do a lil dirt,
Maybe move with him, I can do a lil' work, can't produce a walk,
I do a lil smirk, shop at Wal-Mart, I do shoes and a shirt,
Tried to call mama, she denied the call,
She ain't smoke the shit I provide for y'all
Try to doze of with PM Tylenol, just move a lil piece, can't smile it off,

Y'all ain't free, Not yet free,
Not yet free, Not yet free

Continuing my voyage, in the Colorado,
Can't live life with my Doraldo,
This pill is hard for you to swallow,
This pig shit in which for you to wallow,
I'm posted up here, at least until tomorrow,
Get a pound of Buffalo Nik's that you can swallow
Only thing I'm holdin' is pain,

You can borrow, a whole pocket of change,
For your sorrow, Lotta Kat'z busted, but they can't find the hop,
That hustlin' game gotta stop,
On the open road, now is not the time to flock,
The buzz is formulating,
Now it the time for Jimmy time to drop