

New South

Bubba Sparxxx

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
To all it was
All it is
And all it shall be
New South

Uh, yeah, yeah [motherfuckers]
I gotta key Bubba answers, a kilo of questions
The heart for humility, that ego perplexes
Strength, will and honor, a hero's possessions
On the road to destiny I need no directions
Far to Southerners, the best man the winner
And only this morning does the best man remember
Fighters seen the weak, more success than inventors
And a saint never ever suffers less than a sinner
But I'm proud to admit that this shit no longer
Phases or amazes me, I only grow stronger
At any given moment this world can so long ya
Box you up, drop you in the dirt and slow song ya
So every blessed minute I'm breathin
I'm conceivin, for when I do perish, reasons for your grievin
That's not to say I plan on leavin here this evening
I'll be in Honolulu with Steven next season

Dear God, left, right
Life will pass by
Breathe in, exhale
I scream, you yell
New South! (New South!)
New South! (New South!)
Ew, a ew, (break it down)
Ew, a ew (break it down)

And we gonna rush 'em with a blitz on this
Go round the world and hit every other upper scale and project brick with it
Bubba Sparxxx who meet with the Organized Godly beat
Man it's funny how God can be when you work hard to achieve
It's still slaw nigga (*vocal scratch*), spittin that Pac liquor
This is straight up pocket party, your summer that not nigga
classical rhymes got most cats tryna battle with Ken
Bet they won't "go up shit creek without they paddle again"
Come down to my town, bet you won't visit Athens again
And I write that hard har, roll like I got crack in my pen
But since your so happy that things go exactly as planned
Don't clack if we land, then it's crack a lackin again
Then most of these clowns up outta the pay
All I need is a stout, clean your coolatta and day
And the day that I'm able to finally get outta the game
What this hip hop has become is what the New South gotta change
Bring it back

What difference does it make, who I'm affiliated with
Cause if you love 'em, how could you have really hated this
All the groundbreakin these hillbilly maders did

Wasn't no room for +Bubba Talk+ until we made it did
I flow for Jimmy Mathis on that bus route daily
And for momma June and all she fuss about lately
I'm a get it white, if your hairless for Governor
I'm tellin y'all the yanks ain't prepared for this southerner
see-Dub certified, DF, dignitary
Beat Club, they applaud, New South, visionary
In spite of the efforts y'all made to pigeon hole me
I rose from the pig shit without a smidgen on me
At 15, 90, Adam's drive makin miracles
For these many much, yes and everyday is pivotal
I'm no entertainer so what I say is literal
You say you "New South", faker tat it on your genitals