

Okay Then

Bubba Sparxxx

Ay, we go from can to cain't, that's a work day
Then we closing the bar like it's my birthday
But it ain't though, brother, it's just another night
Another Southern night, I'm so in love with life
Ol' Bubba might swerve up in the juke joint
Drink a few then we iterate a few points
One being not one of y'all could whoop me
And even though you ain't with me, girl, you should be
That's just the Bourbon talking, I apologize
I'm a humble guy, promise you it's not a lie
A country boy can't just survive, he gotta thrive
Not in 2014, that's the bottom line
I heard a lotta times we was nothin' but poor or white
Sanitation, congratulations, you were right
Okay then, buddy, you want a reward?
Then pucker up and smooch this, yeah boy

I drink Bourbon, it makes me amazin'
You don't like it? Well, damn, okay then
The muddy bottom is where I was raised in
You don't like it? Well, man, okay then
Okay then, buddy, okay then
You say I'm white trash? Okay then
Okay then, buddy, okay then
Well you can kiss my ass, okay then

I drink beer for breakfast like J.B
Is that a sign of a problem? Well, it may be
But I piss out greatness as a result
What's up? Them country boys, we up
Can you keep Bubba, will you just keep on?
Speakin on somethin' you should really leave alone
You don't like the country rap song, to each his own
Bubba don't need your thumbs up, he is grown
Just give me my Whiskey and hush it
This for my folks strictly, they love it
And I love them too, that's why I represent
For the muddy bottoms, boy, you gotta let us in

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So let me get this straight, you don't like me
I'm either too country for you or I might be
Not country enough, I'll tell ya, bud
Who gives a damn? It never was Bub
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I mean, all I'm sayin' is
Is it needs to be one or the other
It needs to be either country or rap music
Them two things, you can't mix 'em together
I ain't sayin' I like the boom boom stuff
I'm just sayin' it's how it needs to be