

Ugly

Bubba Sparxxx

Uhh.. uh-oh, uh-oh
Tch-tchka-tchka-tchka-tchka uhh
Uh-oh, uh-oh
Tchka-tchka uhh
Uh-oh, uh-oh
Say what, say what? Freaky freaky uhh
Tchka-tchka-tchka-tchka Bubba

Shit I ain't choose to rhyme; rhymin chose me
So I hit the track runnin - like a nosebleed
Life ain't great now, but it's much improved
Yo' album droppin this summer? That sucks for you
Cause this is Bubba's moment - I put my mother on it
I said my momma; it seems as if I love her don't it?
So buckle up, cause it's gon' get bumpy
I call my girlfriends Betty's, and my shits grumpies
That Bubba talk - gotcha open wide
I giggle outside the booth; but ain't no joke inside
This is complicated - at least to y'all it is
Just let me sell fifty million, then I'll call it quits
But until that day, y'all in deep doo doo
I never once saw you crank it cause I just leap through you
What you need to do, is just admit you love me
The South has always been Dirty but now it's gettin ugly

Uglyyyyyyyyyyy - in here!
Huh, in here! Huh, in here!
It's gon' get uglyyyyyyyyyyy - in here!
Huh, in here! Huh, in here!
It's gon' get uglyyyyyyyyyyy, uglyyy, uglyyy
In here! Huh, in here!
It's gon' get uglyyyyyyyyyyy - in here!
Huh, in here! Huh, in here - uh-ohh!

Though I am country, don't get the wrong idea
My ego's gettin bigger, with every song I hear
Cause y'all been bullshittin, spittin that booty chatter
Out here for two days and came with somethin that truly matters
On goes the saga - of Bubba's plight
She won't see tomorra, if I don't cut tonight
That's just my mood now; I hate it came to this
How else can I say it I don't speak no other languages
I'm fairly ripped now, so this the jimmy talkin
You hear that beat don'tcha? That's just Timmy talkin
Go 'head throw dem bows - fuck it, break a bottle
Let's be honest none of us will ever date a model
So let's just cut it loose, ignore the repercussions
If you scared, then just forget what we discussin
This that new South - take a picture of me
Cause I'm a fuckin legend, and this is gettin ugly

Now this thang is jumpin - ain't it somethin?

What makes it special, this whole moment came from nothin
Now you see it triples; I bet she slurp tonight
Lames hide your wallets hatin broads clutch your purses tight
If you ain't tryin to live, you with the wrong crowd
And if you feelin brave then better sport that thong proud
And if you finally breathin, then sing this song loud
I'm glad I got you wet I know you had a long drought
Don't worry about the law - they can't arrest us all
I had to crank couldn'ta done nothin less for y'all
Forget your inhibitions; I wanna see you whylin
And if Bubba dies tonight - know he was smilin

Ha ha, it's gon' get (uglyyyyyyyyyyy - in here!)
Thck-thck (Huh, in here! Huh, in here!)
It's gon' get (uglyyyyyyyyyyy - in here!)
(Huh, in here! Huh, in here!)
It's gon' get (uglyyyyyyyyyyy) say what?
(Uglyyy, uglyyy) Say what? (Uglyyy!) In here! Huh, in here!
(It's gon' get uglyyyyyyyyyyy - in here!)
(Huh, in here! Huh, in here - uh-ohh!)
Thcka-thcka-thcka-thcka-thcka check switch uhh

Switch it one time
Now switch it back baby
Switch it one time
Now switch it back baby

"Holla!! Ain't no stoppin me" Missy
"Copywritten so" (so what?) "don't copy me"

I want you to..

"Holla!! Ain't no stoppin me" -> Missy
"Copywritten so, don't copy me"

C'mon Bubba, let's go