

## Y. G. M. F. U.

Bubba Sparxxx

My shits the most important shit  
In the whole world, it's mine of course it is  
The more I ponder it, the more it gets  
More and more important til' i done distorted it  
Out of proportion, loss of coordinates  
Help me Lord, 'fore I fall and scorch in it  
Orbiting, around the pulpit  
Gravity pulls to bullshit, what if?  
What if? Grandma had balls  
She'd been Grandpa, might of ran off  
With the neighbor lady Mammary Mable  
That was a label since back in grade school  
Short story long, do it wrong  
And being done wrong  
Happens, moving on  
And going on til you get it going  
Get in, roll the window down  
Lets get it rolling

Hold in my problems  
Inside this cigarette  
Smoke you right up out my Chevrolet  
I bought me a bottle  
And I put that shit to rest  
I ain't trying to ride dirty like that anyway  
Wooahhhh wooahhhh  
You got me fucked up, You got me fucked up  
Wooahhhh wooahhhh  
You got me fucked up, You got me fucked up

Hop in, pull off, pull up, jump out  
I know, what the  
Fuss is about  
Life's hard, it ain't nothing to doubt  
Sucker punch in the nuts and the mouth  
I can give it out, take it as well  
Maybe cancels out my reservation in hell  
Bubba talks, but don't always listen  
His minds hard to find  
But the heart ain't missing  
Eventually, ignorance blends in to wisdom  
All my former women friends too many to mention  
Always bitchin' bout how I didn't give em attention  
I get it but admit it girl the dick was tremendous (Woahh!!)  
Still tremendous, energy's endless  
But today that ridin' dirty shit, isn't a business  
So I'm a finish the sentence and blow it out  
Good riddance, the Chevy is rolling out

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Bubba baby  
Quintuple the trouble baby  
Am I crazy?  
A bunch a 'Yes''s a couple 'Maybe''s  
Underpay me, overwork me  
It won't convert me  
To a bitter  
Quitter at ten years over thirty  
Both deserving and so unworthy  
I'm pretty much  
Everythang, that's anything  
Is it enough?  
To fill ya up, is too much?  
To recollect  
How hungry you was in the country  
Redder neck  
Bigger debt  
The only thing there is to regret  
Pack a cigarettes  
Near the Chevy remember yet?  
It's a bet, a mental picture of it is kept  
In the heart of my intellect  
Let's roll up

Hold in my problems  
Inside this cigarette  
Smoke you right up out my Chevrolet  
I bought me a bottle  
And I put that shit to rest  
I ain't trying to ride dirty like that anyway  
Wooahhh wooahhhh  
You got me fucked up, You got me fucked up  
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You got me fucked up, You got me fucked up