

# Yonder Yonder

Bubba Sparxxx

Yonder yonder come the thunder  
Then they brung the lightning  
Bubba huntin' somethin' to plunder  
Like a fuckin' viking  
I ain't from Minnesota (Huh)  
My name ain't Leif Erik (Right)  
But I love to tear shit up  
So it's cool to be comparin' (It's cool)  
And I was country money in that single wide  
Just inside 'Bama  
Right there where we dag increased the line (Hold up)  
These were peaceful times prior to the beats and rhymes  
Mix them with the need to shine and drinkin' 'shine  
Wooh, Ain't nobody 'sposed to believe in me  
Impossible don't happen easily  
That's why you don't see it that frequently  
Wooh, if words could hurt you woulda murdered me  
And no they don't equal the currency  
But all of that talkin' might buy you  
And all of them fraudulent ballers and bloggers  
A coffin I toss in the dirt for free (Yeah)  
I'm drinkin' a Heineken currently (Yeah)  
I'll take a domestic preferably (Yeah)  
But light is the best to me personally (Yeah)  
It's finna get ugly, that's word to me (Who)  
Adversity is like a dessert to me (Who)  
It's finna get ugly, that's word to me  
Country money

Yonder yonder  
Yonder yonder  
Yonder yonder come a Trump load of country money  
Yonder yonder  
Yonder yonder  
Yonder yonder come a fuck load of country money  
Yonder yonder country money comin' fast  
Yonder yonder country money whoppin' ass  
Yonder yonder country money millionaires  
Yonder yonder country country money money

The country is money the money is country boys  
They come from the countries I don't know  
Who was it just thump me  
Bubba's so country and Bubba's so money  
But I can recall when it wasn't so sunny  
Wasn't no money but it was mo' country  
Money inside of my momma's big tummy than every bank in Montgomery  
Wooh, every bank in Montgomery  
A lil' ways back up stream in LaGrange of G-A  
A special thing was coming, couldn't pluck nothing or sing  
But he created a lane and he became a king  
Country money

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I'm in a [?] traffic and blocks  
And I'm strapped packin' that Glock  
If you try me, myself and I then we go Snap, Crackle and Pop  
I got the shit out the mud  
Rappin' and trappin' and stackin', they in the dirt  
Stoppin' me that's impossible like Porky Pig rappin' a Twista verse  
I'm James Brown in the hot tub, Rick James with the white girl  
I'm down at shows with a new Beamer  
Got soul food like shoe cleaner  
Never been like a city slicker  
I mean cool, don't believe they hype  
I'm different, yeah they proper  
They say bite, we say bite  
I just need to beep and spaz on 'em  
I go wild on the track on 'em  
I feel like I'm the Incredible Hulk with the Jim Carrey mask on 'em  
I feel like can't nobody really see me  
But they feel me, like wind  
Bubba my buddy  
What you can't tell, he just real real real light skinned  
Grew up on UGK ballin' G, OutKast, Field Mob rip shit (Legends)  
David Banner, Dirty boys, Pastor Troy, Unplugged, Big K.R.I.T  
This dick make your bitch trip  
Even though she talkin' to me on a cordless phone  
Got her on her knees like she Colin Kaepernick before she give me George Dom  
e  
Hey, hey, hey, hey