

Bubba Sparxxx, I'm coming round

[Chorus] - 2X

I see you comin round the barn
I just can't think of anything that can
make me smile like you can

[Bubba Sparxxx - talking over Chorus]

Yeah, yeah

It's the era of the New South, yes sir
Sooner or later, one way or another

[Verse 1 - Bubba Sparxxx]

There's a portion of the south in the spirit of this song
Keep followin the fiddle, it'll never steer you wrong
I've lived a lot of life, so my innocence is blown
I'm headin to La Grange, to replenish it at home
I've been across the globe and I've seen the world's charm
I taught 'em my slang, I didn't mean the world harm
It makes the soul smile to see what I've accomplished
I got up out the woods without a map or a compass
Life does change and the sun does set
But my last breath ain't a one gust yet
As long as daddy knows that his son does sweat
The same as he did for that unjust check
I'll sleep fine and a child will come
With the same last name as my papa's son
And you can rest assure that my son will know
That his dada wasn't a one squeal show

[Chorus] - 2X

[Verse 2 - Bubba Sparxxx]

One time for the New South's imminent progression
Thank the good lord so generous with blessings
Whenever it was needed he'd send me some direction
I'd gaze up in the sky and take a minute for reflection
Is it baby balls or a miniature erection
It makes you view change with degenerate dejection
Pay no nevermind to what the Senator's confessin
He don't really mean it, he just winnin his election
Nothin they can do to have prevented this obsession
With the vaccination of innocence infection
My heart is behind it if I hint it or suggest it
I finish with aggression but meant it with affection
To the common man at the end of his oppression
Welcome into church only meant for the collection
And the common woman, gender's no exception
Please keep providin with men in your reflection

[Chorus] - 2X

[Verse 3 - Bubba Sparxxx]

There is no king for the throne I seat
All by myself, so alone I leap
For the young boy, daddy gone five weeks
He's only fourteen, but he's grown by me
Cause he keep the heat on and his little sister fed
With his knowledge of the land and the tools in the shed
He could be in school, but he chose this instead
No avenue he won't pursue for the bread
And who was there to speak for him but Bubba
He listens to his own, can't relate to none other
The product of a bad hand and a young mother
If daddy wasn't ready all it took was one rubber
To prevent the pain that his family done suffered
Thankfully his son is a real come upper
Cause it's gonna be somethin on the table come supper
There the plight of my people is uncovered

[Chorus] - 4X

[Bubba Sparxxx]

Hey people!

Let me see if you can work it

And say ..

[Missy Elliot from "Work It";]

"I put my thang down, flip it and reverse it";* - backwards - 2X

[Bubba Sparxxx]

Hey people!

Let me show you the reverse trick

[Missy Elliot from "Work It";]

"I put my thang down, flip it and reverse it"; - 2X

[*beat from song mixed with Missy Elliot's "Work It"; beat*]

C'mon ..

C'mon ..

C'mon ..

C'mon ..

Uh huh