

# Bubba Sparxxx, Take'm To The Water

(feat. Duddy Ken)

[Duddy Ken]

Now truthfully, I believe that I'm the tightest nigga musically  
Usually I wouldn't brag but I've been bustin since my puberty  
In a Cadillac that ride with five guls and they nudity  
You can bring yo' best words, I bet I still outrep you brutally  
Low down dirty and beautiful, who wanna test my verbal side?  
Boy I'm fly-n-tie(?), especially when I let that herbal fly  
Southern fried, cool kid, some of that country culture  
Leave you dead, peep your bread, a value meal for them busters

[Bubba Sparxxx]

Shit I'm steppin off in the tunnel with a funnel of Keystone  
Ate a ten-strip of blotter, been wiggin all week long  
Y'all keep on, with that jibbery jabbery slippin out happily  
Expose you pretty hoes with a dose of this hospitality  
Gravity in yo' trunk while yo' producers forgot the bump  
We introduce you to these high hats like that, yo' spot is krunk  
This blunt, I put the fire to, I really do admire you  
But even though Bubba dirty, he certainly fin' to shine too

[Chorus: Duddy Ken]

I hope you can swim if you wanna battle  
You're up shit creek without a paddle  
Whatcha gon' do now, grab my pen and slaughter  
Bubba Ken and Duddy Ken, take'm to the water  
I hope you can swim if you wanna battle  
You're up shit creek without a paddle  
Y'all ain't ready (y'all ain't ready)  
Y'all ain't ready - take'm to the water

[Bubba Sparxxx]

See momma named me lil' devil, that ain't no relation to Satan  
Ain't got no patience for hatin, I'll be at the station awaitin  
the arrival of that DJ that don't replay unless we pay  
I stormed the beach like D-Day, now that bitch play, when we say  
I'm with D.K., ain't no N.Y., and we been fly, since gin (?)  
Sips bourbon with a twist, Bubba lurkin in your midst  
Without my dick perverted this cause y'all was smellin vaginal  
Been bumped wrong, one too many times for actin rational

[Duddy Ken]

D.K. I bomb folks, man I throw heat like I was John Smokes  
But mine from a gun though, change yo' name to John Doe  
Shit, have your whole family Mourning like Alonzo  
Then go back to my condo, so I can let my kind grow  
Is you blind folk? Why you can't see bigger thangs?  
Don't rup on this stage, cause ain't no bitch-ass nigga mayn  
And my mob ain't either, don't make me have to play a song  
with my lil' chrome heater, bet that and (?) punk nigga  
Now get it get it crunk, like jumpoffs, B.K. they trippin  
I'm fin' to go on and take one of they lumps off, cause I ain't slippin  
Just hippin you to this real shit, so get in where you fit  
Sittin on lean, off that Jim Beam, fin' to throw a fit  
From A.T.H. to Atlanta, Louisiana, Savannah  
Sippin gin and Tropicana while Georgia play Alabama  
Might stumble over a freestyle and pick up like a scanner  
Turn the mics off lost, somebody call the light boss

[Chorus]

[Bubba Sparxxx]

Aww shit

Boy I'm out here chasin daddy lucid, shit Satan produced it  
Switched from duce-duces to substance abuse nuisance  
Fuckin these loose geeses, raw dick, we all sick  
I'm goin skinny dippin after y'all hit (aww shit)  
That country fuckin Bubba hit his head and lost his mind  
Eight grand for a Roley? That only just bought you time  
I'm in line waitin to grind, it's too cloudy for me to shine  
I'ma keep this bitch krunk, get rowdy, while you recline  
And in time, I'ma jump this fuckin ship, and run and get  
my crown in every town, I lay it down, when I spit  
This shit, is so much more than white folks and white thangs  
or black folks and black thangs, just bounce if the track bangs  
You lack game, Bubba got that shit goin two for fifty  
Communicatin cool with them country folk, strictly  
Just hit me, on the beep, whenever, cause I don't sleep  
Two thousand, every week, take a peep, before you leap

[Chorus - repeat 2X]