Comin' Round

Bubba Sparxxx

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

That can make me smile like you can 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 the grave to replenish it at most

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 know that his son does sweat

The same as he did for that uncut check

I'll sleep fine and a child will come

With the same last name as my poppa's son's

And you can rest assure that my son will know

That his da-da wasn't a one squeal showI see you comin' round the bend

I just can't think of anything

That can make me smile like you can

I see you comin' round the bend

I just can't think of anything

That can make me smile like you can

One time for the New South's imminent progression

Ain't the good Lord so generous with blessings

Whenever it was needed He'd send me some direction

I'd gaze up at 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 senators confession

He don't really mean it, he just winning his electionNothing 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 collection

And the common woman, genders no exception

Please keep providing with men in your reflection I see you comin' round the bend

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

I just can't think of anything

That can make me smile like you can There is no king for the throne I seat

All by myself, so alone I leap

For the young boy that's gone five weeks

He's only fourteen, but he's grown by me

'Cause he keeps 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 choose this instead

No avenue he won't pursue for the breadAnd 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 something on the table come supper

There, the plight of my people is uncovered see you comin' round the bend

I just can't think of anything

That can make me smile like you can

I see you comin' round the bend

I just can't think of anything

That can make me smile like you can I see you comin' round the bend

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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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