

Jimmy Mathis

Bubba Sparxxx

New south, Athems Joy, Mudd Kat'z,
The Mathis family, they cant hide that money from us no more Jimmy Mathis please come out
here and tell these folks who ya son is,
And Mama tell Russell load the shotgun, and get this loot cuz we aint got none
Jimmy Mathis please come out here and tell these folks who ya son is,
And mama tell Russell load the shotgun, and get this loot cuz we aint got none Any blood
sheared causes to deserve it, Its blood well worth it,
We fought to preserve it, you caught him in person,
You know Bubba siked out, you hate it when they talk,
But love it when I shout, Fuck with me, I doubt that you really can
When I get to doin my HillBilly dance, a step to the left, 2 steps to the right
Take a shot of petrone, and get back to the Mic,
Yea im rappin tonite, but as soon as the light hit, Im all about the green,
The hell with this white shit, that speed yup ya pulse rate, Some
Cardiac arrest so sweet with an 'I'll' taste, this what they must face,
ima be right here, spittin these flames out, and drinkin Bud Light Beer
til the cows home and the dogs quit barkin,
Daddy tell em who I am and dont begg no pardons,
Jimmy Mathis please come out here and tell these folks who ya son is,
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(What?!) They watch me in the country, like the rates on Sunday
And I wear the crown for em till you take it from me, I made some money,
But blew most up, bought and sold all the sh** that you bust up,
But I love my life, and aint much i regret, I jus hope I rember, half of what I forget
Through years and the tears, the blood and the all of the sweat,
But if I ever believe, its time to double your bet,
Cuz I aint even tapped half my potential, but I have shown growth thogh,
And that is half the essential, Grad you a pen, jolt a few notes down,
The questions they asked me, the answers I know now, bet I aint no clown,
Fuck what you thought dogg, im with Jimmy Mathis ol truck with a saw dogg,
Jus to rip up, let some shit jump, We'll take it to the water, and yo shit will get sunk
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(What?!) Jimmy Mathis please come out here and tell these folks who ya son is,
And Mama tell Russell load the shotgun, and get this loot cuz we aint got none
Jimmy Mathis please come out here and tell these folks who ya son is,
And mama tell Russell load the shotgun, and get this loot cuz we aint got none
(What?!)

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

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