

# Getcha a Pull

Bubba Sparxxx

OWWWW!

Don't even matter to me baby

Well alrighty then

I guess I just don't understand it, just ain't how it was made  
You can't present it as love when it's undoubtedly hate  
You can't be reckless, gon' bump it, think it's 'bout to be straight  
When I look ya in ya face, this will not be the case (never!)  
But I'm not a cage fighter, boy I'm simply a man  
Had a plan to stack a hundred thou' and get me some land  
And I did it one time, then I did it again (again!)  
Did it 'bout a hundred mo' times, I promise ya can (you can do it!)  
Got a 5-0-9 Merlin, baby it's purrin  
At first it was roarin and my ride is not foreign  
It was bought and paid for by not no snorin  
Blew a whole lot of money and I'm fin' to blow more of it (get money!)  
My girlfriend is made in America also (okay)  
A mistress from Paraguay, and mine is from Oslo (okay)  
I get 'em all together way out in the woods  
And they get 'em a pull, and I get me a pull

I got that asshole motor sittin under my hood  
C'mon get you a pull, get'cha get you a pull  
All the country girls they wanna know how good do I do it  
I tell 'em get you a pull, baby get you a pull  
Yeah buddy flexin hard, I really wish that he would  
C'mon get him a pull, buddy get you a pull  
The whole world can be yours dawg, I promise it could  
Just gotta get you a pull, gon' get you a pull, woo!  
Get'cha get'cha get'cha get'cha get you a pull, baby  
Get'cha get'cha get'cha get you a pull, hoss  
Get'cha get'cha get'cha get you a pull, baby  
Get'cha get'cha get'cha get you a pull, hoss

Oh yeah, hey

I ain't even slightly concerned with negativity  
They talk and they talk and they talk, it never gets to me  
I stay surrendered to God's will, that's my boss  
So you can talk your lil' mouth off - brother (ha ha!)  
It's none other than Bubba K from LaGrange (LaGrange)  
Or Trap County to be exact, we run thangs (run thangs)  
I done thangs to re-arrange the rap game (rap game)  
The country lane, we doin the same thang mayne (c'mon!)  
I never wanted your girl to become smitten dude  
When she was kissin me, bet she was missin you  
Yeah she was feelin it, and I was in the mood (what then?)  
We never even made a song, couple interludes (ha ha!)  
We had to get us a pull, you know the ritual (yeah yeah)  
Then I walked on the stage and straight get into it (yeah yeah)  
A couple thousand they screamin, they tryin to get a pull  
So I give it to 'em, I had to give it to 'em (woo!)

They wanna know what I got under my hood  
Motor geeked up like I got blow in the fuel  
Yeah, flow cold better get you some wood  
Only wishful thinkin I'm doin is wishin you would  
Boy, I came to win and don't care how I do it

Jump in the ring with a bull, scare it up out the woods  
With no description or a fingerprint they know I'm that dude  
Got 'em scared, rappers see me they attempt to elude  
At the party I'm that dude who took a piss in the pool  
Me and Bubba in the mud again with shit on our shoes  
When my money be talkin, I can see 'em get scared  
Got the lil' chick overseas, I'm havin foreign affair  
Yeah, ay, I'm livin life like I struck oil  
Matter fact, I'm thinkin 'bout inventin in the Cowboys  
Supply the whole trap with cocaine cause it full up  
They see me gettin money so they wanna get a pull of