

Handle That

Bubba Sparxxx

I been done talk mine
Been done walk through it
I've been done turn that country shit up y'all knew it
We all was conflicted I grip mine and got it in
Era of no fake shit what so ever is what I was in
Sittin' on them Mickey Thompsons when there wasn't no country rap
Just an ol' boy from La Grange tryin' ascertain where the money's at
Uhh got me a bunch of that
Fuck it up and as a matter of fact
'bout time to get some more
Hey Yela dog let's handle that

That round thing just pokin' out and sittin' up
I'm gonna handle that
What we drinkin' that Jim Beam is a fifth enough
No handle that
Jacked up my Duramax and rimmed up that Cadillac
Got 'em talkin' they mad at that
Keep it up we gonna handle that
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I was raised up in La Grange Georgia
Down there I'm Jimmy's boy
I can redneck with the best yet
I throw chrome on any toy (yeah)
Shine up that Silverado
Cake mud on a '69
Yeah it said Chevelle what the hell
Difference is that bitch is mine
Get in line it's a long one
If you gonna say you gone whoop me
But it ain't one that actually go do the shit they so pussy
I just wanna drink a beer and where the line maybe it gets sloppy
Not get bothered by anybody
This is probably a lot to be askin' for
It to just happen because people are mad and that is a fact
But where are the women that's eager not timid
It is much simpler I'm handling that
[?] American and it ain't better than
But someone tell them Bubba Mathis is back
Actually here for the first time
I'm comin' for mine and we handlin' that

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I'm comin' to get it immediately
If you think I can't get it then we disagree
You're skeptical and there's reasons to be
But one thing about it we [?] to see
You think that you know but I know what you think
And it don't resemble the thinkin' of me
Many of you seem to be stuck between dreamin' and thinkin' some fesable shit
I'm keepin' it Carhart clean
I'm Mossy Oak mean
Yeah boy we like it dirty we love the mud that's how we gon' lean
Yeah boy that bird dog point
The big dog's eat
Got my gun my bow it's everything season
Full name Bubba K. Mathis
My [?] handle that
What ever that happens to be
Wherever that happens at
I'm a southern boy with some rebels ways ain't never needed a flag for that
The only white hood that I put on is the mobile home habitat
Imagine that buddy and accept that as a fact
This ain't no cracker jack magic act
Like how a white girls ass is fat
Only 'cause a doctor added that padded that
No roots go smashin' that
Somebody told daddy that
He said [?] you [?]
Noose out gon' handle that that that

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