

The Otherside (feat. Sleepy Brown & Petey Pablo)

Bubba Sparxxx

I come, they go, I run, they slow
I ain't ashamed that I did what I did
I just live how I live, you don't like it, say so
Ain't a singer on my payroll I'm platinum, they're probably that gold
Buckhead bouncing, move a little ounces
Talking out loud, but I ain't low
Wait for the day that Bubba can't blow And get them fo'sho, bitch can't blow
S.V. style, you know what I'm talking about
Mo'fucking bank account, you say Os
These hoes better stay on their toes The big play threat, I just may go
87 yards in the blink of an eye
It really don't matter what you think of the guy
Cuz I'm eager to try this style, and that style
And stack piles of cash, while sayin' something
Dudes agile, hear that? Wow, a bad child that turned good
Now, I've earned good, but I've burned better
That cush, please just sush, wuss, I'm the team captain
Get your first letter, bitch
(Pussy) You thinking, you dead, boy?
Know where I'm at, boy?
I'm on the other side of the room, your lady feel frisky
Tell her come get me, I'm on the other side of the room If you came to party, let's go get it
started
I'm on the other side on the room
Whether you with me or you're against me
I'm on the other side of the room I remember when we used to carry them things
Back in the days
Hot as a flame and I'm setting through the blaze
Homey, full of hate
Dollar bill full of cane
It's the mister motherfucker with a hundred different names
Ain't fuck with nobody
Can't roll no problem, diamond Never could quite understand a man that never talked how to
Stay to himself, quiet as kept
With a coldness in his eyes that will scare you to death
I was on my way, man I had one foot in the grave Motherfucker, I stayed contemplating about
my last and final day
I'm supposed to be nothing, they were supposed to give me life in prison
Last pick, misfit, probably did a full twenty, hey, I'm right here, head up
Got the whole world shaking for me, I said You thinking, you dead, boy?

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Whether you with me or you're against me
I'm on the other side of the room
Maybe death and taxes ain't the only thing certain
To come unnerved from out behind the closed curtain, bubba skirting
What's the word? You must have heard a lot of BS was asserted
Since none of us is perfect, wonder who it was unnerving
Not me, not you, grin and bear it? Got to
If they ain't worried about you, then they ain't worried about you
Hear, hear, get it clear, disappear from out my hemisphere
If indeed you've got some business here, then state it crystal clear
All this fake innuendo from little minnows
Is gonna make the big goldfish unload on the fish hole
Fuck Cane and Nate, baby tell me that it is so
I'd rather watch my mamma get low than quit this, fo' sho, yo
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