

Bubba Sparxxx, Back in the mud

One.. Two.. One..Two..Three Lets GO..

[Chorus - repeat 2X]

Back in the mud again, I confess, I'm so happy here

There's nothing you can do to make me stay away, away, away

[Verse 1]

It's just that country boy, city slick

Hot boy, temperament

Add the pony, add the flame

Either way it's an event

If it's me consider it

Pardon the coincidence, even though they mumble at me

Suckers keep they distances

Father, Kay Hey

What's that they say

Hip hop redneck that's a safe place

Say what makes you comfortable

With me cause I like it here

How about a rural dwelling, urban music pioneer

Turn it up, let it bang

Run with me, I bet you can't

Took too much to make it float

Never will I let it sink

So we reinvented it

Boy are we generous

Hoping that my moment pass

I can see the end of it

25 years of life, I was born yesterday

Loving life, doing right, earning every breath I take

Standing in the mud again, cause it seems to pay me well

Playing with my not so distance cousins from the ATL AHHH..

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

Ah Yea, Ah Yea

Press it up

Ship it out

Call the pony

Rent it out

Everything I Am today

Is what I've really what I've been about

Athens Georgia Resident

Native of Lagrange though

I don't love the Peach State, brothers say it ain't so

Naw, Sir, In Fact it's quite the opposite

Loving yall from Brunswick, Up to the metropolis

Can't forget about my Betty Betty in the ?.

That put them triple X's at the end of Andy's Monica

How can I run from, everything that made me

Knowing all the love I get is appreciated greatly

Now witness something truly inconceivable

Bubba International, but still he kept it regional

Trying to make my momma proud

Ricky Lathens see me smile

Gotta make sure this next CD is the fire

Making sure everyone one of my talented associates gets what they deserve

Nothing short that's appropriate YEA!!!

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Get your cup, fill it up

Soda don't appeal to us

But if your broke, do what you can't that alone still enough

Help us out if your rich, cause we about to pitch a bitch

Just stop by the store and grab a case of that, a six of this

Hey Betty get it ready, cause you daddys in route

Let her join the Beat Club, peep that lil trim out

Have her screaming new south, with out pulling loot out
He always wonder what you doing, let him wonder who now
At the end of the day, I will have no regrets
Got it done on every front, and I ain't even focused yet
At the bottom of the pond, swimming with them mud cats
If you dive in I'm perusing for a grudge match
Spell It out L-E-G-E-N-D, I still believe
What ever goal God set for me, indeed I will achieve
Either in this life, for in the next
Whether drinking Gin or Becks
Bubba fin, to bring it home, still you can send a check
[Chorus]