

Bubba Sparxxx, Back In The Mud (Zone 4 Remix)

(Bubba Sparxxx)

Bubba Sparxxx, get money
Ye-yeah, ye-ye-ye-yeah, still in the mud
I said Bubba Sparxxx, that's right
That's the problem with these suckers man
Don't nobody wanna get in the mud
Nobody wanna fight for this shit, they all too pretty
New money

(Sean Paul)

Y'all niggaz ain't no k-killers, y'all niggaz hoes
I'm a, I'm a keep it p-pimpin', y'all niggaz know
How I p-pull up in the lex, white wall some bows
How I, how I stay sure, with this starch in my clothes
I'm Sean Paul, yeah bitch, I'm a motherf**kin' star
And every other week I buy a old-school car
Oh, twenty, man that plenty but I still want more
In a big-body ? on them twenty-four's

(Rich Boy)

Rich Boy, ? fool, ?
Tight notes, slick this, bumpin' cadillac
Take it to the cha-cha, got your damn top drop
Two color flip-flop, tinted red Collipark
There's hoes in the parking lot
But I still got my glock
It's New Money, motherf**ker, don't you see the big knot
Don't you see the big tyres, don't you see the big rims
Wonder who they hatin' on, think that baby this him

(New Money)

Oh my God, they don't wanna get dirty
They don't wanna get dirty, they don't wanna get dirty
I say we still off in the mud man
They don't wanna get dirty
Y'all niggaz ain't no killers y'all niggaz some hoes
Oh my God, they don't wanna get dirty
They don't wanna get dirty, they don't wanna get dirty
I say we still off in the mud man
They don't wanna get dirty

(Pastor Troy)

Yeah, P. Troy representin' with Bubba (oh my God)
Just wakin' up from a hangover, come on, yeah
Brother hittin' me on the phone, I roll over, come on
Hair still spinnin' cause I balled last night, yeah
Rim still spinnin' and the lac alright, yeah
G-A, B-O-Y-Z, aha
Smooth operator, operate directly
Bet he didn't see me and mine coming
Ain't no motherf**kin' ?, who ya motherf**kin' ?, come on
You say that crunk is for halloween, aha
As I shove my rounds in my magazine, huh, magazine
King, yeah you king me out for real, yeah
S-A-N-K ship
I rip the mic, I rip the stage
But I don't rip nothing until I'm paid
To be like P-T, many try
I leave them boys totin' the cross, oh my

(New Money)

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(Bubba Sparxxx)
Yeah, you just a flea dude
I'm such a G, dude
I'm everythang, with talent you could be dude
Look at me dude, I f**k with these dudes
P-T cruiser, Young G Rock, Polo to D dude
He brought the beat through, and I just shat on it
Now I'm fin' to build a wall to put another plaque on it
Don't gong it, cause I keep relentlessly spittin' that shit you into me
Cause I'm pigmented differently
Plus behind Tim on twenty-three's
Wow, just call me Bubba the beautiful
I'm the boss around this office, you a scrubbin' the cubicle
This ain't nothing illusional, boy, they token the tags
But since they all wanna hate, I give them all the ?
You know what we after, the cabbage and long comes
The true county Georgia baby, that's where they come from
And y'all little dumb-dumbs is skatin' on thin ice
Love to creates it but it's hatred, it is life

(Bubba Sparxxx)
Oh my God
I say we still off in the mud man
Oh my God, uh, Zone 4
I say we still off in the mud man

(Bubba Sparxxx)
Bubba Sparxxx, in here
G Rock, in here
Sean Paul, in here
Pastor Troy, oh, and Rich Boy
Ha, you know what it is, in here, uh