

# Bubba Sparxxx, Back In The Mudd

1,2

1,2,3, let's go

(Chorus)

Back in the mud I've been in

I confess, I'm so happy here

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

(Verse 1)

He's just that country boy, city slick, pit bull temperament

At the Pony, at the Flame, either way it's an event

If it's me consider it more than a coincidence

Even though they mama like me sucka's keep they distances

Barber K, hey, what's that, they say

Hip hop redneck that's a safe place

Say what makes you comfortable

Wit me cuz I like it here

How about a road-dwellin' urban music pioneer

Turn it up, let it bang, run wit me I bet you can't

Took too much to make it float, never will I let it sink

So when we invented it for our youth and generous

Hopin' that my moment passed, I can see no end of it

Twenty-five, livin' like I was born yesterday

Lovin' life, eatin' right, earnin' every breath I take

Standin' in the mud again cuz it seem to pay me well

Playin' wit my not-so-distant cousins from the A-T-L

Aaah!

(Chorus)

(Verse 2)

Press it up, ship it out, call the Pony, rent it out

Everything I am today is really what I been about

Athens, Gerogia resident, native of LaGrange though

I don't love the peach state, "Buddy, say it ain't so"

Now all of a sudden, in fact, it's quite the opposite

I'm lovin' y'all from Brunswick up to the metropolis

Can't forget about my Betty Betty and DaLonica

They put the triple X's at the end of Andy's moniker

How could I run from everything that made me

Know that all the love I get's appreciated greatly

Now I'm on the brink of something truly inconceivable

Bubba's international but still he kept it regional

Tryin' to make my mama proud

We can laugh and see the smile

Gotta make sure loaded gun, this next CD is in your file

An-and everyone of my talented associates get's what they deserve

Nothin' short of that's appropriate

(Chorus)

(Verse 3)

Kitchen cup, fill it up, soap-it don't appeal to us

If you're broke do what you can, that alone is still enough

Help us out, if you're rich, cuz we gunna hit your bitch

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

Hey Betty, get ready cuz your daddy's in route

Let her join the beat club, keep that little trim out

Have her screamin' "New South" without pullin' "lewd" out

He always wonder what you doing, let him wonder who now

At the end of the day I would have no regrets

Got it done on every front and I ain't even focused yet

At the bottom of the pile swimmin' wit them mud cats

If you die, man I'm pullin' "soowee" for a grudge match

Spell it out, L-E-G, E-N-D I still believe  
Whatever goal God set for me indeed I will achieve  
In this life or in the next, whther drinkin' gin or Beck's  
Bubba gunna bring it home, conceal it, and send the checks

(Chorus x2)