

Timbaland, Baby Bubba (feat. Petey Pablo)

(pop a dom boo, what, c'mon)

[petey pablo]

It's the dippy dippy don now you heard that
Let's take you back, where the original tim the bird
at?

I got shit here to make you down on twelve-pack

Call rudy, tell him hook us up a twenty sack

C'mon c'mon c'mon, we ballin y'all

Where my cats think you feel me at?

Alla y'all, and when we earn that

They finally let the dish and the pan

Then i start with some cash

Let me get to virginia (v-a) link up with timbaland

Now i'm bustin they ass

Now they callin me the incredible man

I'ma shit it sick like yeahhh

And there is one thing to understand

Y'all know what it is and petey is just what i am

Spit what i spit cause i don't give a damn

Spin like just like y'all spin at the mall in blue
drawers

On some du-rag, it's 'bout to be the all that is

New broad, new day, new cars, new motherfuckin deal

Heyyyyyyy

[chorus: petey pablo]

Heyyyyyyyyyyy baby bubba

If y'all feel it let me hear you say

Heyyyyyyyyyyy baby bubba

We lost the music selector

Heyyyyyyyyyyy baby bubba

If y'all feel it let me hear you say

Heyyyeyyyeyyyyy baby bubba

Well he caught me in the van, the gun chat lean

fah-ward

[timbaland]

Check me out in my black trans-am dippin on that man,
who that be?

Tim-ba-land, now haters wanna get at me

Just because we three brothers dippin in the fly ride

He don't care though, nigga we just three fly guys

All up in your local mall pickin all your local broads

Holla - if you wanna get into a local brawl

We the in-timidators, y'all in-timidated

By our bling bling ring ring, and i can't debate it

Lowriders (bzz bzzt) hittin on switches

As we pass by ya (bzz bzzt) in sun fire - c'mon!

What y'all need to do is throw that shit up, shit up

For the cool amigos with tequila in the gut

What y'all know about them southern girls with them
big butts?

What y'all know about them buckshots bustin from a
truck?

Yeah, yeah - that's that southern hospitality

The come of the me, the come of the pete

The come of the 'goo, the come of the g

[chorus]

[magoo]

Mag spit it 'til i die fucker

You wit your label kissin ass like a damn sucker

Meanwhile, mag in virginia in some house shoes,
watchin the news

Do my album when i'm ready, tell my label to sue

If i got it i'ma get 'em, it's cornered and sell some

(?)

From n-y to floater while i'm humpin your daughter
Stayin in the french quarter and listen to juvenile
I like that south shit, all my niggaz is wild
You gotta come up with a new plan, i'm sayin man
South boys ain't fuckin playin - check them
This week got outkast and no limit, and eightball
Scarface, ludacris, and goodie mob, uhh
We do it country cause we proud of this shit
All those that wanna hate on hip-hop can eat a dick
I ain't a thug and i ain't tryna be
They tryna take my love man and it bothered me
[chorus - repeat 2x]