

Back in the Mud

Bubba Sparxxx

1, 2

1, 2, 3, Let's go 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 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 mumble at 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 'cause 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, doin' right, earnin' every breath I take
Standin' in the mud again 'cause it seem to pay me well
Playin' wit my not-so-distant cousins from the A-T-L

Aaah

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I confess, I'm so happy here
There's nothing you can do to make me stay away, away, away 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
Each and everyone of my talented associates get's what they deserve
Nothin' short of that's appropriate

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There's nothing you can do to make me stay away, away, away
Kitchen cup, fill it up, soap 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, 'cause we funna hit your bitch
Just stop by the store and grab a case of that and six of this
Hey Betty, get ready 'cause your daddy's in route
Let her join the beat club, keep that little trim out
Hvae 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 funna bring it home, conceal it, and send the checks
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