

Baby Bubba

Timbaland & Magoo

It's the dippy dippy don, now you heard that
Let's take it 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
Hit us all with some cash
Let me get to Virginia, link up with Timbaland
Now I'm bustin' they ass
Now they callin' me the Incredible Man
I'ma shit it sick like, yeah
And there is one thing to understand
Y'all know what it is and Petey is the one 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 durag, it's 'bout to be the all that is
New broad, new day, new cars, new motherfuckin' deal
Hey
Hey, baby bubba
If y'all feel it let me hear you say
Hey, baby bubba
We lost the music selector
Hey, baby bubba
If y'all feel it let me hear you say
Hey, baby bubba
Well, he caught me in my van
The gun shot men forward
Check me out in my black Transam dippin' on that man, who that be?
Timbaland, now haters wanna get at me
Just because we three brothers dippin' in the fly ride
We 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 intimidated
By our bling bling ring ring and I can't debate it
Low riders hittin' on switches
As we pass by ya 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
Hey, baby bubba
If y'all feel it let me hear you say
Hey, baby bubba
We lost the music selector
Hey, baby bubba
If y'all feel it let me hear you say
Hey, baby bubba
Well, he caught me in my van
The gun shot men forward
Mag, spit it 'til I die fucker
You with 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 Vodafone
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 in Eightball
Scarface, Ludacris and Goodie Mob, uh
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
Hey, baby bubba
If y'all feel it let me hear you say
Hey, baby bubba
We lost the music selector
Hey, baby bubba
If y'all feel it let me hear you say
Hey, baby bubba
Well, he caught me in my van
The gun shot men forward
Hey, baby bubba
If y'all feel it let me hear you say
Hey, baby bubba
We lost the music selector

Hey, baby bubba
If y'all feel it let me hear you say
Hey, baby bubba
Well, he caught me in my van
The gun shot men forward

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>