Back In The Mud

Bubba Sparxxx

One.. Two.. One..Two..Three Lets GO..
[Chorus - repeat 2X]Back in the mud again, I confess, I'm so happy here
There's nothing you can do to make me stay away, away, away
[Verse 1]It's just that country boy, city slick
Hot boy, temperament
Add the pony, add the flame
Either way it's an event
If it's me consider it
Pardon the coincidence, even though they mumble at me
Suckers keep they distances
Father, Kay Hey
What's that they say
Hip hop redneck that's a safe place
Say what makes you comfortable
With me cause I like it here
How about a rural dwelling, urban music pioneer
Turn it up, let it bang
Run with me, I bet you can't
Took too much to make it float
Never will I let it sink
So we reinvented it
Boy are we generous
Hoping that my moment pass
I can see the end of it
25 years of life, I was born yesterday
Loving life, doing right, earning every breath I take
Standing in the mud again, cause it seems to pay me well
Playing with my not so distance cousins from the ATL AHHH..
[Chorus][Verse 2]Ah Yea, Ah Yea
Press it up
Ship it out
Call the pony
Rent it out

Everything I Am today
Is what I've really what I've been about
Athens Georgia Resident
Native of Lagrange though
I don't love the Peach State, brothers say it ain't so

Naw, Sir, In Fact it's quite the opposite
Loving y'all from Brunswick, Up to the metropolis
Can't forget about my Betty Betty in the ?.
That put them triple X's at the end of Andy's Monica
How can I run from, everything that made me
Knowing all the love I get is appreciated greatly
Now witness something truly inconceivable
Bubba International, but still he kept it regional
Trying to make my momma proud
Ricky Lathens see me smile
Gotta make sure this next CD is the fire
Making sure everyone one of my talented associates gets what they deserve
Nothing short that's appropriate YEA!!!
[Chorus][Verse 3]Get your cup, fill it up
Soda don't appeal to us
But if your broke, do what you can't that alone still enough
Help us out if your rich, cause we about to pitch a bitch
Just stop by the store and grab a case of that, a six of this
Hey Betty get it ready, cause you daddys in route
Let her join the Beat Club, peep that lil trim out
Have her screaming new south, with out pulling loot out
He always wonder what you doing, let him wonder who now
At the end of the day, I will have no regrets
Got it done on every front, and I ain't even focused yet
At the bottom of the pond, swimming with them mud cats
If you dive in I'm perusing for a grudge match
Spell It out L-E-G-E-N-D, I still believe
What ever goal God set for me, indeed I will achieve
Either in this life, for in the next
Whether drinking Gin or Becks
Bubba fin, to bring it home, still you can send a check
[Chorus]

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