

## **Badu Erykah**

### **"Back in the Mud"**

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[Bubba Sparxxx]

Bubba Sparxxx, get money  
Ye-yeah, ye-ye-ye-yeah, still in the mud  
I said Bubba Sparxxx, that's right  
That's the problem with these suckers man  
Don't nobody wanna get in the mud  
Nobody wanna fight for this shit, they all too pretty  
New money

[Sean Paul]

Y'all niggaz ain't no k-killers, y'all niggaz hoes  
I'm a, I'm a keep it p-pimpin', y'all niggaz know  
How I p-pull up in the lex, white wall some bows  
How I, how I stay sure, with this starch in my clothes  
I'm Sean Paul, yeah bitch, I'm a motherfuckin' star  
And every other week I buy a old-school car  
Oh, twenty, man that plenty but I still want more  
In a big-body ? on them twenty-four's

[Rich Boy]

Rich Boy, ? fool, ?  
Tight notes, slick this, bumpin' cadillac  
Take it to the cha-cha, got your damn top drop  
Two color flip-flop, tinted red Collipark  
There's hoes in the parking lot  
But I still got my glock  
It's New Money, motherfucker, don't you see the big  
knot  
Don't you see the big tyres, don't you see the big rims  
Wonder who they hatin' on, think that baby this him

[New Money]

Oh my God, they don't wanna get dirty  
They don't wanna get dirty, they don't wanna get dirty  
I say we still off in the mud man  
They don't wanna get dirty  
Y'all niggaz ain't no killers y'all niggaz some hoes  
Oh my God, they don't wanna get dirty  
They don't wanna get dirty, they don't wanna get dirty  
I say we still off in the mud man  
They don't wanna get dirty

[Pastor Troy]

Yeah, P. Troy representin' with Bubba (oh my God)  
Just wakin' up from a hangover, come on, yeah  
Brother hittin' me on the phone, I roll over, come on  
Hair still spinnin' cause I balled last night, yeah  
Rim still spinnin' and the lac alright, yeah  
G-A, B-O-Y-Z, aha  
Smooth operator, operate directly  
Bet he didn't see me and mine coming  
Ain't no motherfuckin' ?, who ya motherfuckin' ?, come  
on  
You say that crunk is for halloween, aha  
As I shove my rounds in my magazine, huh, magazine  
King, yeah you king me out for real, yeah  
S-A-N-K ship  
I rip the mic, I rip the stage  
But I don't rip nothing until I'm paid  
To be like P-T, many try  
I leave them boys totin' the cross, oh my

[New Money]

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[Bubba Sparxxx]

Yeah, you just a flea dude  
I'm such a G, dude  
I'm everythang, with talent you could be dude  
Look at me dude, I fuck with these dudes  
P-T cruiser, Young G Rock, Polo to D dude  
He brought the beat through, and I just shat on it  
Now I'm fin' to build a wall to put another plaque on it  
Don't gong it, cause I keep relentlessly spittin' that shit  
you into me  
Cause I'm pigmented differently  
Plus behind Tim on twenty-three's  
Wow, just call me Bubba the beautiful  
I'm the boss around this office, you a scrubbin' the  
cubicle  
This ain't nothing illusional, boy, they token the tags  
But since they all wanna hate, I give them all the ?  
You know what we after, the cabbage and long somes

The true county Georgia baby, that's where they come  
from  
And y'all little dumb-dumbs is skatin' on thin ice  
Love to creates it but it's hatred, it is life

[Bubba Sparxxx]  
Oh my God  
I say we still off in the mud man  
Oh my God, uh, Zone 4  
I say we still off in the mud man

[Bubba Sparxxx]  
Bubba Sparxxx, in here  
G Rock, in here  
Sean Paul, in here  
Pastor Troy, oh, and Rich Boy  
Ha, you know what it is, in here, uh

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