

Bob Schneider

"Mudhouse"

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Well it's 4 in the morning, n' in the back of the beamer
Now mama, what's up? I know that you're a schemer
But you can't be frontin' when it comes to this,
put down your bag of tricks, gimme a kiss
I gotta castle in Paris, got a crib in the city,
I said I'd get you somethin' nice, somethin' pretty...And
I did
And you liked it like that, the beat's so big and the
beat's so fat

Up in the mudhouse, over in the club,
Gettin' crunk, Bling bling, I got some love for ya
Ass moving so fast, can't think
Big butts bouncin' up on the sink
I wish you was here, but I can't be sure
The night's all black and everything's a blur
I got my jacket on, smokin', lookin' like juice
Gotta honey on my table and my shit's all loose...sing!

Ain't got no dope, all got's my forty
Ain't got nobody, baby, I can call my shorty

Got my club jeans on and my car's in a ditch...Ain't that
the bitch
My shoes are Nicaraguan, my sock are crew
I got my hair slicked back so i can check out you
I got some nice shit to say and it sounds so good
You wanna write it down so when your back in the hood
You check back with it as you hit the pipe and make
sweet love to it all night

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