

## **Bubba Sparxxx**

# **"Back In The Mud"**

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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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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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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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