

Timbaland & Magoo

"Baby Bubba(feat. Petey Pablo)"

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(Pop a Dom boo, what, c'mon)

[Petey Pablo]

It's the dippy dippy don now you heard that
Let's take you 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
Then I start with some cash
Let me get to Virginia (V-A) link up with Timbaland
Now I'm bustin they ass
Now they callin me The Incredible Man
I'ma shit it sick like YEAHHH
And there is one thing to understand
Y'all know what it is and Petey is just what 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 du-rag, it's 'bout to be the all that is
New broad, new day, new cars, new motherfuckin deal
Heyyyyyyy

[Chorus: Petey Pablo]

Heyyyyyyyyyyy baby bubba
If y'all feel it let me hear you say
Heyyyyyyyyyyy baby bubba
We lost the music selector
Heyyyyyyyyyyy baby bubba
If y'all feel it let me hear you say
Heyyyeyyyeyyy baby bubba
Well he caught me in the van, the gun chat lean fah-ward

[Timbaland]

Check me out in my black Trans-Am dippin on that
man, who that be?
TIM-BA-land, now haters wanna get at me
Just because we three brothers dippin in the FLY RIDE
He 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 in-timidated
by our bling bling ring ring, and I can't debate it
LOWRIDERS (bzz bzzt) hittin on switches
As we PASS BY YA (bzz bzzt) 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

[Chorus]

[Magoo]

Mag spit it 'til I die fucker
You wit 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 (?)
from 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, and Eightball
Scarface, Ludacris, and Goodie Mob, UHH
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

[Chorus - repeat 2X]

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