

# Timbaland & Magoo "Baby Bubba"

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**(feat. Petey Pablo)**

(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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