

All The Same

Bubba Sparxxx

A fifth of Beam when you celebrate (That's white thangs)
I'll be fine, didn't hesitate (That's white thangs)
Sippin Henn, swervin wood grain (That's black thangs)
But to me, it's just all the same (It's all the same)

Damn, what a difference a year and a hundred and 12 days makes
Came the longest country mile, thanks to nothin they gave me I made breaks
Basically baby, I've been great, this ain't no recent development
But now it's official I'm the doo-
doo, and you ain't gon' keep 'em from smellin it
Do you have a speaking impediment bitch, or are you just at a loss for words
Oh-no actually I'm monogonous, all that talk was false you heard
So don't stall betty just slurp, of course I'ma tell you when
Oops my bad that's my mistake, I was just gonna tell you then
I just bought me 5 new Polos, cuz see I'm partial to that logo
That horse is just so Bubba, that means rural like you don't know
Regardless though I'm gon' glow, even in my birthday suit
And when it comes to that soft, yes sir'ee I circle that too
So when you feel it poundin in yo' chest and it causes a slight pain
Just shake it off and smile I got'cha, doin the white thangs ok

I'm outdoors early mo'nin sellin this country crock
Let's get this understood, gotta get me off the top
I got them break down dimes and bomb with twenty-fives on the block
Of that 'naw that hawd, talkin 'bout that glass that straight drop
Bartender, send me Remi, Henny or straight shot
Then see me flee, high speed from eight cops
Leave 'em floored, showin how I'm opposed, y'all can't stop
Jumped the fence, went down the path, came out by Ms. Dot 'partment
Ay, ay Bubba Sparxx shoot we down to the spot
Them young G's up on that corner, done made the porch hot
Them folk say they sweepin, seekin 'He who hold stock'
Ay, run tell shawty, cut off, close shop
I told them boys down there, homes in the van was a NARC
Tell 'em "Naw we don't sell that shit round here doc"
They bout four cars deep, sittin in the Croger parkin lot
But we know when they comin, cuz money bark a lot

I'm seein more clearly now, how subtle the difference between us might be
Mr. Fat Face got that big weight but still that seem just like me
I'm doin my thing dispite these, little lifestyle expectations
Y'all chose to set for me, shit I'm headed to where my next check waitin

Look here, beat me I'm old school like LL J beatin off in your Regal
With six eights cross the deck, hittin, sittin on fifteen inch eagles
And Vogues, case closed, order one mo' get drunk, throw bo's
We in here puttin on, all night y'all 'til the place close