

Bubba Sparxxx "All The Same"

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A fifth of Beam when you celebrate
(That's white thangs)
I'll be fine, didn't hesitate
(That's white thangs)

Sippin' Henn and 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 twelve 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 five 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 gotcha doin' the white
thangs okay

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I'm outdoors, early mornin' 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

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I'm seein' more clearly now

How subtle the difference between us might be

Mr. Fat Face got that big weight but still that seems just like me

I'm doin' my thing despite 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

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