

# 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 dispiste 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