

# Regardless

## Billy Boone Smith

Yeah, ha B.K. C.I. okay  
Yo  
You ever rolled up in a convenience store with a forty-four  
And told the cashier to drop to the floor?  
But you didn't take anything but a bag of chips  
A half gallon of milk, some juice, and a box of grits?  
Nah but I might walk up in Kroger, head straight for the DVD's  
Stuff 'bout four of 'em in my cargo, smile and flee with ease  
Then hit up the Super Target, exchange 'em for store credit  
That's sixty dollars worth of grub, some squares and a case of Bud  
Yo, yo you ever invested your money in some Internet stock?  
Seen how your cheese multiply quicker than sellin' rocks?  
I invest in pharmaceuticals like Xanax and Loritabs  
Take 'em all with alcohol, then hunt for some more to grab  
Yo, you ever had a chick with no brains, but liked to give 'em  
That had the nerve to ask you to scream her name while you hit it?  
Haha, nah but I know this Betty who licks ass for her enjoyment  
She also takes golden showers and drinks the piss from out my toilet  
And when it's time for the deployment of doo-doo from out my anus  
She likes to catch it in her hands and lick the excess from her fingers  
Yo, you ever tried to purchase a car with a personal check?  
Have your lady call you a dog, and send you to the vet?  
Ever been in trouble with the cops, for more than three times  
From tryin' to sell digital video cameras to the blind?  
Man fuck purchasin' a car, I live on New Jersey drive  
Athens Georgia, three-oh-six-oh-five, that ain't no lie  
And my girl don't even speak 'cause I get violent when I drink  
But it's perfect 'cause she don't talk, I need some silence when I think  
About the thirty-three times the law tangled me up  
With chunky tray, legs up, stuck, thinkin' we fuck  
Well screw 'em they ain't enough to stop these Sparxxx from flyin'  
If Bubba ain't the truth that just mean that my heart is lyin'  
No matter what you ask me, I'm givin' you Bubba Kay  
Just the truth of the matter okay? Fuck what you say  
Nuttin' more nuttin' less, I'ma get it off my chest  
C.I., spit what I feel, regardless  
No matter what you ask me, I'm givin' you Bubba Kay  
Just the truth of the matter okay? Fuck what you say  
Nuttin' more nuttin' less, I'ma get it off my chest

C.I., spit what I feel, regardless  
Would you rather move two thousand units and be critically acclaimed  
Or sell two million out the gate and be labeled lyrically lame?  
In other words, would you prefer to have dem mics in The Source  
Or a Grammy, some jazzy broads, a little ice and a Porsche?  
I ain't gon' lie, I'm tryin' to sell three million out the gate  
And get six mics in The Source off of lyrical force  
And push a custom made Porsche and a Range with the woodgrain  
And spit verses sharp enough to cut straight to your brain  
Well, you ever fucked a chunky broad, weighin' three hundred plus up  
And actually took some pride to the shit, and didn't rush none?

Yo, when it comes to big chicks, C.I. plead the fifth  
'Cause I only weigh a buck-fifty and I don't own a forklift  
Man have you ever snorted coke 'til your heart sat in your throat  
Then took your whole advance to buy more, and woke up broke?  
Yo, C.I. don't do drugs, I hang out with corporate thugs  
That transport microchips and oriental rugs  
Then sell 'em on the streets for as much as they can  
The only coke I mess with comes in sixteen ounce cans  
But would ever consider dancin' with the devil for paper?  
Fly with me and Fred Durst on an embezzlement caper?  
Would you bet on the Lakers if Jordan played for the Clippers  
Or leave yo' girl and move to Vegas with a stable of strippers?  
Yo, I wouldn't dance with the devil, the stocks are too hot  
And if Jordan played for the Clippers I'd claim Cali like 'Pac  
And I'm not into embezzlement, I like hostile takeovers  
Corporate jets, BMW's and Range Rovers  
'Cause they're tax writeoffs, they're all business expenses  
And as far as that stripper, yo I let my man hit her  
C to the I, Central Intelligence  
And if I did touch her believe me you wouldn't find a trace of evidence  
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Just the truth of the matter okay? Fuck what you say  
Nuttin' more nuttin' less, I'ma get it off my chest  
    C.I., spit what I feel, regardless  
    Yeah, C.I., and Bubba Sparxx, nonsense  
    I think in conclusion, it could be said  
    That no matter where the fuck I'm at  
    No matter who the fuck I'm around  
    I'ma do what the fuck I do  
Ride walk leave it or love it I don't give a fuck  
    Now I fucks with a motherfucker like C.I.  
    'Til we both bleed 'til we can't bleed no more  
Just 'cause I know he'll do that same type of shit  
The East, the West, don't forget about the South  
    Don't forget about the motherfuckin' South  
    Bubba Kay worldwide, ay  
    Venice to Venezuela, [Incomprehensible]  
Y'all know what the fuck it is [Incomprehensible]

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