

# Regardless (Featuring C.T.)

## Bubba Sparxxx

{C.I.}

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? {Bubba}  
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 {C.I.}

Yo.. yo you ever invested your money in some internet stock?  
Seen how your cheese multiply quicker than sellin rocks? {Bubba}

I invest in pharmaceuticals like Xanax and Loritabs  
Take 'em all with alcohol, then hunt for some more to grab {C.I.}  
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? {Bubba}

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 {C.I.}

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? {Bubba}

Mannnn 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 {Chorus: repeat 2X}

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 {Bubba}

Would you rather move two thousand units and be critically acclaimed  
or sell two million out the gate and be labelled 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?{C.I.}  
 I ain't gon' lie, I'm tryin to sell three million out the gate (okay)  
 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{Bubba}  
 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?{C.I.}  
 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{Bubba}  
 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?{C.I.}  
 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{Bubba}  
 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?{C.I.}  
 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 (man c'mon)  
 see to the I, Central Intelligence  
 And if I did touch her believe me you wouldn't find a trace of evidence{Chorus - repeat 2X}{Bubba Sparxxx}  
 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 Venezeula, (?)  
 y'all know what the fuck it is.. (?) bitch

Songwriters

Houchins, Shannon / Mathis, Warren AndersonPublished by

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