All the Same

Bubba Sparxxx

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

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 breaksBasically, 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' itDo 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 heardSo 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 knowRegardless 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 okayA fifth of Beam when you celebrate

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(It's all the same)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 dropBartender, 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 'partmentAy, 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 shopI 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 lotA fifth of Beam when you celebrate

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(It's all the same)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 closeA fifth of Beam when you celebrate

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