

All the Same

Archie Powell & The Exports

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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