

# Bubba Sparxxx, All The Same Ho

Album: Dark Days, Bright Nights

Song: All The Same

(Hook - Sleepy Brown (Bubba))

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)

(Bubba Sparxxx)

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

(Hook - 2x)

(Backbone)

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

(Hook)

(Bubba Sparxxx)

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 dispite these, little lifestyle expectations

Y'all chose to set for me, shit I'm headed to where my next check waitin

(Backbone)

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

(Hook - 2x)

{\*music plays\*}

(Hook - 2x)

