

Your Southern Can Is Mine

White Stripes

Lookie here momma let me explain ya this
If ya wanna get crooked i'll even give ya my fist
Ya might read from revelation back to genesis
Ya keep forgotten your southern can belongs to me

So there ain't no use in bringin no jive to me
Your southern can is mine in the mornin
Your southern can belongs to me

Ya might go uptown have me arrested, put in jail
Some hotshots got money gonna pull my bail
Soon as i get out, hit the ground
Your southern can is worth a dollar a half a pound

So there ain't no use in bringin no jive to me
Your southern can is mine, talkin about it
Your southern can belongs to me

Ya might take it from the south, baby, hide it up north
Understand ya can't rule me and be my boss
Take it from the east and hide in the west
But when i get ya momma your can'll see no rest

So there ain't no use in bringin no jive to me
Your southern can is mine, i'm screamin
Your southern can belongs to me

Now baby, ashes to ashes, sand to sand
When i hit ya momma then ya feel my hand
Give ya punch through that barbed wire fence
When i hit ya baby, ya know i make no sence

So there ain't no use in bringin no jive to me
Your southern can is mine, i know it
Your southern can belongs to me

Now look here woman, don't get hot
I'm gettin me a brick outta my backyard

So there ain't no use in bringin no jive to me
Your southern can is mine, i'm takin about it
Your southern can belongs to me

Well if i catch you momma down in the heart of town
I'm gonna grab me a brick and tear your can on down

So there ain't no use in bringin no jive to me
Your southern can is mine, i know it
Your southern can belongs to me

You may get death-bed sick, 'cause you're graveyard bound
I'm gonna make you moan like a graveyard hound

So there ain't no use in bringin no jive to me
Your southern can is mine, i'm screamin
Your southern can belongs to me