

They should'a never ever let you out  
Cold animal with a mouth from the South  
Whatcha gonna say? Whatcha gonna do?  
Cause you know they coming, coming after you  
Watch out for the D-Boys  
Watch out for the boys in blue  
You better keep it moving  
You know they're taking shots at you  
Cause you're an animal

Here we go (Alabama's own buddy)  
Promenade (And I'm in a zone now)  
Everybody (Bringing them home baby)  
To the stage, Slick Ricky Bobby in a NASCAR  
Running over motherfuckers like I'm in a bar  
Sentimental motherfuckers in a cookie jar  
Be the late night snack I'm Santa Claus  
Down in Panama Beach, drunk, in my under-alls  
Playin' underwear volleyball with your broad  
I ain't bothered by you're triple D's, not at all  
Let me hold 'em up for ya baby while you walk  
Wanna get the party bumpin', let me do my thing  
If the marijuana plant need watering  
Throw it in a bong let it start bubbling, know what I mean  
Butter bean Badda Badda Bing  
Trashy white pass the mic, yeah I'm doin'm dirty  
Fists start pumpin' when I'm in the lights, like I'm rapping in Jersey  
Never get elegant in elementary never learned to write in cursive  
Raised by the country B-Boys, I'm elegantly perfect  
Rack it in, pack 'em in to the back again, rap it up,  
Wrap it in sicker than a pack of 10 Mini-thins  
You'll get when I win, but I won't loose in fact I'm gonna win  
Win again, with another hand, here's another hand, here's another hand  
Dealer can I get another hand, here's a hand King, King, King, King  
Bitch Ghet-O-Vision in the Dirty South and you know we're gettin' clean  
Rich, yeah!

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Candy-coated whip runnin' over candy coated rappers (vrooom)  
Panties on her drip do a back flip for me, baby be an acrobatic actor,  
Action!  
Do a cart wheel on a bar  
Will you do a cart wheel while I chill on a bar stool  
Will I throw a dart at a wet seal,  
Well if I see a whale I'ma throw a fuckin' harpoon  
Go looney toons and lose your fruit of the looms  
To prove you're in the room you're shroomin' to the moon  
But in the morning you're wakin' up like a broom,

Swept off your feet cause Yelawolf ain't a groom  
I ain't poppin' the cherry, I'm poppin' berry moonshine,  
Hop in the bedroom, let's move  
If you wanna compare me, compare me to a legend,  
Don't compare me to a young fool  
Go get a gun, go get a gun, I'll get a cinnabon and sit upon ya fuckin roof  
I live it son, I get it done,  
Fuck anyone yea fuck anyone who ain't fuckin with the crew  
Yea throw another bucket in the pool, dry it out now everybody skate  
Cause I'm a lord, I'm a doggy town (Wolf!)  
A-L-A-B-A-M-A my state, my state of mind 1985 wide body,  
lookin' for the little small town keg party  
Wanna get drunk wanna fall up in a hottie, get shitty like a port-o-potty  
So jump on the paddy wagon like a Pakistanian  
Packin' a Mac 11 with a pack of maniacs, 11:30 back at it again  
I'm ready for the battle when and where muthafucka,  
They let another cracker in, yea!

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