

Animal

Yelawolf

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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