

## Bible Belt

Yelawolf

Welcome to the Wolf cave!  
YelaWolf!  
Me my man, Ben Hameen  
She gave, Alabama Connect  
Oh, you wanna know about the south?  
Ok, play them the Dirty South  
Welcome home then

Welcome to the cold hard truth: Bama  
Dead Native Americans spirits swarm through the foothills  
And whisper through the weeping willows.  
It moves like a water rapid dancing through your meadows  
Diming lights from thick fog and gravel paths  
Footprints of a ghost in the wet grass  
That lead into invisible prison cells past  
The weird rust is symbolic of the blood bath  
Just take a look  
The younger generations are committing the worst crimes  
They lost in a tangle of evident guidelines  
Controlled by the unseen and claim one king  
And worship a image despite lies and covered schemes  
The halt puts a chill in the midnight breeze  
Scavengers on the hunt get whatever is free  
The breath of the devil throwing metal debris at lost sons

Caught in the wilderness of the south you better  
Run for the ditch, there's locusts in the sky  
Hide in the cellar, propellers are humming by  
In the Bible Belt  
In the Bible Belt  
Freight trains shaking the walls and taking lives,  
Stain glass breaking, the steeple's on fire  
In the Bible Belt  
In the Bible Belt

Welcome to my land, my home: Bama  
Where the clouds turn green,  
Where The Clan marches up and down the small town streets  
Where cops look for excitement  
Where the oak tree split and burn form the blue lightning  
Where the plantation still stands as an undying reminder  
Where the Rebel flag waves as an undying reminder  
Some try to find there way out  
It ain't easy  
The economy's bad and most searching for a freebie  
In fact, hustlers of every color stay lookin' for the cracks, and loopholes,  
They stoop low and do jacks  
With new clothes and shoes.  
Hoes, they turn tricks  
And follow each-other cause momma just don't give a shit  
See black lights and incense they feel roused  
Cause no church can soul search like mushrooms,  
So young minds, they do lines to feel numb.

Like a thick black cloud of smoke is drifting over the evergreens  
The air we breathe ain't safe no more momma.  
Naw

They polluted the whole city mamma.  
The whole city is  
Filled with thoughts, education, and short dreams.  
The youth dying to live be all it seems  
To be all that we have momma,  
But I ain't throwin' up my hands momma.  
No I an't throwin' up my hands  
To many grand schemes I must speak  
To get free in my mind.  
If I can free my body  
Then I write my song alone in the seas,  
And put a message in the bottle  
For the broken seas to reach everybody.  
I know it's impossible,  
But I hope these words convey to hit one soul  
To eternally echo through my home and known  
With the roots of a child with a son that ain't done.