

Come On Over

Yelawolf

Six pack, my life's in a bottle
18 wheels, is my rolling motto
I stayed in the woods, and I played wit a six shot
Still fucked up from all the pills that I swallowed
School was a bore, I had no fun suspended
My whole work was taking weed from a kitchen
Pounds of hick stem, a fifth grade scum bag
Threw bags in for Christmas, I'm high on attention
Skateboard shoes, I had holes in my vision
Before it was cool, I had unwanted attention
Young girls heartbroke, I'm nothin' but trouble
But life is a ditch, bitch, I'm just good wit a shovel
Can you dig it?

Come on over
Be so caught up
It's all about compromise
I see problems down the line
I know that I'm right
I know that I'm right

Yeah, you're probably right
I'm probably DUI when I'm driving tonight
I put my feet on the edge and kick my soul to the captain
And just like Travis, I'm surviving the flight
Yelling, "Go Alabama!", holding my banjo
And turn up to Marshall and tune up to Dobro
My truck ain't stuck, I got a winch in the toedo
Had friends but they threw me out, when I'm down and low
Yo what's up to the D-Boyz and the meth lab pimps
All you Kid Rock fans and all you hippies in hemp
If you've got the Greatest of Johnny right next to Straight Out
ta Compton
You brought a shovel like mine, you probably been to the ditch
And I can dig it

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