CreekWater

Allright allright (Bu-bum-bum-bum-bum) Yeah The Creekwater The Creekwater What's that you say? Well, it's like this: From the ocean to the river River to the streams Streams to the creek The creek is where it all meets homeboy You know what I'm saying Okay, let's get it started folks My name is Yelawolf I'm a southern head Fed white bread Been caught where they go to All of my people they B-Boys Some of them B's are bad Some of them got that heart to sell with paintcans in their bag Mr. clever on the wheels with plenty moves for your ass too And if it's war between the crews But he hang it up, fell through Time and time again I'm like a clock with this here pen And it's like tick-tock tick-tock Just give me the verse laid down I'm from where the rednecks get better jobs and bigger checks Momma working 9 to 5 slaveshifts Coming home late the microwaveable plates kept my stomach full I thank to lord that was a gift My world is surrounded by hypocrites and demons in body suits Tryna recruit me as an advocate Rapping and talking 'bout fame and loot Now, how the hell did you think I wouldn't smell that poo under your shoe bo y? Don't try to play me for weak or underestimate me What you see ain't exactly what you expect it to be I'm from the Creekwater Been raised what I thought I leave a trail of mud behind me everywhere that I walk Blame it on the streets Blame it on the freaks Blame it on my momma cause she threw me in the creek I'm from the Creekwater Been raised what I thought I leave a trail of mud behind me everywhere that I walk

"Good one Wolf, another hot hook", says the engineer "That's one take, taking it for real, let's be out, you want a beer?" Nah, I better get back to the cabin Mama this all I can do to get high? "No marihuana inside of my ride please But I do sell them trees" Now how about a second a spectacular have it

Yelawolf

I got back in this cabbage I don't mean that green you feeding your family But I got that if you're asking A lot of these kids are packing nowadays In the mark where I stay Living for the moment Rap it outside in the hallways Let it prepare your mind and body For the common of the trailers and the porta pottys I'm just being real No one american people I used to apologize Hold my steel I swore that rhymes and lines reveal We'll be taking serious folks And when I'm done, how do you feel? Good, I'm glad, nice to hear it Glad you got a bite I hope you keep full but still keep a appetite You just ate some jumbalaya Georgia Alabama Tennessee And if somebody ask you why you went Tell 'em you went to the creek Don't try to play me for weak or underestimate me What you see ain't exactly what you expect it to be I'm from the Creekwater Been raised what I thought I leave a trail of mud behind me everywhere that I walk You might can tell where I was raised when you see my Caprice Hubcaps clean, Fila's and Reebok's under my feet I'm from the creek If 808's ain't dropping in my seat Then you better be saying something that can move me See we don't play a shit around here because you got game And who don't rap, you are not special because you got fame Backpacking MC's Lacking this Creekwater the greed you stuck too These briar patches you get drug through Watch out for the crawdads when you on a bank They skim and they watch hard If you drop hard on in front of the bank No where to escape The flood waters of the south that run through your home dude If you live in the creek like I do In New Orleans they got them gators that will bite you In Alabama we got moccasins that strike you Sometimes they wear white hoods, even the cops do The truth in my rhymes, quote me when you ride through I know I'm from the creek Don't try to play me for weak or underestimate me What you see ain't exactly what you expect it to be I'm from the Creekwater Been raised what I thought