

CreekWater

Yelawolf

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

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
I leave a trail of mud behind me everywhere that I walk