

# Everything I Love the Most

Yelawolf

Why is everything I love the most  
So wrong for me?  
And everything I'm holding close, is so far away from me  
They don't want me to lie, but they don't wanna hear the truth  
It never made sense to me  
Why everything I love the most is so wrong for me

Problematic, I'm so problematic that I'm probably a problem addict  
Poppin' aspirin cause my head is hurting  
Hotel bedroom missing curtains  
Sheets everywhere like a storm has passed  
In fact it looks like I got into a wrestling match  
Empty bottle of Jack, I can tell I did that  
I can smell it in fact, it's like death and ass  
Think for a minute, then roll over and look  
To my left, is an open book, the Bible  
To my right is a guilty conscious her name is Brook, my rival  
At least I think her name is Brook?  
She's asleep and I'm givin' her the lamest look  
Move her hair back so I can see her face  
Cause it was dark when I met her at the game  
It took about five minutes to get her inside the whip  
Another five minutes to get up inside the lips  
Never tried, really man I really tried to slip out  
But it was just thighs and hips  
Okay, I was high and shit  
On alcohol and a Yelawolf ego-trip  
Leave her lying in bed, cause I don't need no kiss  
And it's the walk of shame again

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Smokin' out, throwin' up  
Keep a fifth off in my cup  
Trying not to be a simp  
But every time I take a sip  
I think I'm gonna fall in lust  
I'm back and forth like I'm packing a truck  
In a house that never runs out of boxes  
Knowing that if I put on my tennis shoes  
And a fresh fit, I'll end up sockless  
By the end of the night, flip flopping  
I'll B-Boy if you let me Hip Hop in  
Alligator skin cowgirl boots only means let's get it crockin'  
That mini skirt makes any man a flirt  
Manicures animal furs and a purse  
What could a little bit a smoke and Henny hurt?  
You make any jerk make a penny work  
Sinister with sin in her  
She can leave a devil sitting in the church  
On another level not in the earth  
Jessica Alba had twins at birth

Trippin' sure, piles of E, ménage-a-trois, piles of three  
Waking up again not proud of me  
Yeah, I'm a lousy fiend

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