

# Get Away

Yelawolf

Hell of a day to load a 22 and take it to the woods  
And let it ring into the night and break a bottle with a bullet  
Yes I'm 'bout it mutherfucker  
Not a single solitary thing is missing from my southern roots  
I'm liable just to take a Chevrolet  
And run it through the mud for giggles (huh)  
What a son of a bitch my mama raised into a rapper  
Who could tell a story like my uncle when he's drinking  
Product of a working environment  
Fuck is y'all thinking?  
Meaning, I'm working, working harder than any artist could ever do,  
It's simply cause I'm made that way  
I'll build a house around your ass before you could realize  
You're in a neighborhood that Yelawolf made  
So call me a redneck and tell your boys about it  
Tell 'em I'm an Alabama wannabe, I'll be that!  
I'll just take it to the studio and drop a bomb on you  
From a muthafuckin beanbag, I need that!

Get away, tell my folks roll up the J's  
Bring Yelawolf a deuce, we'll sit up on the roof or the broken Chevrolet  
Talk til there's nothing left to say  
Cause if I don't get away, you gonna see my trailer park ghetto ways  
Then you gon' have to get away from me  
Drink some, smoke some  
You gone have to get away from me, load up the gun, load up the gun  
Then you'll have to get away from me  
Drink some, smoke some  
Cause if I don't get away, you gonna see my trailer park ghetto ways  
Then you gone have to get away from me

Man, I done been through it all  
I done been up and know what it is to fall  
Punk police feeling all on my balls  
Without a probable cause, cause a nigga sittin' tall  
"Dawg, you gotta do something Fatt.  
On the road with Wolf, why did you come back?"  
Cause them up there, don't wanna play fair  
Got me pinned to the wall, like a fucking thumb tack. "Dumb fat!"  
Dumb hell, criticize a nigga for the crack I sell  
Like you could give a shit if a nigga eat well or eat at all, wanna see me f  
all  
Let 'em see that? Naw dawg, them lies.  
Long as I got Catfish on my side,  
Bitch I'm headed up, up, up to the sky  
Roll up, let's get high, wave at 'em bye I need that!

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20 plus 20 still spittin' em out  
Still piss on your porch and still shit in your house  
Then put my dick in your mouth, take it back out, put it back in  
Fuck on the floor, skeet on the couch  
Which one of you ugly muthafuckers think you thug enough or rugg enough  
Or gutter enough, fast enough to keep up wit' me  
The most retarded motherfucker in the whole wide world  
Ain't stupid or dumb enough to fuck with me  
If you in say you in, and if you is handle your mutherfuckin' business  
Knuckle up, buckle up, hustle up, huddle up. What we gonna do? Win!  
Not a nan' 'nother nigga outta there can compare  
To what I do to these boys on these bars and these scales  
In these clubs in these bars on these tables and chairs  
I need that!

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