

Get Mine

Yelawolf

Engine, engine number 9
On that Mason-Dixon line
Chasing whiskey, sipping shine
Gripping nickel plated nines
So you get yours and I'll get mine
You get yours and I'll get mine
You get yours and I'll get mine
You get yours and I'll get mine

I'm a motherfucking boom-dock killer, Mossberg filler
King of the drop, they'll never be much iller
Top medical grade dope baby, Chevrolet sitting up like Grave Digger, roll over your Mercedes
And I rock, man, I'm a firestarter
Two handles of brown and a half of gallon of firewater
Send the police they can keep knocking, we're doing illegal shit go to the window, bitch, keep watching
Chopping on that 808, ride by your house and make the window shake and the beat so hard, make the tempo break
And the next door neighbor wanna relocate - uh
You can hear me across the county line, bagging up dimes of rhymes, and I'm moving 20 P's at a time
Black sheeps son of a landmine
The caboose is loose the train track's unattached and I

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Hold up, hold up, one time for the DJ
"Go DJ!"

So motherfucking outta tune hit
Don't tell me to turn up trap or tune in!

The same bitch and you just bought her new tits
And I don't give two fucks about your two sips
Wouldn't give you two dogs to give two shits
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Harley Davidsons blowing it down Broadway
Rock this motherfucking like three, the hard way

Bones, Klever, shotgun
Su, Wu, Tang riding gorilla
Open the doors to the venue and let the slugs hit
Weed smoke and whiskey like a tornado whip
The south is in it, deep in it with bump
Be funky the tree trunk of speed bump
Another round and the cops might have to hold me down
If you don't know me then know me I'll die in the ground
Rittz filling my cup up until I hit the ground
Pack this bitch to the ceiling and kill em and Billy now
Made a career drinking beer, anarchy and wanted
My country ass momma singing "Oh lawdy!"
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