

Hard White (Up in the Club)

Yelawolf

G shit, certified, nigga can't touch him
Bosses all love him, haters, well fuck them
Bought cribs everywhere, everything custom
Lung bun juhn[?], bougie bitches like "What's them?"
Solitaire clear stones, Maybach, clear dome
Blowin' on that Lyle pack, bank rolls full grown
Well known convict, go on with the dumb shit
Thug life wit' it, like it tatted on my stomach
Nigga better pick another number because I am not the one
The bigger pictures whats important before all is said and done
I bet I get this shit back up under my feet
Bullshit aside, what I want, I keep
I'm the big bad wolf, and I want my sheep
Your birthday cake, I want my piece
I'm beefing with MC's if to me
It seems they're less then decent
I'm a beast, then you're my feast
Apologies, you just can keep it
Say you're winning, yes you're being condescending and facetious
G's from seat to shine see you may bump this in your Caprice

I once had a friend named Charlie, and Charlie was always late to school
He had a black eye one day, but he wouldn't say just what happened to him
Charlie got mad in class one day, and stood up with a .22 pistol
Told everybody that he couldn't take it anymore, he was over being the victim
See, one bullet through the wall, and the history class was interrupted
Charlie, foot down in the pool of blood, in the class that made it public
He said that the bullies in school, they drove him to be a suicidal
Cause the mirrors didn't reflect the criteria of an American Idol
Well, sometimes I feel like I could run through the hallways with an AK too
Not sayin' that I would, but it might feel good, to off me a rapper or two
So, I loaded this pen with a hollow tip, and I followed T.I.P
To the hollow pits of my heart for shit, for you to role model with
Take a fifth of Jack and swallow it, take a point shell and hollow it
Don't be the one with the gun, be the one with the rum, plus two models with
All the kids, listen up, Yelawolf don't give a fuck about a club
I don't wanna see you in school, tryna' do what I do, telling folks you gon'
pop the trunk
Make something of something, or something from nothing, baby wake up
Play radioactive, let me see the reaction, see if I really give a fuck, Shady

Up in the club, don't give a fuck
Up in the club, don't give a fuck
Up in the club, don't give a fuck
Up in the club, still don't give a fuck

9 millimeter, ride with a heater, drive with a liter
I'm finna need a mic and a speaker
I'm finna beat a prominent leader, come from the seater
Tell competition "Hasta la vista"
Dog, you putting my name in the middle of sucker shit
It's something like you gettin' raped by a stranger
Cause you do not know who you're fuckin' with
Crooked is a product of the S-L-A-U-G-H-T-E-R
You, haha, funny, I had money when the DVD was a VCR

Niggas about to need CPR when they see the car, pull up, dead
I might pull over, fuck my chauffeur, cause my screwdriver's Philip's head
Them I'mma tell to take me to Yela, getting fucked up, I ain't feelin' embarrassed
The feelin' in the air is the 2.0's party, like niggas and wiggas in Paris

Nickle 9, the rhyme, rhyming, the drama, the driver, firing alarmer
But a bunch of fly bitches saying Hi to me now cause a nigga said Hi to Rihanna
Cause I look (cause I look) and I smell good (It's a man's World)
That's right I'm the new James Brown, drunk in an interview, fuck you finna do?
What I'm finna do is go to the strip club and order 8 bricks
I'm on my T.I.P in ATL looking for a little pretty young thing I can escape with
Radioactive, Shady gon make it go Platinum, I couldn't resist
Jump on that Slaughterhouse, Yelawolf, Lil Jon Hard White remix

Lil Jon, let me get a lil bit, I mean a minute, nothin' crazy
It's just that I'ma lyricist and I've been sittin' with this ridiculous venomous bite
And I'm so ready to strike
I swing and I miss, my dick swing and you miss
I got a missile, can't call it, I might misdial
I'm in Orbit listening to Em's last album guzzling Gin, Recovering alcoholic
Everything looking alright, welcome to the lyricist pub
Who want a bar fight in a bar so high cause that your dealing with 4 dope muthafuckas and 2 hard whites
Deuces, period, crop circle, that's the family that matters, I'm not Urkel
But I'm smooth as Stefon, when I move to step on ya eyeball ya shit'll look purple
I'm a product of the PJ's, still walk through that muthafucka in my PJ's
Yeah I'm in JP Morgan often but don't think I can get chased out the PJ
So try me punk, bet ya body jump when ya shotty pump then ya body slump
Yelawolf let me rip this hard white but, please don't make me pop the trunk

Roll the window down I start dumping
Pull up on whatever rock that ya'll on
Pills got a nigga walking round doing stupid shit
My definition of an Oxymoron
That ain't never stop me from gettin' a bad one
I would tell niggas again but they heard the story
Furthermore he got a couple I ain't buss
But there's no need to rush, they reserved it for me
See I'm all about fam' I don't fuck with the rest
Goon's that'll squeeze till a couple that's left
The squad's a facade, I see smoking mirrors, ya'll paid back, too broke to cover the debt
But I'm grown adults and whether that shit you say you don't reciprocate respect
You get plugged, and you need a doctor to cover your holes, as if they was dubbing over cassettes
You probably didn't hear me staying on the couch?
So real I don't need a hollow to prepare me I'm the first one in the hood to catch a body using Siri.
Cause they be thinking that I seen crazy, money motivated, cremate me
Way out your league or dream maybe
T.I. Team Shady

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