

# Heartbreak

Yelawolf

You used to be so cool, what the fuck happened to you?  
Look at what all this rapping and money-stacking will do  
I could've been stuck out in 'Bama, had I not flew the coop  
And my babies would suffer Christmas cause Santa ain't got no loot  
Uh, money ain't the issue, you say, that's funny now  
Cause money's all I could give you to shut your motherfucking mouth  
Here, take 20 grand and buy yourself a lawyer  
Shit, here's a whip so my kids ain't gotta walk to the store for ya,  
fuck  
Momma told me I should keep it real  
My record ain't selling, momma, I'm trying hard enough to keep a deal  
Meanwhile I'm throwing paper down into an empty pit  
I got a business I'm trying to run, man, fuck this bitch  
I should've seen it coming, she never pulled away  
I'm carrying her like an elephant on a dinner plate  
You gassed em, Yelawolf, you better pump your fucking brakes, asshole  
You got the nerve to wanna talk about heartbreak, hell no

Baby, I've been around, you know I've been around  
You know I've been around and I can't pretend to love you right now  
So you can go cry your heart out until you drown  
Hope you can swim it out cause I can't be friends with a friend like  
you tryna hold me down

You got some nerve to be bad at me for, fuck, anything  
What have I done besides give you what I could not afford?  
The kids are happy cause they really don't know anything  
If they only knew what toys that their momma could afford  
The vacation they could be taking when daddy's on tour  
Wait, you are on vacation, that's what this shit is for  
I get it, I'm like the fountain of youth  
You're in the bed with your boo and you two are sipping courvoisier,  
true?  
This song ain't no diss, it's a living proof  
Skit of skin and tooth, the witch in you bit, left me with cracked ro  
ofs  
I ain't done, bitch, put this shit in loop  
Here's a melody so it sticks in your head like your tracks do, ooh  
You wanna walk around like it's all good  
Cause I'm the golden ticket to get out of the hood  
You better hope somebody gets more than I do  
Cause my will don't include you

There'll always be a special place  
For you in my bank account  
You fucking bitch

There ain't no fucking way I'mma let you take this hard-  
earned money, bitch  
And I can't pretend to love you right now  
So you can go cry your heart out until you drown  
Hope you can swim it out cause I can't be friends with a friend like

you tryna hold me down