

# I Wish

Yelawolf

Chill chill chill, let 'em rhyme man  
You know what it do man  
Just sit back, relax  
Yelawolf what up  
Raekwon in the building

I'm Alabama's own buddy  
Flinstone Caprice, 1987 cuddi  
Backyard moonshine steel  
Methadone laboratory real  
Can I keep it crystal clear?  
Chipped tooth type of people  
Illiterate pigs  
Who wanna see you killed type of evil  
Confederate flags, I see 'em  
In a truck with the windows down  
Why is he playing Beanie Siegel?  
Cause his daddy was a dope man  
Lynard Skynard didn't talk about  
Moving keys of coke man  
Ain't no such thing as a free bird  
Billy's got that street work  
And he's packing a nasty heater  
Trailer home trap spot  
Chevys on the center blocks  
Still doing donuts  
In the gravel parking lot  
Gold ropes, cousins in a group home  
And he knows every word to every Yelawolf song, bitch

I wish a mother fucka would  
Tell me that I ain't hip hop  
Bitch you ain't hip hop  
I wish a mother fucka would  
Tell me that my shit gonna flop  
Bitch your shit gonna flop  
I wish a motherfucker would  
Tell me that I ain't hip hop  
Bitch you ain't hip hop  
I wish a motherfucker would  
Hell, naw!  
I wish a motherfucker would

Now let me tell you something youngsters  
I'm never gunna sell you something  
Unless it's that snow white  
We might mail you something  
Me, I'm straight raw hood with it  
Be at your door quick  
Four on your jaw  
I got a new lick  
My click a murderer niggas who love hip hop  
You fuck with Yelawolf and them niggas  
Your head goin' pop  
I'm just sincere, fresh cut  
All up in the leer, listen  
Yo leave 'em alone

He brought me along  
Rap, he got it  
I'm the crew pilot  
Flyin' trains, planes, automobiles  
We bout it, bout it  
Yo Wolf, I think they got you twisted flow  
I got the biscuit on me spit in his face  
I'm bout to piss on homie  
Who dem niggas  
Just some Staten Island niggas  
You could call us Shaolin  
Where niggas get drunk  
And hold me down my nigga  
Yelawolf, Alabama's vandal  
Scramble, this is the true ramble  
Aye yo give 'em yo' handle though

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Preshate it Rea  
Sling shot me in quick  
Like Talledega Motor Speed Way  
King shit blue ribbon rap  
Baking sodas on the kitchen rack  
Chef what you need these fiends gotta itchy back  
Get busy crack  
I'll be in the cut just call me Mr. Is he back?  
And you don't gotta call my black  
I got direction  
I'm a road map I'm an almanac  
I'm in awe of these hogs who call on rap to ball and brag  
Fuck all of that  
WU-TANGS's in Bama bitch  
Get a grip handle it  
Yelas in the revival tent  
Vandalist, evangelist daddies got the cannabis  
Make a wish the candles lit  
White boys follow this  
Mamas thirty-eight-six  
Long-range hollow tips  
Trash huffing glue you build a airline

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