

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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