

I'm a million lightyears away from the dark
A thousand miles and running
Country boy can survive
I'm alive, a loaded gunnin'
Backseat full of crooks
Pen and paper, this one's for the books
Pack it, wrap it, seal it, send it
To the corner in a Travis Caddy
Everybody in this motherfucker jumpin', footprints on the wall
Gimme the losers, the ones who don't fit in
And with this shit we're gonna have a ball
Swing around the mosh pit Dosie Doe
Catfish Billy and a Dobro
I'm Psycho White—oh no
I'm a chili pepper in an Oldsmobile
Comin' out for the kill
I don't gamble
I don't deal with these whose whose in this mass appeal
I just wanna be behind a steering wheel of a semi-truck
Then get drunk and run amuck
With every single one of my misfits
Bitch, that's how we're showin' up
With them lowriders on the west side
Lift kits from the south
Jump in the passenger seat of my '69 and hit the bootleg house
I'm on my new shit, still ready and ruthless
A public nuisance
But I feel right at home

Yeah, since they're sleepin' on me, let me wake 'em up
Got the world in my palm, watch me shake it up
Everything I'm talkin' real, I ain't make it up
I know you probably think I care, but I don't give a fuck
But I ain't givin' up, I'd rather live it up
Everybody sound the same, you need to switch it up
They still swervin' in my lane, they need to give it up
But I don't give a fuck, I don't give a fuck
I don't give a fuck, really I don't give a fuck

Still bumpin' Three 6 all day, Hank Williams all day
So promenade when the lights in the ballroom swing
And shake and then fall and break with that bottom bass
Make you wanna tear the club up and go tattoo your face
Country boys, gutter raised, what a blend, that's all it takes
Got a lock in the pocket, a rock in the sock
With a cop I'm a nervous wreck
I never could keep a job 'cause I rob and I take
And I leave you with nothing left
But mama tried
Mama tried to harvest early and the pot died
If she ever said I was a good boy, trust me, mama lied
Leave these haters with a cane to walk
Take these lames with a grain of salt
All I wanna do is take aim, assault, tell my story
Paint the wall from Alabama to Atlanta
From Atlanta I began to build a plan, a panoramic view
To center who my friends, the men around me was

The culture is that slum, and I'm not alone
I put a flag in Nashville, and I'm feelin' right at home

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And the whole world is yours
This I know, because Nas told me so
Damn right, so give me that bag of money real quick
Let's go, I've got it cranked, it's parked out front
I'm a wanted man and I'm on the run
And I'm goin' back to Cali to the allies where they packin' rallies
With the skateboarders, punks and rowdies
And show 'em this country savvy
I, am, Yelawolf, and I'm feelin' right at home