

## Till It's Gone

Yelawolf

I'm not the table you can come and lay your cup down on now  
I'm not the shoulder for a bag, don't wanna carry your heavy load  
I'm not the road that you take when you're lookin for a short cut  
I ain't the steppin' stone, to be steppin' on, i ain't nobodys crutch  
I ain't the money man, whith your money man, you ain't lookin' at me  
I'm not the cheap one, lookin' at me son, you ain't lookin' at free  
I ain't the dish rag, to come clean up, all the shit that ya dish out  
Ain't got no check for em, if you checkin' in  
Mothafucka check this out

Ain't much I can do but I do what I can  
But I'm not a fool theres no need to pretend  
Just because you got yourself in some shit  
It doesn't mean I have to come deal with it  
You handle your own when you become a man  
And become a man when you handle your own  
Ain't much I can do but I do what I can  
But what can I do if I do till its gone  
Till it's gone  
Till it's gone  
Till it's gone  
But what can I do if I do till its gone

I'm not the the trash can, not the last man at the finish line now  
I'm not the new kid, on the block  
That you can just follow and push around  
I'm not the fuckin' needle in the haystack, that you finally found  
This ain't no free rent, come and pitch a tent, you ain't tying me down  
I'm not a bus ride, you can hop inside, and just roll away clean  
Not the wheel on the wagon you wanna break  
Because I hold up the weight for the team  
I'm not the gold watch, and the new truck  
That your scheming to check out  
Unless your looking to check out (shot shot shot)  
What a mess now (c'mon)

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I jump to the sky for my people  
I walk through the fire, I give love when it's equal  
Don't tell me not to complain about my money and fame  
When you come around and telling me I changed  
Dam right I fucking changed  
When this fuckin' change hit my pocket  
Hit the bucket, it was a rocket all a sudden  
I went from shoppin' without nuthin'

To goin' shoppin' for my cousins  
Now that the cops know that I'm buzzin'  
They wanna drop me in the oven  
Pull me over just to say "I'm a fan"  
Hip-hop, gotta love it, fuck it

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