

Whiskey In a Bottle

Yelawolf

Still on that ass like
Handcuff's up in it like
Hand-puppets makin' you holler
You should've jumped in that impala homie
Refrigerators never seen ice baby
Not vanilla, not a reason that
Yela make a flame grab a chinchilla
Quite like the words I pulled up to
Fuck guppies, I see food in a hush puppy
So give me that king crap
And I'll break a shell
You seen that?
Well fuck it, if he don't take it well
So crack the top of that hot, shaking ale
And say "free Young Struggle" who's not making bail
He got popped by the feds
Fuck the cops! Take a nail
Fuck it take M-N-O-P, learn how to spell
I'll pull up to the gate
And we'll skate on this country, faggot
And until then, fuck 'em, they can have it
Slumerican means
Slum American breed
Gutter raised with worldwide dreams, yeah

Put your hands to the sky
I'm a bullet in a barrel with a hair pin trigger now
And I'mma landslide
I'm a head case train wreck avalanche comin' down
Put your hands to the sky
I'm a ready made party
I'm whiskey in a bottle now
Lalalalalalalalalalaa
I'm whiskey in a bottle now

Still on that gas like
The bottom of my signature shoe, 'Bama red
I'm on that ass like Alabama did LSU
You said "Oh lord" Bible Belt raised
In your mouth like a cold sore
Rolled Ford's? Nah roll tide and rode Chevy's
My mama rolls joints
Smoke rolls off with a timp
Daddy's a rolling stone
I'm rolling in shit with these pigs
And the south side
Who you rolling with in the sticks?
With hair weaves and airstreams
Cigarette stained walls
Fuck, I can't barely breathe
Spittin' shotgun pellets
Out of my fuckin' chili bowl...
But am I a hill billy, no!
I am the truth behind these fuckin' illusionist
Yellin' redneck, you about as red as the color blue is
Call me a redneck, and I just tatoo it
Because of the abusin' I use it as therapy in music

So...

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Put your hands to the sky
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Still on that grass like
John Deers this yard is already cut
You can't get no work here
You fags started with swag, you was stealing
It turns out I got no peers
Just years of street smarts
So here you go retards
Come hit this bulls eye
I'll give you three darts
One, my last album flopped
Two, it wasn't my time
Three, my fuckin' mama's selling my pajamas online
(Lalalalalalalalalalaa)
But guess what?
(I'm whiskey in a bottle now)
Fuckin' right, I'm aged
I'm dirty-3, I'm not a child who plays with crack to get a piece
Don't clap, for no MC who's wack
Then get a free slap
Fuck out my car when I smashed in a Caprice
I'm Jack sippin' still
Whippin' wood wheels
Truck on steriods
Illegal to play ball
But damn it how good it feels
Drop that black card
Park in the backyard
Baby fire up the grill
It's party time

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