

Whiskey in a Bottle

Yelawolf

Yeah
Still on that ass like
Handcuff's up in ya like
Hand-puppets make a mute holla
You should've jumped in that Impala homie
Refrigerators never seen ice baby
Not vanilla, not a breeze on the hill
Will make a flame grab a chinchilla
Quite like the words I built up to
Fuck guppies, I see food and I hush puppies
So give me that king crap
And I'll break a shell
You seen that?
Well fuck 'em if he don't take it well
So crack the top off that hot, shaking ale
And say "free young struggle" who's not making bail
He got popped by the feds
Fuck the cops! Take an L
Fuck it take M-N-O-P, learn how to spell
I'll pull up to the gate
And we'll skate on these country faggots
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 the barrel with a hair pin trigger now
Yeah I'm a 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
(Lalalalalalalalalaa)
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
Goose egg, oh lord
Bible Belt raised in your mouth like a cold sore
Rolled Ford's? Nah roll tide and roll Chevy's
My momma rolls joints

Smoke rolls off of the tip
Daddies a rolling stone
I'm rolling in shit with these pigs
In south side
Who you rolling with in the sticks?
With hair weaves and air streams
Cigarette stained walls
Fuck, I can 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 tattooed it
Because of the abuse and I use it as therapy in music
So, put your hands to the sky
I'm a bullet in the barrel with a hair pin trigger now
Yeah I'm a 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
(Lalalalalalalalalaa)
I'm whiskey in a bottle now
Still on that grass like
John Deeres this yard is already cut
You can't get no work here, uh
You fags thought it was 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
(Lalalalalalalalalaa)
But guess what?
(I'm whiskey in a bottle now)
Fuckin' right, I'm aged
I'm dirty three, I'm not a child who plays with rap to get a piece
Don't clap, for no MC who's wack
Then get a free slap
Fuck out my car and I'm smashed in a Caprice
I'm Jack sippin' still
Whippin' wood wheels
Truck on steroids

Illegal to play ball
But dammit how good it feels
Drop that black card
Park in the backyard
Baby fire up the grill
It's party time Put your hands to the sky
I'm a bullet in the barrel with a hair pin trigger now
Yeah I'm a 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
(Lalalalalalalalalaa)
I'm whiskey in a bottle now

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