

Johnny Cash (Produced By Track Bangas)

Yelawolf

The windows cracked on the Chevrolet
My cigarettes in the ash tray
The engines off and the radio's, down
So nervous my whole body shakes
The parking lot's full of people and
They ready to see the preacher man
Time to open up for the main act
I guess that makes me a deacon I promise that I won't let me down
And check myself in the mirror one time
Say my prayer and then I shook the ground
Light another smoke and step outside
Walk inside and take a look around
As I try to remember all of my lines
Guess it's time for me to face the crowd
And give the people my time, uh Johnny Cash
Johnny Cash
Johnny Cash
Johnny Cash
Johnny Cash These people standing on front row
Tryna see through me like a window
I'm wearing my soul on my sleeve
But they look at me through a pin hole
All I see is this opportunity
To see at least one of you in me
But I can't seem to win 'em over so
I swallow the humility Fifteen minutes to hold 'em down
And I'm just wishing that it would fly by
It's like my whole world hits the ground
All I wanted to do is have a good time
Hold me under but I will not drown
All I really know how to do is survive
Next time that I come to your town
I be the fuckin' headline, uh Johnny Cash
Johnny Cash
Johnny Cash
Johnny Cash
Johnny Cash I'm not supposed to be this person, I suppose
I'm not supposed to be this rapper poking holes at stereotypes
Or to write this juxtaposing flow to beats it chose

I hope the microphone and out me goes this songs and quotables
Call me nasty, say I stink
well hit the sink and hold your nose
'Cause I'm about as convinceable
as a bum in stolen clothes 'til they go at those
I got dreams like fish got gills
I can't survive in this lake water without a deal
But I can build Noah's Ark without a power drill
Look at this crowd like it's a battlefield
Tell 'em my travels, my triumphs, my failures, my family loud and clear
Let 'em off, judge, I don't care how they feel
Fuck it what do I care? I'm my personal shrink
Throw my heart down on the ground, stomp it, use the blood for the ink
I'm used to purple and pink bruises so thanks for the tools
That's just a brick from the mansion
Another stitch in the pants of a Johnny Cash
Johnny Cash
Johnny Cash
Johnny Cash

Songwriters

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