

Rack City (Freestyle)

Yelawolf

Yeah! Sourmilk, JustIncredible
L.A. Leakers
(Buzzin' on the beat ho!)Alabama rich, I'm alabama rich
Shady records
Ghetto Vision, hello kids I'm in, this bitch with hits
Big camera and, fuck around I leave your momma with a candle lit
Speaking of candles lit, happy birthday me
Radioactive is a magnet for birthday treats
New house, fresh shoes
It's like all my opponents saw me and said let's lose
Good move!
Is it me? or the fake "let's choose"
Cause' I'm teaching the class, you mothafuckas slept through
So even the haters only instigating my students
But a couple of questions that I won't say yes too
Like Mr dobalina Mr bob dobalina can I sick em for ya Bob?
Can I pick ya chrome nina up, and pick off for ya from afar with the beamer?
Cause I seen him, he's a fault, he's a real cob cleaner
I shoulda been loose but I refuse to be an o-bama-nator
You hate on me and you probably an o-bama-hater
Laugh at you chronic players, sit with a sonic laser, and shoot you from Pluto with a soup bowl full of now-and-laters
Niggas can still see in the shot, cause I'm a power fader
Shower these cowards without a doubt of my power
And take ya bitch without a shower til I'm sour til hours later, she still come back lying about the one that her momma gave her. (ugh!)
Everybody knows I'm a loose cannon, with a wick the size of a fuckin toothpick, better back up quick and assume the damage
What I gave this beat is like a treat for a chief example
That I got a way with tracks, a Chinese weave scandal
Back away from the bicycle, tricycles fit you better
Pick another cypher, better yet pick up rifle, and do ya self a favor
And kill ya self midget hoe!
And do it next to a river so nobody gotta dig a hole.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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