

F.A.S.T. RIDE

Yelawolf

(Intro)

(You know my Uncle Critter said,
"You look like you been shot at and missed
Shit at and hit"(Hook)
On that ass, bitch
Bumpin this funky-ass shit to ride to
Yeah, and I be bumpin this funky-ass shit to ride to
Yeah, on that ass, bitch
And I be bumpin this funky-ass shit to ride to
Trunk Muzik, bumpin this funky-ass shit to ride to(Verse 1)
Mello Yello can in my hand,
Mullet hawk, what?
Country folks dont talk much
They just get to work: sawdust
Chainsaw, axe, knife, cut firewood, burn, logs, heat
Sleepin bag by the bricks: call me the fly, Im on some shit
Drum this out with two sticks
Soup a high school Coupe for new kicks
Zoom, raps make mummies jealous from a tomb
Knock twice if you feel it
Born to rip, I shouldve been
Perforated by the rings like a Mead notebook
Squares want an artery blocked when Im around
Circulated, nerds are in, Urkel made it
Ill slap Urkel, take his lunch money
Punks they run from me, drunk and upset
But I dont run clumsy, punch a perp
A one, two, three: Im at the Chelsea Hotel
Like Sid & Nancy with the knife, and two grams of candy
Give me the dizzies, fee, fee, fuck me
Please oh please dont leave
Just give me the keys and crank that beat
Cause I might double up and straight dry heave
But believe, oh believe Im cold, Imma freeze this beat
Like Freon, frickin neon, thats me glowing in a snowstorm
Look here, we in these streets like a pair of Nikes
Well, I might be more like a pair of nice jeans, cause Im(Hook)
On that ass, bitch
Bumpin this funky-ass shit to ride to

Yeah, and I be bumpin this funky-ass shit to ride to
Yeah, on that ass, bitch
And I be bumpin this funky-ass shit to ride to
Trunk Muzik, bumpin this funky-ass shit to ride to(Verse 2)
So whats new?
Been on that shit, wheres the atlas?
Thumbtack it, South Cackalack it, Alabama has it, go
Relax in a 1985 box train, perhaps Im playin Relapse
Boss, Eminem saw the gem in him
Oh, me? Yeah, who thought?
Just toss the white trash out the window
Now Im in a ditch like broken pencils
Empty bottles and stolen rentals
This one is for all my kinfolk
Yeah, bring em in, though
Out the rain, whats a friend for?
Word, oh for sure, yours truly, at the door
Had to add a syllable to that word
Country, but, oh, of course
Bitches go berserk for certainly, no need to be coerced
Odd economy, dont need no nine-nine-nine-nine-nine and I know
Just the na, na, na, na, hey, hey, hey, goodbye, and hey, lets roll
These hoes are no good, pills are okay
I just wanna get high, fuck what you say
Wild, the pen-play kind of like a samurai sword
With a big bitch, bow to sensei
Motherfuckin bitch, its pay your rent day
Do I not look like my name was MJ
One glove and a fuckin pair of penny loafers
And I moonwalk on the tempo like Billy Jean is not my friend, no(Hook)
On that ass, bitch
Bumpin this funky-ass shit to ride to
Yeah, and I be bumpin this funky-ass shit to ride to
Yeah, on that ass, bitch
And I be bumpin this funky-ass shit to ride to
Trunk Muzik, bumpin this funky-ass shit to ride to(Outro)
Yeah yeah
Bumpin this funky-ass shit to ride to
On that ass, bitch
Bumpin this funky-ass shit to ride to
On that ass, ho
Bumpin this funky-ass shit to ride to
Yeah, Im on my shit now
Yeah, Im on my shit now
Yeah, Im on my shit now

Yeah, Im on my shit now
Yeah, Im on my shit now
Yeah, Im on my shit now
Lets go, lets go, lets go
Lets go, lets go, lets go
Lets go, lets go
Yeah, Im on my shit now
Im on my shit now
Im on my shit now
Im on my shit now
Im on my
Yeah, Im on my shit now
Im on my shit now
Lets go!

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

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