

# In This World

## Yelawolf

It's getting hard to be me  
Everywhere I go, somebody's looking at me  
And If I ever need something, I'ma get it for myself  
'Cause I'm the only person thinking 'bout meIt's getting hard to be me  
Everywhere I go, somebody's looking at me  
And if you gon' compare me at all best, compare me to myself  
'Cause I'm the only person fucking with meIn this world of sticks, hicks and chicks with Aqua net spray  
Sh sh shh hh, shut up, motherfucker  
Don't disrespect these country ways  
Yeah, Alabama, if yeen know, I ain't hiding a damn thingI just like to lean low, yeah, I'm the theme show  
Stereotypical beanpole, slim, tall, tatted, let me add  
That I gotta green glow from all the Mountain Dew that I consume  
From a mason jar, in a racing, chase it with a tall ice brew  
Let me not leave you confused, what I represent culturally  
Trash bag full of Freon, I'm huffin' puffin' on potpourri  
That gummo's squeaky swingin' gate in front of that trap house  
Trailer park is sewed up and Billy done pulled that Lac outIt's getting hard to be me  
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And If I ever need something, I'ma get it for myself  
'Cause I'm the only person thinking 'bout meIt's getting hard to be me  
Everywhere I go, somebody's looking at me  
And if you gon' compare me at all best, compare me to myself  
'Cause I'm the only person fucking with meWonder what I got inside this Chevrolet Trunk I'm hiding  
About ten bodies on a fishing line with baby clothes on consignment  
Came to the game so broke that I still find one-dollar bills and get a thrill  
That's the kind of shit that leaves my pickle dill'd  
Siding on the single wide got icicle steel, too cold  
Gotta kerosene heater to heat up the grill, meatloaf?  
Daddy's in jail again for shuffling pills, we know  
Man, I've only come to give you a peep show  
(In this world)I run across the South like a wild stream, smiling  
I've seen more colorful mushrooms than a child's dream  
On an island, desolate left behind 'cause my state is a state of crime  
God said, 1979, go change the minds  
(In this world)It's getting hard to be me  
Everywhere I go, somebody's looking at me  
And If I ever need something, I'ma get it for myself  
'Cause I'm the only person thinking 'bout meIt's getting hard to be me  
Everywhere I go, somebody's looking at me

And if you gon' compare me at all best, compare me to myself  
'Cause I'm the only person fucking with meYelawolf, hi, my name is President Obama  
I'm so shameless, I'm taking it all so what am I saying  
I'm the voice of every small town  
(In this world)

Like a light and a pipe with a mic and take flight in this lifeWhat a sight, put a vice grip lock on my right to  
fight despite

The way you may feel about sights and sounds that I might put down  
About prices found on a sack of that white heaven is a place in a 7/11  
I can never get away from hell, found hell in the bible-beltAnd found love in a 6-pack up on the shelf  
Went to the seashore to see more but Leroy didn't seem sure to me  
So I took Leroy to Alabama, he bought the hat and bought the Tee  
Converted him, y'all, I gave him convertible thoughtsWhen he saw that big buck hangin' on the wall  
(Yeah)

I'm off by a millimeter, I'm on by a million light years  
And 2 liters a pint of Moonshine, I ride a 2 seater  
Take a ride in this world  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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