

# Fiddle Me This

[Yelawolf](#)

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Before I say goodbye  
I'd like to say good day  
And I hope you say "good buy"  
When they ask was it worth for you to pay  
For my music, for pressin' play  
For all the stress that went into my songs  
My love and hate  
The most honest I could be with you to date  
Is to say thank thank you Shady  
For lettin' me be me with no holds barred  
Thank you for the chance to enhance this old car  
This old jar of moonshine is but  
Two fine lines on a blank sheet but so far  
These two lines point directed to my home on the mothership sonar  
Valet UFOs, I go parkThe dirty south needs a soap bar  
In the mouth of these MCs but  
But who am I to judge on what they love?  
I guess they enjoy being broke and co-stars  
And I'm soakin' so hard  
From the sweat that I could take my clothes off  
I done fucked and raped the whole yard  
Should sit back and shake the gold off  
But I'm already gone  
I got a vision like Teller, sons  
In an envelope like letters  
Lettuce, green, money, long  
Wolfpacks in a calzone  
I'll keep makin' these albums  
Yeah you might have heard a dial tone  
But I was on the other line when I hung up the phone  
I'll send a postcard when I leave  
I think about you when I dream

And when I'm up under the high beams  
I reflect that shining  
So you can feel the heat of light  
A life of violence 'til I die in  
Yeah I've done come a long way  
From Dixie Land, take my hand I'm talkin' lowriders, 77 Devilles  
L-Dogs, nothin' but them 'Lacs  
Sittin' on boxes in the front yard of the trailer park, yeah  
One time for the single wives and the little cribs (one time)  
Two times if you know what it's like to fuckin' live (two times)  
Three times in a row you've been late on the rent (three)  
Four times before you did the same old shit, yeah Baby done grown up, workin' that bid like a grown up  
Fuckin' toned up, let the Glock talk, I'ma gon' hush  
Just like daddy taught me  
Wait I didn't have one  
Fuck it, I'm happy for him  
'Cause he got a bad one  
I popped outta that Easy Bake  
Land of the 'Bama, clean and safe  
Dropped outta high school, reason, hey  
I'm already high from a seedless egg  
And they wonder why I speak this way  
And ye ain't ever seen this place  
Well here's your American pie  
It's a Dixie piece of cake

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