

# Johnny Cash

## 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

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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

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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 CashJohnny Cash

Johnny Cash

Johnny Cash

Johnny Cash

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