

# Whiskey In a Bottle

Yelawolf

Yeah  
Still on that ass like  
Handcuff's up in ya like  
Hand-puppets make a mute holla  
You should've jumped in that Impala homie  
Refrigerators never seen ice baby  
Not vanilla, not a breeze on the hill  
Will make a flame grab a chinchilla  
Quite like the words I built up to  
Fuck guppies, I see food and I hush puppies  
So give me that king crap  
And I'll break a shell  
You seen that?  
Well fuck 'em if he don't take it well  
So crack the top off that hot, shaking ale  
And say "free young struggle" who's not making bail  
He got popped by the feds  
Fuck the cops! Take an L  
Fuck it take M-N-O-P, learn how to spell  
I'll pull up to the gate  
And we'll skate on these country faggots  
And until then, fuck 'em, they can have it  
Slumerican means  
Slum American breed  
Gutter raised with worldwide dreams, yeah Put your hands to the sky  
I'm a bullet in the barrel with a hair pin trigger now  
Yeah I'm a landslide  
I'm a head case train wreck avalanche comin' down  
Put your hands to the sky  
I'm a ready made party  
I'm whiskey in a bottle now  
(Lalalalalalalalalaa)  
I'm whiskey in a bottle now Still on that gas like  
The bottom of my signature shoe, 'Bama red  
I'm on that ass like Alabama did LSU  
Goose egg, oh lord  
Bible Belt raised in your mouth like a cold sore  
Rolled Ford's? Nah roll tide and roll Chevy's  
My momma rolls joints

Smoke rolls off of the tip  
Daddies a rolling stone  
I'm rolling in shit with these pigs  
In south side  
Who you rolling with in the sticks?  
With hair weaves and air streams  
Cigarette stained walls  
Fuck, I can barely breathe  
Spittin' shotgun pellets  
Out of my fuckin' chili bowl  
But am I a Hill billy? No!  
I am the truth behind these fuckin' illusionist  
Yellin' redneck, you about as red as the color blue is  
Call me a redneck, and I just tattooed it  
Because of the abuse and I use it as therapy in music  
So, put your hands to the sky  
I'm a bullet in the barrel with a hair pin trigger now  
Yeah I'm a landslide  
I'm a head case train wreck avalanche comin' down  
Put your hands to the sky  
I'm a ready made party  
I'm whiskey in a bottle now  
(Lalalalalalalalalaa)  
I'm whiskey in a bottle now  
Still on that grass like  
John Deeres this yard is already cut  
You can't get no work here, uh  
You fags thought it was swag you was stealing  
It turns out I got no peers  
Just years of street smarts  
So here you go retards  
Come hit this bulls eye  
I'll give you three darts  
One, my last album flopped  
Two, it wasn't my time  
Three, my fuckin' mama's selling my pajamas online  
(Lalalalalalalalalaa)  
But guess what?  
(I'm whiskey in a bottle now)  
Fuckin' right, I'm aged  
I'm dirty three, I'm not a child who plays with rap to get a piece  
Don't clap, for no MC who's wack  
Then get a free slap  
Fuck out my car and I'm smashed in a Caprice  
I'm Jack sippin' still  
Whippin' wood wheels  
Truck on steroids

Illegal to play ball  
But dammit how good it feels  
Drop that black card  
Park in the backyard  
Baby fire up the grill  
It's party time Put your hands to the sky  
I'm a bullet in the barrel with a hair pin trigger now  
Yeah I'm a landslide  
I'm a head case train wreck avalanche comin' down  
Put your hands to the sky  
I'm a ready made party  
I'm whiskey in a bottle now  
(Lalalalalalalalalaa)  
I'm whiskey in a bottle now

Songwriters

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