

Southern Can Is Mine

Blind Willie McTell

Now looka here mama let me tell you this
If you wants to get crooked I'm gonna give you my fist
You might read from Revelations back to Genesee
But if you get crooked, your southern can belongs to me
Ain't no need you bringin no jive to me
'Cause your southern can is mine
Might go uptown have me arrested and have me put in jail
Some hotshot got money come and throw my bail
Soon as I get out, hit the ground
Your southern can worth two dollar, half a pound
Ain't no need of bringing no stuff to me
'Cause your southern can is mine
You might take it from the south you might carry it up north
But understand you can't rule or either be my boss
Take it from the east, hide it in the west
When I get it mama, your can won't see no rest
Ain't no need of bringing no stuff to me
'Cause your southern can is mine
(In the morning)
Your southern can belongs to me
(I'm not dreamin')
Your southern can belongs to me
Ah ashes to ashes mama, and sin to sin
Every time I hit you you'll think I've got a dozen hands
Give you a punch through that barb-wire fence
Every time I hit you you'll say I've got no sense
Ain't no need of bringing no stuff to me
'Cause your southern can is mine
(Every bit of it)
Southern can belongs to me
Get me a brick out of my backyard
Give you the devil if you get kinda hard
Ain't no need of bringing no jive here honey
'Cause your southern can is mine
(You hear me cryin')
Southern can belongs to me
Spank it a little bit, boy Ah, your southern can is mine
Now if I catch ya mama down in the heart of town
Take me a bran-new brick and tear your can on down

Ain't no need you bringin no stuff to me
Because your southern can belongs to me
(I'm talkin to ya)

Your southern can belongs to me
You may be deathbed sick and mama and graveyard bound
I'll make your can moan like a hound
Ain't no need you bringin no stuff to me
Because your southern can is mine
(You hear me talkin')

Southern can belongs to me Oh spank it like that
The way Ruthie Mae likes it 'Cause your southern can is mine
Sit there unsteady with your eyes all red
What I said get your grandma dead
Ain't no need of bringing no jive to me
'Cause your southern can is mine
You got to stop your barkin and raising the deuce
I'll grab you mama and turn every way but loose
Ain't no need of bringing no jive here honey
'Cause your southern can belongs to me
(Every bit of it)

Southern can belongs to me Aww, whup it boy, that's the way the people like that thing Ain't no need of bringing
no jive here honey

'Cause your southern can is mine
(you hear me talkin)

Your southern can belongs to me
Might twiddle like a tadpole
Let it jump like a frog
Every time I hit it you'll holler
God oh God

Ain't no need of bringing no jive here honey
'Cause your southern can is mine
(You hear me talkin')

Southern can belongs to me
Now play it a little bit, just whup it
Aww shucks. Play that thing boy
Southern can belongs to me

Songwriters

WILLIE MCTELL Published by

Lyrics © Peermusic Publishing Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>