

Animal

Yelawolf

[Intro]

Yeah i'd like to sing you a little ditty[Hook: Fefe Dobson]

They should've never, ever let you out

Cold animal with the mouth from the South

Watch you gonna say, what you gonna do

As you know they comin', comin' after you

Watch out for the D-Boys

Watch out for the boys in blue

You better keep it movin', big boy

You know they're takin' shots at you

Cos you're an animal, oh[Verse 1: Yelawolf]

Here we go, Alabama's own buddy, Promenade

And I'm in the zone now, everybody

Bringin' em home baby, tour the stage

Slick Rick E. Bobby in a Nascar

Runnin' over motherfuckers like I'm in a bar

Sentimental motherfuckers in a cookie jar

Beat a late night snack, I'm Santa Clause

Down to Panama beach, drunk in my underalls

Playin' underwear volleyball with your bra

I ain't bothered by your triple D's, not at all

Let me hold em up for ya baby while you walk

Wanna get the party bumpin' let me do my thing

If the marijuana plant need watering

Throw it in a bong let it start bubbling

Know what I mean, butterin' butter butter bing

Trashy white, pass the mic, yeah I'm doin' em dirty

Fists start pumpin' when I'm in the lights, like I'm rappin' in Jersey

Never get elegant in elementary, never learned to write in cursive

Raised by the country B-Boys, I'm elegantly perfect

Rack it in, pack em in, to the back again, rap it up

Rap it in, sicker than a pack of ten mini-thins

You'll get when I win but I won't lose

In fact I'm gonna win, win again with another hand

Here's another hand, here's another hand

Dealer, can I get another hand

Here's a hand, king king king king

Bitch, Ghet-O-Vision in the Dirty South

And you know we're gettin' clean, rich yeah! [Hook] [Verse 2]

Candy-coated whip runnin' over candy coated rappers (Vroom!)
Panties on my drip do a back flip for me baby be an acrobatic actor (Action!)
Do a cart wheel on a bar, will you do a cart wheel while I chill on a bar stool
Will I throw a dart at a wet seal
Well if I see a whale I'mma throw a fuckin' harpoon
Go Looney Toons, and lose your fruit of the looms to prove you're in the room
You're shroomin' to the moon
But in the mornin' you're wakin' up like a broom
Swept off your feet cause Yelawolf look like a groom
I ain't poppin' the cherry, I'm poppin' berry moonshine hop in the bedroom let's move
If you wanna compare me
Compare me to a legend don't compare me to a young fool
Go get a gun, go get a gun, I'll get a Cinnabun, now sit upon your fuckin' roof
I live it son, I get it done, fuck anyone yeah fuck anybody who ain't fuckin' with the crew
Yeah throw another bucket in the pool, dry it out now everybody skate
Cos I'm a lord of a doggytown, (WOLF!) A-L-A-B-A-M-A My state
My state of my mind 1985 wide body
Looking for the little small town keg party
Wanna get drunk, wanna fall up in a hottie
Get shitty like a porta-potty
(So!) Jump on the paddy wagon like a Pakistani
Packin' a Mac 11, with a pack of maniacs
11:30, back at it again
I'm ready for the battle, when and where muthafucka?
They let another cracker in, yeah! [Hook]

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