

# Skyâ€™s the Limit

Yelawolf

They say the sky is the limit  
Well I guess it all depends on you  
And your views (in this American dream)  
Don't tell me that the sky is the limit  
'Cause it ain't about what you can do  
It's a who knows who  
In this American dream Yeah one two one two  
One two one two Okay you got criminals everywhere, right?  
Criminals smugglin' dope  
Across borders to feed America's high appetite  
Kis, pounds, ounces, grams,  
Whatever the weight of substance is gettin' towed  
'Cause drugs got a price  
Home hydroponics, LSD chemist  
Spoon cookin' heroine, junkies fill up methadone clinics  
Get caught for crack and catch a long sentence  
You ask me how I feel about that, maybe you got the wrong witness  
I heard Jay Z's cool with Obama  
Obama must be cool with me then I guess  
If I'm packin' up this Honda  
I highly doubt it but fuck it, it's worth a shout out  
At least that's what I tell the judge before I gracefully bowed out  
Meanwhile I'm gettin' taken to the county for receive  
There's a news flash on the holdin' cell TV  
Boston bombed by a terrorist at a marathon  
8 Year old killed and the killer's still free  
Shit is hard to believe They say the sky is the limit  
Well I guess it all depends on you  
And your views  
In this American dream  
Don't tell me that the sky is the limit  
'Cause it ain't about what you can do  
It's a who knows who  
In this American dream I ain't no politically savvy citizen  
I'm just an average man who writes poetry about  
Witnessin' fuckery  
And these police who always fuck with me  
Do time for sharin' dirt, my boy trusted me  
But I picked music over hustlin', and I made it out luckily

Could've been on corners droppin' quarters from a bucket seat  
My cousins preach about the lord but all I see is crime  
If the Vatican has got the book then what the fuck is mine?  
Just a line with a hook  
You might as well be a rapper 'cause you signed and get booked  
All the same to a suit  
Black or white, you still a crook  
If you ain't a Justin leave it to Beaver with that look  
Then just drop the egg in the skillet, let it cook  
Who y'all bein' took  
No I'm not a crook, son but this one ain't shook  
But I'm rollin' Mobb Deep, my dreams on a Harley Davidson  
Pigs, I hardly wave at them, yeah I said hardly  
If I'm rude then pardon me but remember They said the sky is the limit  
Well I guess it all depends on you  
And your views  
In this American dream  
Don't tell me that the sky is the limit  
'Cause it ain't about what you can do  
It's a who knows who  
In this American dream My grandparents retired from nine to fives  
Then paid for my hospital bills when mama was doin' lines  
I wasn't raised up like the model American  
But I love what it made me, life is all about where and whens  
Who's and hows that ultimately create my heritage  
My great granddaddy Otis would sit down in his chair and then  
Smoke a cigarette while he sipped on Muscatine moonshine  
Homemade, and reminisce about the old days  
He died of cancer when I was 5  
I wasn't allowed to go see him in his casket 'cause I would've cried  
I got so much value off life in such a short time  
Memories stick to my heart and today they still apply  
They used to share crops when they were poor  
He worked his ass off at the mill and then he opened up a store  
Both of my granddaddies fought a war  
So I can say what I'm sayin' in this record for you and yours  
For you and yours, true They said the sky is the limit  
Well I guess it all depends on you  
And your views  
In this American dream  
Don't tell me that the sky is the limit  
'Cause it ain't about what you can do  
It's a who knows who  
In this American dream

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>