

# Animal (feat. FeFe Dobson}

## Yelawolf

Yeah I'd like to sing you a little ditty  
They should've never ever let you out  
Cold animal with the mouth from the South  
Watch you gonna say, what you gonna do  
Coming, coming after you  
Watch out for the D-Boys  
Watch out for the boys in blue  
You better keep it moving (big boy)  
You know they're taking shots at you  
"Cause you're an animal, oh  
Here we go, Alabama's own buddy  
Chroming eh? And I'm in the zone now  
Everybody, bringing 'em home baby tour to stage  
Slick Ricky 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 Claus down to Panama beach drunk in my underalls  
Playing underwear volleyball with ya 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 bumping let me do my thing  
Get the marijuana plant need watering  
Throw it in a bong let it start bubbling  
Know what I mean, buttering butter butter bing  
Trashy white, pass the mic, yeah I'm doing 'em dirty  
Fists start pumping when I'm in the lights, like I'm rapping 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 minivans  
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  
Dilly 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!  
They should've never ever let you out  
Cold animal with the mouth from the South  
Watch you gonna say, what you gonna do  
Coming, coming after you

Watch out for the D-Boys  
Watch out for the boys in blue  
You better keep it moving (big boy)  
You know they're taking shots at you  
"Cause you're an animal, oh Candy-coated whip, runnin' over candy coated rappers (Vroom!)  
Panties on my drip, do a back flip for me baby be an acrobatic actor  
Do a cart wheel on a bar  
Will you do a cart wheel while I chill on a bar stool  
When I throw a dart at a wet seal  
Well I can see ya, well I'm a 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 ain't 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 anyone who ain't fuckin' with the crew  
Yeah throw another bucket in the pool, dried out now everybody skate  
Cause I'm a lord of a doggytown, A.L.A.B.A.M.A, my state  
My state of my mind 1985 wide body, lookin' 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 eleven , with a pack of maniacs, eleven thirty  
Back at it again, I'm ready for the battle, when and where mothafucka'?  
They let another crack in, yeah! They should've never ever let you out  
Cold animal with the mouth from the South  
Watch you gonna say, what you gonna do  
Coming, coming after you  
Watch out for the D-Boys  
Watch out for the boys in blue  
You better keep it moving (big boy)  
You know they're taking shots at you  
"Cause you're an animal, oh

Songwriters

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