

Everything I Love The Most

Yelawolf

Why is everything I love the most, so wrong for me?
And everything I'm holding close, is so far away from me?
They don't want me to love it, they don't wanna hear the truth
It never made sense to me
Why is everything I love the most, is so wrong for me! Yeah! Problematic, I'm so problematic
That I'm probably a problem addict
Pop an aspirin cause my head is hurting
Hotel bedroom, missing curtains
Sheets everywhere like a storm has passed
In fact it looks like I got into a wrestlin' match
Empty bottle of Jack, I could tell after that
I could smell it in fact, it's like death and ass
Think for a minute if I look over and look
To my left is an opened book, a Bible
To my right is a guilty conscience and her name is Brooke, my rival
At least I think her name was Brook
She's asleep, and I'm givin' her the lamest look
Move her hair back so that I could see your face
Cause it was dark and I met her at the game it took
About five minutes to get her inside the whip
Another five minutes to get up inside the lips
Never try really, man not tryna slip, ah! But it was just thighs and hips
OK, I was high, shit
On alchohol and the Yelawolf ego trip
And it's the walk of shame again! Why is everything I love the most, so wrong for me?
And everything I'm holding close, is so far away from me?
They don't want me to love it, they don't wanna hear the truth
It never made sense to me
Why everything I love the most, is so wrong for me! Smokin' out, throwin' up
Keep a fifth off in my cup
Trying not to be a simp
But every time I take a sip
I think I'm gonna fall in lust
I'm back and forth like I'm packing a truck
In a house that never runs out of boxes
Knowing that if I put on my tennis shoes
And a fresh fit, I'll end up sockless
By the end of the night, flip flopping
I'll B-Boy if you let me Hip Hop in

Alligator skin cowgirl boots only means let's get it crockin'
That mini skirt makes any man a flirt
Manicures animal furs and a purse
What could a little bit a smoke and Henny hurt?
You make any jerk make a penny work
Sinister with sin in her
She can leave a devil sitting in the church
On another level not in the earth
Jessica Alba had twins at birth
Trippin' sure, piles of E, mÃ©nage-a-trois, piles of three
Waking up again not proud of me
Yeah, I'm a lousy fiend Why is everything I love the most, so wrong for me?
And everything I'm holding close, is so far away from me?
They don't want me to love it, they don't wanna hear the truth
It never made sense to me
Why everything I love the most, is so wrong for me! Why is everything I love the most, so wrong for me?
And everything I'm holding close, is so far away from me?
They don't want me to love it, they don't wanna hear the truth
It never made sense to me
Why everything I love the most, is so wrong for me!

Songwriters

WILLIAM WASHINGTON, MICHAEL ATHA, JASON BOYD Published by

Lyrics Â© BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT US, LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941.

Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>