

# Your Southern Can Is Mine

## The White Stripes

Now lookie here momma let me explain you this  
You wanna get crooked I'll even give you my fist  
You might read from Revelation back to Genesis  
You keep forgettin' your southern can belongs to me  
So there ain't no use in bringin' no jive to me  
Your southern can is mine in the mornin'  
Your southern can belongs to me  
You might go uptown have me arrested, put in jail  
Some hotshots got money gonna pull my bail  
Soon as I get out, hit the ground  
Your southern can is worth a thousand, half a pound  
So there ain't no use in bringin' no jive to me  
Your southern can is mine, talkin' about it  
Southern can belongs to me  
Ya might take it from the South, baby, hide it up North  
Understand you can't rule me and be my boss  
Take it from the East and hide in the West  
But when I get you momma you can't see no rest  
So there ain't no use in bringin' no jive to me  
Your southern can is mine, I'm screamin'  
Your southern can belongs to me  
Now baby, ashes to ashes, sand to sand  
When I hit you momma then you feel my hand  
Give you punch through that barbed wire fence  
When I hit ya, baby, you know I make no sense  
Ain't no use in bringin' no jive to me  
Southern can is mine, I know it  
Southern can belongs to me  
Well, now look here woman, don't get hot  
I'm gettin' me a brick outta my backyard  
There ain't no use in bringin' no jive to me  
Southern can is mine, I'm takin' about it  
Your southern can belongs to me  
Well if I catch you momma down in the heart of town  
I'm gonna grab me a brick and tear your can on down  
Ain't no use in bringin' no jive to me  
Your southern can is mine, I know it  
Your southern can belongs to me  
You maybe get bed sick, 'cause, baby you're graveyard bound  
I'm gonna make you moan like a graveyard hound  
So there ain't no use in bringin' no jive to me  
Your southern can is mine, I'm screamin'  
Southern can belongs to me

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