

No Hands

Yelawolf

[Chorus] Look mama, no hands
I'm standin on top of a muthafuckin hundred grand
They took a shot... Airball
You think I give a fuck about you pussies? Not at all
Yela, how's it goin?
Aw man, I'm standin on top of a muthafuckin hundred grand
They took a shot... Airball
You think I give a fuck about you pussies? Not at all
[Verse 1] Ain't no reason to quit, what the fuck I look like?
To put a cease and a desist on this heat that I spit, shit, Bitch!
I believe in my wits, Enough to believe that my kids
Won't be home till Christmas
Chevy's on the wish list, no Santa clause, no m'am, won't pause
I'm stuck in play like a fair ball
Know you love to call it foul, say hip hop ain't in the south
But these country rap tunes
Got the bitch in the back room with a open mouth AH!
I'd sacrifice it all and Lord knows it
Put my life on the bull's eye
I make a camera jealous of my focus
And that's shady if you ain't noticed
The things loaded, I put that on my great grand daddy named Otis
In a traffic jam, I got my lane open
Played the game with the same token
You did and cracked the Bank open
When they said the rap game was in a drought
I was swimmin in so much dope I had to break my life jacket out like
[Chorus] Get a workout, bitch, run your lips
I know you'd dig a hole six feet deep with a spoon
Just to see me trip
You're window shoppin and can't see the gift

When the shit is sittin in front of your face
Like cement in between the bricks
If the world had name for me, I'd be Slumerican
This whole shit started out with "Bitch, bet I can! "
And I do it with a casio and a farmers tan
And on top of a hundred grand, bet I stand
And I made it through cause I had heart

Waking up to roaches in my cereal box, buddy, that's a bad start!
Food stamps in the Pathmark,
While some of these bitch ass rappers will take a dick to say they had it hard
Don't make one of these slums come intercept you
Enter your dorm room and punk you, you internet goon
I'm spring loaded with the salt of an old man,
Drinkin a fifth and steerin with my knee in an old van like
[Chorus]A couple of loose screws ain't stoppin a train from movin
A couple of bucks short of a ? and I'm still one hundred proofin
Under the heat like I been metal roofin, in a trenchcoat and a black hoodie
Head bangin to heavy metal music
I'm now home, thank god, 'Bama it's on!
Throwin rocks out the window on 20, that's a milestone
Hello tomorrow, yesterday is now gone
I dedicate this song to me... FUCK how wrong
Shoes laced up with the mainstream face up,
With the same team that I came up with (Mayne WHAT!)
Changed the game up, like a change up
?With a pain that'll drain on to?, Bitch ya better remain tough (Mayne WHAT!)
Used to help weezy pack up 50 pounds,
Green bay packin a bowl,
A broke soul packin the couch
And the landlord used to kick me out,
But I went from packin my house
To packin THE house, BITCH!
[Chorus]

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