

Let's Roll

Yelawolf

Yeah, I'm throwed off
Ain't about the money I'ma blow it off
I made my own lane, let's roll, let's roll
Yeah, I'm going off
Ain't got a whole lot but I'ma show it off
Better recognize game, lets roll, lets roll Yeah, now let me welcome you to my small town
Big trucks in the yard, big bucks on the wall, country folks all around
How I was raised, eight oh eight drums quaking, they shake that box, eighty eight
Yeah and the dope boys hotter than hells gate, but I, still in the shade
With a fold out chair, a thirty pack on the back of that tailgate
A-L-A, B-A-M-A I'm off I might pee in the lake
I might go to Talladega and see me a race
And bring me case, yeah I'm bringing a case, I'm gettin' throwed off Yeah, I'm throwed off
Ain't about the money I'ma blow it off
I made my own lane, let's roll, let's roll
Yeah, I'm going off
Ain't got a whole lot but I'ma show it off
Better recognize game, lets roll, lets roll And I'm all the way throwed off
Z-seventy one take the bow off
Dipped in mossy oak, with a mullet Mohawk
Yeah, with a bright orange hat, and a bag underneath that Chevy seat
Yeah buddy, might go off, split you like a bowling ball
Split you in my overalls
Yeah home of the gumbo, got a couple folks that'd do it to you for hundo'
And when them elephant feet rumble
That Dixie cups gonna fall off the console
You don't wanna have a convo' and not understand that 'Bama slanguage
Like hollerin' ain't it, but I come to paint it, so it won't be throwed off? Yeah, I'm throwed off
Ain't about the money I'ma blow it off
I made my own lane, let's roll, let's roll
Yeah, I'm going off
Ain't got a whole lot but I'ma show it off
Better recognize game, lets roll, lets roll I'm just a kid that rocks
I'm just a boy with a dream
That bet it all with the last bill that I had hid in my socks
Used to keep a twenty two in a shoebox
Now I bang Beretta
She's 22 and I keep her in a tube top
White trash and all, take us all the way to the top and then laugh it off

Like how the fuck did I get a catalog with more hits than a fucking jackhammer dog
Cause I planned it all, Crimson tide standing tall
Shit, I'm another lit cannon ball
Fuck around and I'm going off and I'm getting throwed off Yeah, I'm throwed off
Ain't about the money I'ma blow it off
I made my own lane, let's roll, let's roll
Yeah, I'm going off
Ain't got a whole lot but I'ma show it off
Better recognize game, lets roll, lets roll

Songwriters

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