Animal

Yelawolf

[Intro]Yeah i'd like to sing you a little ditty
[Hook: Fefe Dobson]They should've never, ever let you out
Cold animal with the mouth from the South
Watch you gonna say, what you gonna do
As you know they comin', comin' after you
Watch out for the D-Boys
Watch out for the boys in blue
You better keep it movin', big boy
You know they're takin' shots at you
Cos you're an animal, oh
[Verse 1: Yelawolf]Here we go, Alabama's own buddy, Promenade
And I'm in the zone now, everybody
Bringin' em home baby, tour the stage
Slick Rick E. 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 Clause
Down to Panama beach, drunk in my underalls
Playin' underwear volleyball with your 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 bumpin' let me do my thing
If the marijuana plant need watering
Throw it in a bong let it start bubbling
Know what I mean, butterin' butter butter bing
Trashy white, pass the mic, yeah I'm doin' em dirty
Fists start pumpin' when I'm in the lights, like I'm rappin' 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 mini-thins
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
Dealer, 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!

[Hook][Verse 2]Candy-coated whip runnin' over candy coated rappers (Vroom!)
Panties on my drip do a back flip for me baby be an acrobatic actor (Action!)
Do a cart wheel on a bar, will you do a cart wheel while I chill on a bar stool
Will I throw a dart at a wet seal
Well if I see a whale I'mma 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 look like 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 anybody who ain't fuckin' with the crew
Yeah throw another bucket in the pool, dry it out now everybody skate
Cos I'm a lord of a doggytown, (WOLF!) A-L-A-B-A-M-A My state
My state of my mind 1985 wide body
Looking 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 11, with a pack of maniacs
11:30, back at it again
I'm ready for the battle, when and where muthafucka?
They let another cracker in, yeah!
[Hook]

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