

# Everything I Love The Most

YelaWolf

Hook

Why is everything I love the most so wrong for me?  
And everything I'm holding close is so far away  
They don't want me to lie, but they don't wanna hear the truth  
It never made sense to me  
Why everything I love the most is so wrong for meVerse 1  
Problematic, I'm so problematic, that I'm probably a problem addict  
Poppin aspirin cause my head is hurtin  
Hotel bedroom missing curtains  
Sheets everywhere like a storm has passed  
In fact it looks like I got into a wrestling match  
Empty bottle of Jack, I can tell I did that  
I can smell it in fact, it's like death and ass  
Think for a minute then roll over and look  
To my left is an open book, the Bible  
To my right is a guilty conscious, her name is Brook, my rival  
At least I think her name is Brook?  
She's asleep and I'm givin her the lamest look  
Mover her hair back so I can see her face  
Cause it was dark when 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 tried, really man, I really tried to slip out  
But it was just thighs and hips  
Okay, I was high and shit  
On alcohol and a Yelawolf ego-trip  
Leave her lyin in bed, cause I don't need no kiss  
And it's the walk of shame againHookVerse 2  
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 crockin  
That mini skirt makes and man a flirt  
Manicures animal furs and a purse  
What could a little but a smoke and Henny hurt?  
You make any jerk make a penny work  
Sinister with sin in her  
She can leave a devil in the church  
On another level not in the earth  
Jessica Alba had twins at birth  
Trippin sure, piles of E, mnage trios, Piles of three  
Waking up again not proud of me  
Yeah, I'm a lousy fiendHook

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