

Bible Belt

Yelawolf

Welcome to the cold hard truth: Bama
Dead Native Americans spirits swarm through the foothills
And whisper through the weeping willows.
It moves like a water rapid dancing through your meadows
Dimin' lights from thick fog and gravel paths
Footprints of a ghost in the wet grass
that lead into invisible prison cells past
the weird rust is symbolic of the blood bath.

Just take a look
The younger generations are committing the worst crimes
They lost in a tangle of evident[relevant?] guidelines
Controlled by the unseen and claim one king
and worship a image despite lies and covered schemes
the halt puts a chill in the midnight breeze
scavengers on the hunt get whatever is free
the breath of the devil throwing metal debris at lost sons

Caught in the wilderness of the south you better
Run for the ditch, there's locusts in the sky
Hide in the cellar, propellers are humming by
in the Bible Belt
in the Bible Belt
Freight trains shaking the walls and taking lives,
Stain glass breaking, the steeple's on fire
in the Bible Belt
in the Bible Belt

Welcome to my land, my home: Bama
Where the clouds turn green,
Where The Clan marches up and down the small town streets
Where cops look for excitement
Where the oak tree split and burn form the blue lightning
Where the plantation still stands as an undying reminder
Where the rebel flag waves as an undying reminder
Some try to find there way out
It ain't easy
the economy's bad and most searching for a freebie
In fact, hustlers of every color stay lookin' for the cracks, and loopholes,
they stoop low and do jacks

with new clothes and shoes.

Hoes, they turn tricks
and follow each-other cause momma just don't give a shit
See black lights and incense they feel roused
cause no church can soul search like mushrooms,
so young minds, they do lines to feel numb.

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Like a thick black cloud of smoke is driftin over the evergreens
the air we breathe ain't safe no more momma.

(naw)

they polluted the whole city mamma.

(the whole city is)

filled with thoughts, education, and short dreams.

The youth dyin to live be all it seems

to be all that we have momma,

but I ain't throwin' up my hands momma.

(no I an't throwin' up my hands)

To many grand schemes I must speak
to get free in my mind.

If I can free my body

then I write my song alone in the seas,

and put a message in the bottle

for the broken seas(?) to reach everybody.

I know it's impossible,

but i hope these words convey to hit one soul

to eternally echo through my home and known

with the roots of a child with a son that ain't done.

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Lyrics submitted by Objectless.

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