

Your Southern Can Is Mine

The White Stripes

Now lookie here mamma let me explain you this
You wanna get crooked I'll even give you my fist
You might read from Revelation back to Genesis
You keep forgettin' your southern can belongs to me
So there ain't no use in bringin' no jive to me
Your southern can is mine in the mornin'
Your southern can belongs to me
You might go uptown have me arrested, put in jail
Some hotshots got money gonna pull my bail
Soon as I get out, hit the ground
Your southern can is worth a thousand, half a pound
So there ain't no use in bringin' no jive to me
Your southern can is mine, talkin' about it
Southern can belongs to me
Ya might take it from the South, baby, hide it up North
Understand you can't rule me and be my boss
Take it from the East and hide in the West
But when I get you mamma your can't see no rest
So there ain't no use in bringin' no jive to me
Your southern can is mine, I'm screamin'
Your southern can belongs to me
Now baby, ashes to ashes, sand to sand
When I hit you mamma then you feel my hand
Give you punch through that barbed wire fence
When I hit ya, baby, you know I make no sense
Ain't no use in bringin' no jive to me
Southern can is mine, I know it
Southern can belongs to me
Well, now look here woman, don't get hot
I'm gettin' me a brick outta my backyard
There ain't no use in bringin' no jive to me
Southern can is mine, I'm takin' about it
Your southern can belongs to me
Well if I catch you mamma down in the heart of town
I'm gonna grab me a brick and tear your can on down
Ain't no use in bringin' no jive to me
Your southern can is mine, I know it
Your southern can belongs to me
You maybe get bed sick, 'cause, baby you're graveyard bound
I'm gonna make you moan like a graveyard hound
So there ain't no use in bringin' no jive to me
Your southern can is mine, I'm screamin'
Southern can belongs to me

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