Howdy

Yelawolf

On behalf of alabama I just wanna say
The heart of dixie is in this bitch
M16, DJ frank white, my name is yelawolf
Hello world, hello world, hello world
Yelawolf
This morning I woke up feeling like that I never had a fuckin' dime
Like I didn't wake up in the back of the bus that's finally mine
Why do I feel like I never had Marshall Mathers' co-sign sometimes?
Like radioactive failed, well livin' this time
I'm even not used to believe that I could be one of the top 5
Maybe when I tell myself I'm one of the best, I'm just lyin'
When my uncle buddy call and ask, I say I'm just fine
But I feel like I haven't made it, uncle but I'm just tryin'
Or maybe I'm just not used to having shit I never had
Never stood in the winters and never said "i got dinner, dad"
Shit, never even had the cash to pay my dad for getting her back
And [...] I love you, thank you, always my favorite dad
And it feels like yesterday literally like yesterday
When I couldn't get one motherfucking fan to come and see me play
When I drove that minivan for the [...] without a license plate
To atl so I could play will power my demo tape
Yeah, that's writing on the wall by the county [...]
He's a friend of mine [...] and that I can't replace
If I'm in [...], he's in [...] and we both get a play (church)
This ain't no crew, it's a family so get it straight (church)
So father you can tell god to part the clouds
And let your sun shine to the minds of my target crowd
'cuz I know some of these people think I'm a certified artist now
But the butterfly's still above and I'm above what I started now
Passionate like a political poet in an artist lounge
Hungry like a poor daddy with a gun and a starving child
If you thought it was a flake, then you just a departed clown

And if you thought I was coming hard, well you better think harder now
And it's been a long motherfucking time since I felt this homesick as I do now
Yeah it's been a long fucking time, and I just wanna say
Hey! how you been?! amen!
The heart of Dixie's in this bitch, yeah I'm Dixie witch
But if I don't have y all, I ain't got shit

Gadsden...
Throw it up, it's that Alabama sound
Much love and I never let you down
'cause I might as well be dropped
Back in gadsden and cuttin' grass
Or handcuffed on the side of the road on my fuckin' ass
Before I become complacent on the [...] level that I'm at
Momma will quit drinking and no poppa will smoke some crack
Lost, yeah I may have, my mind
But it takes a lunatic to pursue this shit
Ay that's fine because I paid the cost
Really more like a fine, but instead of paying for tickets now
They pay for tickets in line to see me [...]
The pain in the mic [...]
Two-step in my shoes with a shameless walk
300 soldiers I brought [...]
Around suckers dying for chains [...]
The new south's got a new hope with a [...] and a [...]
[...] and [...], the truth's in him, yeah I'm a [...] assault
Preachers yelling out prophets about wane
I refrain [...]
I'm a [...], just ride the beat homey, it's over
Whatever rapper would ever say he's a sober
I must be smoking bath salt, 'cuz I'm out of my mind
I should have built roads from the villain, cuz I never run out of lines
The heart of dixie

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/