

# Howdy

## Yelowolf

On behalf of alabama I just wanna say  
The heart of dixie is in this bitch  
M16, DJ frank white, my name is yelowolf  
Hello world, hello world, hello world  
Yelowolf

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

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