Gangsta Of Love

Yelawolf

[Yealwolf - Verse 1]Would the real slim shady please stand up
And tell these muthaf-ckers why I got signed
Cause I'm on the verge of slapping one of these white boys
Out here tryna imitate my grind
And if you feel offended when I say that
F-ck you, say something back
What I gotta lose, I'm already the underdog
Why wouldn't I give you the opportunity to rap
F-ck boy, I'm harder than ya momma's f-ck toy
And she's still bitching
I'm sicker than a chicken sitting in shit
Sticking itself with a syringe in a Japanese kitchen, get some
I got the kinky bitch, get crumbs
Yeah here the Shady clique come
They say I'm a dick head
Well it fits why
Cause I'ma f-ck this p-ssy ass game up til she gets numb
Any of many styles that I pick from
F-ck it just give me kick drums
Cause Yelawolf aint a rapper
I'm a cataclysmic culturally offensive don't give a shit bum
It's done
So put ya money on a 'Bama boy
20 West of Atlanta boy
You wanna ride in my lane prepare for the 18 wheeler
Get a grip on the bicycle handle bar
[Chorus]All the girls I meet
Are falling down them stairs
Said gettin themselves together
They gettin themselves together
(Thats why they call me)
Gangsta of Love
Yelawolf and I
On top don't wonder why
Cause I rock and roll
Stop drop and roll
Thats why they call me
(Gangsta of love)
Feet on the ground

Head in the sky
Cause I rock and roll
Stop drop and roll
Thats why they call me

[Yealwolf - Verse 2]Hold up, my God
Let me pull the chevrolet out the garage
I'm killin em A to Z lately, KP
You might get a hicky from Nicki Minaj
F-ck em all with a sandpaper dick
I dare anybody to come match to this
You couldn't hold a flame to my name bitch
I wouldn't even let you hold a bic to my cancerous stick?
I'm treating rappers like loose change
The shoe string belts that I lost in the cracks of my couch
Like I didn't even know I had that until
You made it obvious you bit when I came out
Oh you want some of the south shit?
Well let me show you what the south is
You into sucking dick
Well I'm into getting rich
We could make a good team
Put your money where your mouth is
[Chorus][Yealwolf - Verse 3]I roll out in a t-top two seater
Looking like an american missle seeker
Got back pack packs in my dungerees
Yeah I'mma light a fuse under the disbeliever
Say you don't give a shit good
Cause I don't give two shits neither
You ready let it go, I'm already at your funeral
Walking with a rose like Wiz Khalifa
Yessir, I'm bonafied
I'mma go ahead and live cause I know I'm gonna die
And if you wanna live baby get up in the whip
Baby I don't know what I'ma give but I know I'm gonna try
Whatever it is girl you know I'm gonna vibe
But you know thats a fib yeah, you know thats a lie
What if I buy you drive through popeyes?
Do you want it grilled or do you want it fried?
I'm doing this like I knew I would
And you did too, so you knew you did
If I never got a co-sign I'll be at your throat
Cuz I'm dope and it don't matter who I'm with
Reppin' that area code 256
White trash girls wink with blue eyelids

Because they know Yelawolf can't be f-cked with
But it don't take an asshole to see that shit
[Chorus]

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