

Pop The Trunk

Yelawolf

Meth lab in the back and the crack smoke pills through the streets like an early morning fog
Momma's in the slaughter house with a hatchet helping daddy chop early morning hog
I'm catching Zs like an early morning saw when I woke up to the racket yawn and pause
What the fuck man I can never get sleep man, peeped out the window what's wrong with y'all?
 Stood up in my Crimson Tide Alabama sweat pants and threw my pillow
 Looks like daddy caught the motherfucker that tried to sneak in and steal his elbows
 They don't know that old man don't hold hands or throw hands naw he's rough like a brilo
Went to the Chevy and pulled out a machete and that gun is heavy and tall as the midget willow Think he's
 playin'? You better listen what he's sayin punk
 Don't make me go pop the trunk, on you
 He got an old Mossberg in the mossy oak duffle bag layin' in the back of the dunk boy
Don't make me go pop the trunk, on you Think he's playin'? You better listen what he's sayin punk
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Don't make me go pop the trunk, on you 11:30 and I'm pullin' up dirty smoking babbage out the back of my
 buddies Monty Carlo
 Spittin' over some super hot beats with a super hot freak we call the parking lot hoe
You know we sippin on that old brown bottle, bass in the trunk make the whole town wobble
So when we ride around bitches follow, but tonight one of the bitches is giving us problems
 Well one of them bitches be fuckin' one of my homeboys favorite bitches
 And has been on his hit list for a minute and I think he's ready to handle his business
 He told me Yelawolf get this and he handed me the Cartier watch that was on his wrist
He said watch this shit and he jumped to the trunk and grabbed his biscuit, biscuit! Think he's playin'? You
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Don't make me go pop the trunk, on you Two men stand, one's gotta go
 One falls down to the ground, one walks down to the road
 Momma better call the police
 Now he's screaming no
Took a buckshot to the chest with a rock salt shell and he's moving slow
 All this blood has spilled, enough to give a penguin chills
 Hot enough to make a potato smoke at the tip of a hollowed steel
 In the valley of the hollowed field
 In the valley of the hollowed 'til
This ain't a figment of my imagination buddy, this is where I live Bama! Think he's playin'? You better listen

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Songwriters

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