

animal (feat. fefe dobson) (Www.XtiloUrbano.Com)

Yelawolf

Yeah I'd like to sing you a little ditty
They should've never ever let you out
Cold animal with the mouth from the South
Watch you gonna say, what you gonna do
Coming, coming after you
Watch out for the D-Boys
Watch out for the boys in blue
You better keep it moving (big boy)
You know they're taking shots at you
"Cause you're an animal, oh
Here we go, Alabama's own buddy
Chroming eh? And I'm in the zone now
Everybody, bringing 'em home baby tour to stage
Slick Ricky Bobby in a Nascar
Runnin' over motherfuckers like I'm in a bar
Sentimental motherfuckers in a cookie jar
Beat a late night snack
I'm Santa Claus down to Panama beach drunk in my underalls
Playing underwear volleyball with ya bra
I ain't bothered by your triple D's, not at all
Let me hold 'em up for ya baby while you walk
Wanna get the party bumping let me do my thing
Get the marijuana plant need watering
Throw it in a bong let it start bubbling
Know what I mean, buttering butter butter bing
Trashy white, pass the mic, yeah I'm doing 'em dirty
Fists start pumping when I'm in the lights, like I'm rapping in Jersey
Never get elegant in elementary, never learned to write in cursive
Raised by the country B-Boys, I'm elegantly perfect
Rack it in, pack 'em in, to the back again, rap it up
Rap it in, sicker than a pack of ten minivans
You'll get when I win but I won't lose
In fact I'm gonna win, win again with another hand
Here's another hand, here's another hand
Dilly can I get another hand ?
Here's a hand, king king king king
Bitch, Ghet-O-Vision in the Dirty South
And you know we're gettin' clean, rich yeah!
They should've never ever let you out
Cold animal with the mouth from the South
Watch you gonna say, what you gonna do
Coming, coming after you

Watch out for the D-Boys
Watch out for the boys in blue
You better keep it moving (big boy)
You know they're taking shots at you
"Cause you're an animal, oh Candy-coated whip, runnin' over candy coated rappers (Vroom!)
Panties on my drip, do a back flip for me baby be an acrobatic actor
Do a cart wheel on a bar
Will you do a cart wheel while I chill on a bar stool
When I throw a dart at a wet seal
Well I can see ya, well I'm a throw a fuckin' harpoon
Go Looney Toons, and lose your fruit of the looms
To prove you're in the room, you're shroomin' to the moon
But in the mornin' you're wakin' up like a broom
Swept off your feet cause Yelawolf ain't a groom
I ain't poppin' the cherry, I'm poppin' berry
Moonshine, hop in the bedroom let's move
If you wanna compare me, compare me
To a legend don't compare me to a young fool
Go get a gun, go get a gun, I'll get a Cinnabun, now sit upon your fuckin' roof
I live it son, I get it done, fuck anyone
Yeah fuck anyone who ain't fuckin' with the crew
Yeah throw another bucket in the pool, dried out now everybody skate
Cause I'm a lord of a doggytown, A.L.A.B.A.M.A, my state
My state of my mind 1985 wide body, lookin' for the little small town keg party
Wanna get drunk, wanna fall up in a hottie, get shitty like a porta-potty
So, jump on the paddy wagon like a Pakistani
Packin' a Mac eleven , with a pack of maniacs, eleven thirty
Back at it again, I'm ready for the battle, when and where mothafucka'?
They let another crack in, yeah! They should've never ever let you out
Cold animal with the mouth from the South
Watch you gonna say, what you gonna do
Coming, coming after you
Watch out for the D-Boys
Watch out for the boys in blue
You better keep it moving (big boy)
You know they're taking shots at you
"Cause you're an animal, oh

Songwriters

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PENTZ, THOMAS WESLEY Published by

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