Hard White (up In The Club)

Yelawolf

It's the boy Lil' Jon (Yeah!)
Got my partner Yelawolf with' me (What's up Yela?)
You know it's time to crank the club up
Let's go! Yelawolf

You ain't gotta lay down on your bed to know you already fucked up
Lettin' me in the motherfuckin' game is lettin' me drunk-drivin' your truck
When Yelawolf arrived in this club, already had five in my cup
I done took another hit, I done ran into a bitch that's lookin' lifeless and stuck
Baby, what's wrong with' you now? What, you ain't happy with' red bottoms?
Mad 'cause I'm in VIP with' a fuckin' Jack bottle!?
With' Tom, Dick, and Harry
But I got up in this bitch with' a tank top 'cause I spit so very darn quick and scary
That's why they're so quick to compare me
But fuck the critics with' a spiked dick when it can fit barely
They probably think I'ma Limp Bizkit, their spit's jelly
But I put 'em in the woods, I'm a redneck, I'm a hick, tell me
Go ahead, what the fuck does it matter to me?
'Cause after me, there'll only be wannabes, and mostly ain't-never-gonna-bes
Yeah, in this forest, I'm a lonely tree
My limbs are covered in tattoos, and my roots, they run deep ah!

Two bottles, shawty, two bitches waitin'
Two tens, that's a win-win situation
Happy birthday, I'm feelin' brand new
Drinks on me, for me not you
Up in the club, don't give a fuck
Up in the club, don't give a fuck
Up in the club, don't give a fuck
Up in the club, still don't give a fuck

I don't know what to say after that first verse, I mean, like, damn, I just killed it
What the fuck am I supposed to do with this cow? I done already milked it
Smoke another cigarette, unfiltered, let go of anything that I'm feelin'
They done broke me down so many times before that I'm no longer rappin', I'm buildin'
With' one brick, two brick, three brick, four
Underneath the steps of my single-wide door
Raised by them dope boys, so I know how them things look
Thanks for the recipe, rest in peace, Wayne Bush

I don't cook my shit, I don't break it down for you motherfucker out there waitin' around
For some rap savior, you better look up at what it is that you facin' now
'Cause Jesus drives a Harley, the devil wears Prada
If God was one of us, he'd prob'ly drink vodka
I still kick it at the party when I get rich
'Cause rich or broke, I'm still as dope, the realest ain't as real as this
Dead or alive, I'll put a stamp in this bitch
You'll never see rock and roll do hip-hop like I did

Two bottles, shawty, two bitches waitin'
Two tens, that's a win-win situation
Happy birthday, I'm feelin' brand new
Drinks on me for me, not you

Up in the club, don't give a fuck
Up in the club, don't give a fuck
Up in the club, don't give a fuck
Up in the club, still don't give a fuck

Yeah, yeah (Y'all know we don't give a fuck)
It's Ghett-O-Vision (Yeah)
Shady (Yeah) still don't give a fuck (Nah)
(Ya boy Lil' Jon, we rep the South)
Happy birthday, Alabama

Up in the club, don't give a fuck ah
(Up in the club, still don't give a fuck)
I ain't in the buildin', I own the buildin', bitch!

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com
written by SMITH, JONATHAN H. / ATHA, MICHAEL WAYNE / CARTAGENA, ALEX / JACKSON, MICHAEL
Lyrics Â© Universal Music Publishing Group

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/