Get Away

Yelawolf

[verse 1: yelawolf]hell of a day to load a .22 and take it to the woods and let it ring into the night
and break a bottle with the bullet, yes i'm 'bout it motherfucker
not a single solitary thing is missing from my southern roots
i'm liable just to take a chevrolet and run it through the mud for giggles
huh, what a son of a bitch my momma raised into a rapper that could tell story like my uncle when he's drinking
product of a working environment, fuck is y'all thinking?
meaning i'm working-working harder than any artist can ever do it simply cause i'm made that way
i build a house around your ass before you could realize, that you were in the neighborhood that yelawolf made
so call me a redneck and tell your boys about it, tell'em i'm an alabama wanna-be, i be that
i'll just take it to the studio and drop a bomb on you from a motherfucking beanbag, i need that
[hook: yelawolf]get away
tell my folks roll up the j's
bring yelawolf a deuce, we'll sit up on the roof of the broken Chevrolet
talk till there's nothing left to say, cause if i don't get away
people see my trailer park ghetto ways, then you gonna have to get away from me
drink some, smoke some
you gonna have to get away from me
load up the guns, load up the guns
then you'll have to get away from me
drink some, smoke some
cause if i don't get away
people see my trailer park ghetto ways, then you gonna have to get away from me
[verse 2: shawty fatt]man, i done been through it all
i'd a been up and know what it is to fall
punk police feeling all on my balls
without a probable cause a nigga sittin' tall
dog, you gotta do something fatt
on the road with wolf, why'd you come back?
cause them up there, don't want to play fair
got me pinned to the wall like a fucking thumbtack

dumb fatt, dumb hell, criticize a nigga for the crack i sell?
like you could give a shit if a nigga eat well
or eat at all, want to see me fall
let 'em see that? naw dawg, them lies
long as i got catfish on my side
bitch i'm headed up, up to the sky
roll up, let's get high
wave at 'em bye, i need that

[hook][verse 3: mystikal]20 plus 20 still spittin' 'em out
still piss on your porch and still shit in your house
they put my dick in your mouth
take it back out
put it back in
fuck on the floor
skeet on the couch
which one of you ugly motherfuckers think your thug enough or
rug enough or
gutter enough or
fast enough to keep up (huh?)
most retarded motherfucker in the whole wide world ain't stupid or dumb enough to fuck with
if you're in, say you're in, (say you're in!)
and if you're in some motherfuckin business
knuckle up, buckle up, hustle up, huddle up,
what we goin' do? "win!"
not in there, not a nigga outta there can compare
to what i do to these boys on these bars and these scales
in these clubs, in these bars
on these tables and chairs
I need that!
[hook]

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