

# Trunk Muzik

## Yelawolf

Trunk Muzik, trunk Muzik  
Straight from the back of the game I rock it  
Yelawolf's got that crack boy  
In the woods with the S-K I'm cockin'  
You don't want to play with that toy  
Droppin' this heat like an asteroid  
Good in the south like Pastor Troy  
Pull up aside of a 1977  
Sittin' back and sippin' my Crown and seven  
Pimpin' I'm about to get down,  
Look at me changin' lanes  
Twin pipes lookin' like dragon's breath  
(Rooo) Chevrolet's blowin' flames  
Yes I, know it's strange  
Hit you in the left eye  
Hold the change  
Bitch you too heavy to carry  
You don't wanna bury yourself  
Underneath that eight O eight I'm droppin' in your face like  
To the DJ's  
Out cruisin'  
I got that Trunk Muzik  
Everybody hop in the Cadillac  
And outta back I'ma throttle the Chevrolet's  
With the bottom won't you roll the window down  
If ya cruisin'  
I got that Trunk Muzik  
Alabama's unanimous animal Yelawolf  
On the eight O eight come and fade away  
Ain't no better way to get down I told you I was coming  
Said I'd be here in five  
And even though I brought you glasses  
You still cant believe your eyes  
But if you don't believe it by now  
Fuck it just lean to the side  
Hold up wait a minute I don't really  
Wanna leave without a single solitary soul  
need em' for what I'll bring it to 'em  
If your sailin' catch my drift  
Lead me to the door check my list  
Meet me at the floor catch this fist

Or meet me at the store catch this lick  
Build this house flip this brick  
Real skate borders feel this grip  
Moving through the alleyway  
Look at the people tripping  
Cause I'm on a chopper like To the DJ's  
Out cruisin'  
I got that Trunk Muzik  
Everybody hop in the Cadillac  
And outta back I'ma throttle the Chevrolet's  
With the bottom won't you roll the window down  
If ya cruisin'  
I got that Trunk Muzik  
Alabama's unanimous animal Yelawolf  
On the eight O eight come and fade away  
Ain't no better way to get down I have to be the hardest I got diamond nuts  
I piss excellence Ricky Bobby lines em up  
Catfish Billy half pints 'em up  
Yelawolf country fries 'em up  
Pull um in duffle bag then I roll 'em in a river then I hold up  
Watch what the fuck you hold up  
Dynamite sticks will blow up  
Ghet-O-Vision got this sewed up  
Roll up smoke up, everybody wishin' they choose us  
But we don't give a fuck you know what  
I know you didn't see me coming but I'm coming anyway  
Bitch Yelawolf is stylin' on 'em To the DJ's  
Out cruisin'  
I got that Trunk Muzik  
Everybody hop in the Cadillac  
And outta back I'ma throttle the Chevrolet's  
With the bottom won't you roll the window down  
If ya cruisin'  
I got that Trunk Muzik  
Alabama's unanimous animal Yelawolf  
On the eight O eight come and fade away  
Ain't no better way to get down

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