

# F.A.S.T RIDE (Produced By Supahot Beats)

Yelawolf

(Intro)

(You know my Uncle Critter said,  
"You look like you been shot at and missed  
Shit at and hit"(Hook)

On that ass, bitch

Bumpin this funky-ass shit to ride to  
Yeah, and I be bumpin this funky-ass shit to ride to  
Yeah, on that ass, bitch

And I be bumpin this funky-ass shit to ride to  
Trunk Muzik, bumpin this funky-ass shit to ride to(Verse 1)

Mello Yello can in my hand,  
Mullet hawk, what?

Country folks dont talk much  
They just get to work: sawdust

Chainsaw, axe, knife, cut firewood, burn, logs, heat  
Sleepin bag by the bricks: call me the fly, Im on some shit  
Drum this out with two sticks

Soup a high school Coupe for new kicks  
Zoom, raps make mummies jealous from a tomb  
Knock twice if you feel it

Born to rip, I shouldve been  
Perforated by the rings like a Mead notebook  
Squares want an artery blocked when Im around

Circulated, nerds are in, Urkel made it  
Ill slap Urkel, take his lunch money

Punks they run from me, drunk and upset  
But I dont run clumsy, punch a perp

A one, two, three: Im at the Chelsea Hotel  
Like Sid & Nancy with the knife, and two grams of candy  
Give me the dizzies, fee, fee, fuck me

Please oh please dont leave

Just give me the keys and crank that beat

Cause I might double up and straight dry heave  
But believe, oh believe Im cold, Imma freeze this beat  
Like Freon, frickin neon, thats me glowing in a snowstorm

Look here, we in these streets like a pair of Nikes  
Well, I might be more like a pair of nice jeans, cause Im(Hook)

On that ass, bitch

Bumpin this funky-ass shit to ride to

Yeah, and I be bumpin this funky-ass shit to ride to  
Yeah, on that ass, bitch  
And I be bumpin this funky-ass shit to ride to  
Trunk Muzik, bumpin this funky-ass shit to ride to(Verse 2)  
So whats new?  
Been on that shit, wheres the atlas?  
Thumbtack it, South Cackalack it, Alabama has it, go  
Relax in a 1985 box train, perhaps Im playin Relapse  
Boss, Eminem saw the gem in him  
Oh, me? Yeah, who thought?  
Just toss the white trash out the window  
Now Im in a ditch like broken pencils  
Empty bottles and stolen rentals  
This one is for all my kinfolk  
Yeah, bring em in, though  
Out the rain, whats a friend for?  
Word, oh for sure, yours truly, at the door  
Had to add a syllable to that word  
Country, but, oh, of course  
Bitches go berserk for certainly, no need to be coerced  
Odd economy, dont need no nine-nine-nine-nine-nine and I know  
Just the na, na, na, na, hey, hey, hey, goodbye, and hey, lets roll  
These hoes are no good, pills are okay  
I just wanna get high, fuck what you say  
Wild, the pen-play kind of like a samurai sword  
With a big bitch, bow to sensei  
Motherfuckin bitch, its pay your rent day  
Do I not look like my name was MJ  
One glove and a fuckin pair of penny loafers  
And I moonwalk on the tempo like Billy Jean is not my friend, no(Hook)  
On that ass, bitch  
Bumpin this funky-ass shit to ride to  
Yeah, and I be bumpin this funky-ass shit to ride to  
Yeah, on that ass, bitch  
And I be bumpin this funky-ass shit to ride to  
Trunk Muzik, bumpin this funky-ass shit to ride to(Outro)  
Yeah yeah  
Bumpin this funky-ass shit to ride to  
On that ass, bitch  
Bumpin this funky-ass shit to ride to  
On that ass, ho  
Bumpin this funky-ass shit to ride to  
Yeah, Im on my shit now  
Yeah, Im on my shit now  
Yeah, Im on my shit now

Yeah, Im on my shit now  
Yeah, Im on my shit now  
Yeah, Im on my shit now  
Lets go, lets go, lets go  
Lets go, lets go, lets go  
Lets go, lets go  
Yeah, Im on my shit now  
Im on my shit now  
Im on my shit now  
Im on my shit now  
Im on my  
Yeah, Im on my shit now  
Im on my shit now  
Lets go!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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