

## Yeezayer

### "Way Out"

Visit "[Way Out](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Hook]

Cinnamon seats, dashboard flakes, yeah, sprayed out  
Drunk as a fool, throwing that Jimmy back until I'm laid  
out

Homie, I'm on my Catfish Billy shit, I'm talking way out  
Dude, I'm way out ? I'm talking way out  
Rolling country side anywhere that I go, hey now  
Drunk on ?Quake, cops pulling off they telling me ?turn  
it way down?

Homie, I'm on my Catfish Billy shit, I'm talking way out  
Dude, I'm way out ? I'm talking way out

[Verse 1]

Yeah ? intergalactic, out of my mind and into traffic  
In the pepper Converse tryna climb out  
And risk it with nothing in my backpack  
It's me: a son of a bitch, a child of a prick  
A stepson you don't wanna hit  
Ooo wee, no, not him ? not Lil Wayne, Michael Wayans  
Who you thought it was, B?  
Damn right, and I'm on a tightrope  
Screaming out ?die bitch?, fuck my life  
I ain't never give a fuck, I could never give a fuck now  
So put the chain on my bike, yeah  
Put that bitch back on the spot, give me the pistol  
before you cock it  
Let me throw a bullet in the clip for luck for us  
Poor us, yeah, popping these, shocking, ain't it mane?  
Well, I guess nobody wants to be broke, right? Black or  
white  
Paint the frame  
?Cause I'm only used to refusing the stereotypes of a  
name  
I ain't a name ? I'm a soul, I'm a piece of gold  
I'm a pro, I'm a piece of shit too, too  
What I gotta do if I gotta roll? Guess what?  
I'mma roll all over you when I'm riding

[Hook]

[Verse 2]

Used to watch my beeper chirp, new Dickies and a  
Black (?) shirt  
My world was a little bitty spot in the universe outside  
of Earth  
Tennessee loud, Alabama born, I came down in a  
meteor storm  
Media wrong, media right, righting my wrong, lean to  
get long  
Don?t come to get this, children go ? this building is  
about to blow  
I don?t know what I?mma do with this feeling inside of  
my mind and soul  
I?m a one-in-a-million human show  
Shoulda been the motherfucking Truman Show  
But if you seen me getting raped as a child  
You probably wouldn?t give me room to grow  
Heavy blow, take a heavy sigh  
Like a runner on the dailies, high oh my  
You?ll be good, baby boy, don?t cry  
I can make a boat with the broke up rhymes  
God made me the Cherokee like no  
I can?t let the world off the hook this time  
And if you didn?t want this catfish shit  
In fact, you should?ve never shook that line  
Readied that hook, took this time, to press play, then  
rewind  
I would rather be drunk than be blind  
To the space age pimp shit that I combine  
With what I know, rock and roll, I?m so famous, country  
fresh  
That I can?t take one step in the fuckin? street when I?  
m in public  
So I get in this

[Hook]

Visit [Yeasayer](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.