

Yelawolf

"Ain't Going Out Like That"

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Center blocks hold up the Porsche,
Grandpa, grandpa hold up the fort.
Billy's got the ball on an open court,
Rolling dope as a summer time sport.
Hold up! I'm on the hill.
If you shake it up, better let it chill.
Creekwater still steals,
Baby's gotta eat so I steal that meal.

Rapper that's still chill,
Pedal the big wheel,
Kind of a big deal.
Black like a wet seal,
White like a big spill,
Fight like a trailer park, boy!
Raw best still,
Look for the best deal.
Look no further,
I put habaneros on your hamburger,
I pull bow and arrows out on you
you would think it's murder.
Leave me with your bitch in a mini-skirt
and I might serve her.
Park on the curber!
Treating me like a pervert.
Fuck it, eat it, beat it, see us
like a cleavage on a ?
Ride through my city,
I bleed it, believe it I breath it harder.
Mama! Pick up hella weed and
hello papa tis' the season.
Mine is coming, his is leaving.
Sally ain't looking good, what's she breating?
Meth addicts, dead rabbits.
Come up! But I'm good at it.

Pull out the needles, let me see if I can leave them
tatted.
I got that shit is selling homie ? habit.
To avenues cuts alleyways dirtroads paddle boats
paddle through lake ? through a fork!
Still got a duffel bag in the trunk.

If I'm going out, I'm going out with a honk.
Who, what, when, where? Buddy I'll be there.
Watch my POW POW put a sawed off out of the rocking
chair.
I don't know how to stop it, stop where?
Here? Alright, cool.. I guess I'll leave it there, dude.

Now pick it up!

Moonshine in the noon time, give me the hiccup.
Stick it up. Baby, you just ain't thick enough.
Put a dick in your butt, let's picking it up.
That's how we live it up.
Just move away, call it and pick the kitties up.
Sit in this pick up truck. Let's go hit the city, slut.
808 black and give you many nuts.
Vibrate on a highway.. that's Catfish Billy up!
Go pop a pillie I'm a toon like I'm mitted up.
Oh no what shroom a platoon let's kitt it up.
Gitty up, gitty up. Course I'll rock your pretty up.
Idiot shooter took a long from a long shot.
You owe me money as soon as the fucking song starts.
I am a drunk dart, don't walk in front of it.
Don't be a football to the booth that I pun it with nice
kick. Field goal!
I spit ice picks... CYPRESS HILL, bro.
That's some tight shit, but that's what I'm here for!

WE AIN'T GOING OUT!

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