

# Yelawolf

## "Animal"

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[Intro]

Yeah i'd like to sing you a little ditty

[Hook: Fefe Dobson]

They should've never, ever let you out  
Cold animal with the mouth from the South  
Watch you gonna say, what you gonna do  
As you know they comin', comin' after you  
Watch out for the D-Boys  
Watch out for the boys in blue  
You better keep it movin', big boy  
You know they're takin' shots at you  
Cos you're an animal, oh

[Verse 1: Yelawolf]

Here we go, Alabama's own buddy, Promenade  
And I'm in the zone now, everybody  
Bringin' em home baby, tour the stage  
Slick Rick E. Bobby in a Nascar  
Runnin' over motherfuckers like I'm in a bar  
Sentimental motherfuckers in a cookie jar  
Beat a late night snack, I'm Santa Clause  
Down to Panama beach, drunk in my underalls  
Playin' underwear volleyball with your bra  
I ain't bothered by your triple D's, not at all  
Let me hold em up for ya baby while you walk  
Wanna get the party bumpin' let me do my thing  
If the marijuana plant need watering  
Throw it in a bong let it start bubbling  
Know what I mean, butterin' butter butter bing  
Trashy white, pass the mic, yeah I'm doin' em dirty  
Fists start pumpin' when I'm in the lights, like I'm  
rappin' in Jersey  
Never get elegant in elementary, never learned to write  
in cursive  
Raised by the country B-Boys, I'm elegantly perfect  
Rack it in, pack em in, to the back again, rap it up  
Rap it in, sicker than a pack of ten mini-thins  
You'll get when I win but I won't lose  
In fact I'm gonna win, win again with another hand  
Here's another hand, here's another hand  
Dealer, can I get another hand

Here's a hand, king king king king  
Bitch, Ghet-O-Vision in the Dirty South  
And you know we're gettin' clean, rich yeah!

[Hook]

[Verse 2]

Candy-coated whip runnin' over candy coated rappers  
(Vroom!)

Panties on my drip do a back flip for me baby be an  
acrobatic actor (Action!)

Do a cart wheel on a bar, will you do a cart wheel while I  
chill on a bar stool

Will I throw a dart at a wet seal

Well if I see a whale I'mma throw a fuckin' harpoon

Go Looney Toons, and lose your fruit of the looms to  
prove you're in the room

You're shroomin' to the moon

But in the mornin' you're wakin' up like a broom

Swept off your feet cause Yelawolf look like a groom

I ain't poppin' the cherry, I'm poppin' berry moonshine

hop in the bedroom let's move

If you wanna compare me

Compare me to a legend don't compare me to a young  
fool

Go get a gun, go get a gun, I'll get a Cinnabun, now sit  
upon your fuckin' roof

I live it son, I get it done, fuck anyone yeah fuck  
anybody who ain't fuckin' with the crew

Yeah throw another bucket in the pool, dry it out now  
everybody skate

Cos I'm a lord of a doggytown, (WOLF!) A-L-A-B-A-M-A  
My state

My state of my mind 1985 wide body

Looking for the little small town keg party

Wanna get drunk, wanna fall up in a hottie

Get shitty like a porta-potty

(So!) Jump on the paddy wagon like a Pakistani

Packin' a Mac 11, with a pack of maniacs

11:30, back at it again

I'm ready for the battle, when and where muthafucka?

They let another cracker in, yeah!

[Hook]

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