

Yelowolf "Can It Be"

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Yeah

Now Yelowolf is only gettin funky,
Ask mommy i'm a fool come and laugh for me.
Hit the fame wit more soul than a sad junkie.
This ol cracker shit on rappers like bad plumbing.
It's overgrown but they couldnt hide my path from me.
I'm in the truck you shoulda seen the white trash
coming.
Fuck a bitch im trash honey, walkin wit my hands
pointed at her throat like a mad mummy.
Laugh suckas around the track, mash money.
Bank wads and paint jobs could get the cash from me.
Treat everybody like a wall to a crash dummy,
Jesus i mean it's a car to the last coming.
A cheetah never seen this fast running, like i do rap
honey, cant you hear the echo to the brass humming.
I want it all I want the last something, if there's
something to be got I wanna get the got and leave the
rats nothing.
And if the god got got by the last monkey,
I am a gorilla the vanilla bean, that's hungry.
Hungry enough to eat a burrito full of mayo and glass
clumsy when im drunk off a glass of brass monkey.
Givin up is like givin my dad money, im better off givin
up, cause ill never see back the cash from him.
Family value is a drag sonny, when youre from
alabama, even grandmas lookin for that fast money.

(Hello)

Bootleg carry Yelowolf family.

(Say Howdy)

How ya doin out there?

(Hello)

Can it be that it was all so simple?

(Man im sorry)

Does anybody really fuckin care?

And im back like a fuckin fetus between the knees of a
cheetah, killed by the coathanger my throat rangled i
breath in this mic,
reachin for credit but im really reachin for cleavage,
from the bitch of the rap game i want milk, i wont

believe it if you say i dont deserve im worth it, im worth
adidas and gold chains and fedoras and all that come
for the reason.

To be a part of the leaders the preachers and money
seekers.

Thatll turn my project come into a fuckin platinum
leaker, or gold at least come on i mean i'm not a
golden retriever.

But i receive the gold even if i win by a needle.

The people winnin i see em i got em im on their heel,
with the tank and a militia with a mission like Steven
Siegel.

Deceivin the sheeps illegal i need the sheep to be
smarter, im a martyr but im not a creep you should
know when you see the eagle.

The script and the seven seagrams the sip and the
shine is lethal, but a drunk bird in flights like a baby
drivin a regal.

But maybe the babys fright and my flight is only a
piece of the story cause im not boring im an entertainer
to the people.

In your brain like i thought, im the prince to the Sheila
cause Sheila's my momma, and this purple reign in my
roof leaks to the bucket but fuck it all i fix roofs and i fix
heaters,

so i never stay cold for long im too strong im a two
seater in a used beamer with a corvette engine on an
empty street wit a nitrous tank but the night is blank
and i got no high beams to see.

But a high beam to me, is a jim beam high hi beam how
ya be?

3, 3, 3

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