

Yelawolf

"Director's Cut"

Visit "[Director's Cut](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Psycho motherfucker)
(Psycho motherfucker)

[Verse 1:]

I took my Buck knight
Stuck it in my bag
In a black Jansport that I've had since 2000 class
And some duct tape, the last of a roll I used
The first of it I used to patch a hole in my bedroom
window glass
I broke into my trailer because this bitch locked me out
She took my keys and threw them into the yard, but I
haven't cut my grass
Plus it was dark when I got home, I was driving fast
But she made it hard to see the road and I drove right
past
Had to turn around in a cul de sac, dead end
And I barely made into my dirt drive, running out of
gas
A late night at work, another tailspin
Got fired so I hit the bar and I got trashed
I stumbled in to find a note, 'I'm gone'
"No shit, bitch"
I crumple the note, and threw it on the ground, and
picked up the phone
"Fuck", she cut the wire, busted the jack with a
hammer
I know, cause I can see that the plastic got bashed

I was so mad, I went sober
With a forced laugh, I reached for the last thing that I
need in my sack
(Haha) A picture of us in a cab, the night we said it
would work out
That didn't last, a couple dollars short, or maybe just
the wrong path
The reason was irrelevant to me, cause I just wanted
payback
So I jumped in my truck, put the dash, spitted gas
And a bag packed up tape and buck knife, and that was

that
Thinking

[Hook:]

This must be a movie
Cause Iâ€™m about to roll tape again
Iâ€™m about to make a movie
Michael Myers and Superman
Â“Look up at the sky! Itâ€™s a bird! Itâ€™s a plane! Â”
Michael Myers and Superman
Is it a game? Or is it insane?
Michael Myers and Superman

[Verse 2:]

I pulled out the driveway, took a right on Rainbow Drive
While I tried to keep my truck alive, pumping down the
street
I believe it was 55 outside, cold, and the window was
frosted
Truck died and then I crawled into the pump station
Barely making it to the pump
I walked in, put my last 10 dollar bills on the desk
Snuck a pack of cigarettes in my pocket
As he reached for the register, the thought sparked in
my head
To leave him dead, but no, fuck it
Iâ€™ll save his life, and put 10 in the bucket
I ainâ€™t killing in public
It ainâ€™t in my budget
The door, I budged it
Slid through to the pump my gas as the thought
Of all the shit she put me through, but I was glad
I had a reason to go see her now
Other than to lay her down
I got a reason to treat her like a voodoo doll with this
bait I found
I made the sound of screeching tires as I pulled out the
station
Mind racing for the placement of my rage, I was
impatient
Movie in the making
So I punched the dash and my front windshield
cracked
It made it harder for me to see what was in front of me
But I mashed on the pedal, stomping through the floor
With a leak in the door
The wind whistled like a missile in a war, or a bullet
from a pistols bore
Reached under my seat for a bottle of whiskey and

took a shot
While my stomach was in a know, nerves shot
I mowed over the plot
When I find this bitch, I'm gonna put her in a throat lock
with a rope and a sock
Duct taped on her mouth and make her look at a clock
And every second, IÂ'm going to pop one of her
boyfriendÂ's fingers
With a vise grip, while heÂ's screaming at me, Â“No!
Stop! Â”
When I make it to his knees
While heÂ's tied to a metal chair, with radio wires
hooked to a live battery
IÂ'm going to grab his head and make him stare at you
While you drill holes in his kneecaps with a screw
And this is only preview to scene 2!
Take 1

[Hook]

(Screaming)

[Hook]

Â“Look up at the sky! ItÂ's a bird! ItÂ's a plane! Â”
Is it a game? Or is it insane?

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