

Yelawolf

"Fast Ride"

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[Hook]

On that ass, bitch
Bumpin' this funky-ass shit to ride to
Yel - and I be bumpin' this funky-ass shit to ride to
Yel - on that ass, bitch
And I be bumpin' this funky-ass shit to ride to
Trunk Muzik - bumpin' this funky-ass shit to ride to

[Verse 1]

Mello Yello can in my hand - mullet, hog, what?
Country folks don't talk much
They just get to work - sawdust
Chainsaw, axe, knife, cut firewood, burn, logs, heat
Sleepin' bag by the bricks - come with the fly, I'm
on some shit
Drum this out with two sticks
Soup a high school Coupe for new kicks
Zoom - raps make mummies just lift from a tomb
Knock twice if you feel it
Born to rip, I should've been
Perforated by the rings like a Mead notebook
Squares want an artery blocked when I'm around
Circulated - nerds are in, Urkel made it
I'll slap Urkel, take his lunch money
Punks they run from me, drunk and upset
But I don't run clumsy, punch a perp
A one, two, three - I'm at the Chelsea Hotel
Like City Nancy with the knife, and two grams of candy
Get the... fee, fee, fuck me
Please oh please don't leave
Just give me the keys and crank that beat
'Cause I might double up and strike, dry heave
But believe, oh believe I'm cold, I'mma freeze this
beat
Like Freon, frickin' neon, that's me glowing in a
snowstorm
Look here, we in these streets like a pair of Nikes
Well, I might be more like a pair of nice jeans, cause
I'm...

[Hook]

[Verse 2]

So what's new?
Been on that shit, where's the atlas?
Thumbtack it, South Kakalak it, Alabama has it - go
Relax in a 1985 box train, perhaps I'm playin'
Relapse
Boss - Eminem saw the gem in him
Oh, me? Yeah, who thought?
Just toss the white trash out the window
Now I'm in a ditch like broken pencils
Empty bottles and stolen rentals
This one is for all my kinfolk
Yeah, bring 'em in, though
Out the rain, what's a friend for?
Word, oh for sure - yours truly, at the door
Had to add a syllable to that word
Country, but, oh, of course
Bitches go berserk for certainly, no need to be coerced
Odd economy, don't need no nine-nine-nine-nine-nine
and I know
Just the na, na, na, na, hey, hey, hey, goodbye, and
hey, let's roll
These hoes are no good, pills are okay
I just wanna get high, fuck what you say
Wild, the pen-play kind of like a samurai sword
With a big bitch, bow to sensei
Motherfuckin' bitch, it's pay your rent day
You are not alone like my name was MJ
One glove and a fuckin' pair of penny loafers
And I moonwalk on the tempo like Billy Jean is not my
friend, no
I'm just on that ass, hoe
Bumpin' this funky-ass shit to ride to

[Outro]

Yeah... yeah...
Bumpin' this funky-ass shit to ride to
On that ass, bitch
Bumpin' this funky-ass shit to ride to
On that ass, hoe
Bumpin' this funky-ass shit to ride to
Yeah, I'm on my shit now...
Yeah, I'm on my shit now...
Yeah, I'm on my shit now...
Yeah, I'm on my shit now...
Yeah, I'm on my shit now...
Yeah, I'm on my shit now...
Let's go, let's go, let's go
Let's go, let's go, let's go
Let's go, let's go

Yeah, Iâ€™m on my shit nowÂ...
Iâ€™m on my shit nowÂ...
Iâ€™m on my shit nowÂ...
Iâ€™m on my shit nowÂ...
Iâ€™m on myÂ...
Yeah, Iâ€™m on my shit nowÂ...
Iâ€™m on my shit nowÂ...
Letâ€™s go!

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