

Yelawolf

"Hammertime"

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(Hook)

Iâ€™m getting drunk, hammertime
What you say punk, hammertime
This one is yours, this one is mine
Raise it up, hammertime
Hammertime (x4)
That one is yours, this one is mine

(Verse)

Pull me over â€™cause Iâ€™m falling over stepping off
Running rap I swear, hello mama how is church
Another sunday and Iâ€™m working off in it
Feeling like a edible eat shit for dessert
For the first day of christmas I wonâ€™t buzz
Second day of christmas I wonâ€™t check
Niggas in the cars and the crop and the city in the
chevy
Throwin rocks and your car donâ€™t match
Steady branches while they kill it and before that
You been a real goon â€™cause I feelin laid back
But if I wanna run I wanna circle with the upper
So I like it to your rose and I do it in fact
And Iâ€™m running on your own, black maybach
And a can of white paint like I came from the top
And the cd drops if you wanna tell your mama
That you wanna come play like you came from the stop
Iâ€™m right on time donâ€™t change the clock
With the prime of the rhyme ainâ€™t no cock
And the gameâ€™s on lock and the game in the box
Doors on you we got on so back
Better put your mom, better find a job
Call the cops, find it all
â€™cause if I made it call, the people that care about you
Never ever ever find you at all
Ah nah hell nah, I donâ€™t know on it, but ball hundred
Crips and tie hand it a hundred
Yelawolfâ€™s raw, ye heâ€™s done it
But I canâ€™t afford to lose this gold
It be like driving a ford to the show
I rather walk and get my chevy towed,
To the front door the bar I sold

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(Verse)

Hammertime or jack daniels
Is an old friend of mine
I bought my lady friend a gin and lime
My hand in the pandy line
We took the pills and the feeling get simplified
We sort zandy line and feel the drain is dripped
Hard liquor we donâ€™t sip we donâ€™t baby sit
Draw spitting like Iâ€™m niffing on a baby dip
I could get hit like a freight train and leave
But itâ€™s time to go hammer, Iâ€™ma go slam her
Tryin to crown but your little ghost
Like a dude want to gold winners
Now tell the shit, Iâ€™ma bust them in the head with his
so called bottle
He gonâ€™ need some cold water and a pack of ice
I ainâ€™t no role model got a bag a body
We bout to drop it out, we hopping out
Thereâ€™s something those goons driving drove from
those flashing lights

(Hook)

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