

Yelowolf

"Hard White"

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Li'l Jon

It's the boy Li'l Jon (Yeah!)
Got my patna Yelowolf wit' me (Wassup Yela?)
You know it's time to crank the club up
Let's go!
Yelowolf

[Yelowolf - Verse 1]

You ain't gotta lay down on your bed to know you
already fucked up
Lettin' me in the motherfuckin' game is lettin' me
drunk-drivin' your truck
When Yelowolf arrived in this club, already had five in
my cup
I done took another hit, I done ran into a bitch that's
lookin' lifeless and stuck
Baby, what's wrong wit' you now? What, you ain't happy
wit' red bottoms?
Mad 'cause I'm in VIP wit' a fuckin' Jack bottle?
Wit' Tom, Dick, and Harry
But I got up in this bitch wit' a tank top 'cause I spit so
very darn quick and scary
That's why they're so quick to compare me
But fuck the critics wit' a spiked dick when it can fit
barely
They prob'ly think I'ma Limp Bizkit, their spit's jelly
But I put 'em in the woods, I'm a redneck, I'm a hick, tell
me
Go ahead: What the fuck does it matter to me?
'Cause after me, there'll only be wannabes, and mostly
ain't-never-gonna-bes
Yeah, in this forest, I'm a lonely tree
My limbs are covered in tattoos, and my roots, they run
deep

Two bottles, shawty, two bitches waitin'
Two tens, that's a win-win situation
Happy birthday, I'm feelin' brand new
Drinks on me â€¦ for me, not you
Li'l Jon

Up in the club
Don't give a fuck
Up in the club
Don't give a fuck
Up in the club
Don't give a fuck
Up in the club
Yela

Still don't give a fuck

I don't know what to say after that first verse, I mean,
like, damn, I just killed it
What the fuck am I supposed to do with this cow? I
done already milked it

Smoke another cigarette, unfiltered, let go of anything
that I'm feelin'

They done broke me down so many times before that
I'm no longer rappin', I'm buildin'
Wit' one brick, two brick, three brick, four
Underneath the steps of my single-wide door
Raised by them dope boys, so I know how them things
look

Thanks for the recipe, rest in peace, Wayne Bush
I don't cook my shit, I don't break it down for you
motherfucker out there waitin' around
For some rap savior, you better look up at what it is that
you facin' now

'Cause Jesus drives a Harley, the devil wears Prada
If God was one of us, he'd prob'ly drink vodka
I still kick it at the party when I get rich
'Cause rich or broke, I'm still as dope, the realest ain't
as real as this

Dead or alive, I'll put a stamp in this bitch
You'll never see rock and roll do hip-hop like I did

Two bottles, shawty, two bitches waitin'
Two tens, that's a win-win situation
Happy birthday, I'm feelin' brand new
Drinks on me â€¦ for me, not you
Li'l Jon

Up in the club
Don't give a fuck
Up in the club
Don't give a fuck
Up in the club
Don't give a fuck
Up in the club

Still don't give a fuck

Yeah (Y'all know we don't give a fuck)

It's Ghett-O-Vision (Yeah)

Shady (Yeah)

Still don't give a fuck (Nah)

(Ya boy Li'l Jon)

(We rep the South)

Happy birthday, Alabama

Up in the club

Don't give a fuck

(Up in the club)

(Still don't give a fuck)

(Up in the club)

(Still don't give a fuck)

I ain't in the buildin', I own the buildin', bitch!

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