

Yelawolf

"Kickin"

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Bass

Who the one from the pine, whaddup yall?
I'm the one from the grind, How low yall
Low below the Dixie line, fuck with me, I'll show ya how
to pull the quarter pound off the rippy, off the rippy
I'm catfish bitch
I am back in
West east late night (who?) pump action
Nadda nothin buddy don't even bother (holler) him
I told you I'm catfish, I'm quick to swaller (swaller) brim
Young gangsters bustin wanna act bad (bad)
Wastin gun shells like Bush in Baghdad
Top of the school I've got the chopper in soul
Betcha he takes it like a motherfuckin hoe
Glass breakin I have your mother duckin low
Back down ha now that's a motherfuckin joke
Southern boys got hot butter for your soul
Cracker barrel full of dynamite so lets go
[Chorus]
My rattlin trunk, got them bobble heads lookin
Rear view mirrors got the world sittin crooked
I am kick kickin kick kick kick kickin
Kick kickin kick kick kick kickin
These twelve inch speakers, these six inch tweeters
I'm playin those heaters
I got dick beaters
I am kick kickin kick kick kick kickin
Kick kickin kick kick kick kickin
[End Chorus]
Give me that kenwood, these kicks are tempting
I'm throwin this shit up like bottles of Jim Beam
Knockers dropping, models are modeling
In vibrating seats so make knees start wobbling
If you want it bad well then I give you my pickle
I'm so off the chain that I can't pedal my bicycle
Ain't got no petro, still get it crunk though
Leavin my tire marks and hip hop centerfolds
Hoe!
I know that amplifiers heated up
Hoe!
I know the DJ wanna speed it up

My shits snappin, it ain't snap music
But you can lean back and throw it up, come on
These Alabama boys connect with Atlanta boys
Raised by them gun lovers who load up bananas boy
Drivin them chevys and throwin Ds on them cadillacs
Speakers and tweeters beatin my whip got that rattle
back

[Chorus]

Yeah I'm Southern
I'm crazy, I'm drivin, Chevy's daily
Haller at chee, burnin tires
I'm trashy, but I'm fire
Yeah
I'll stick em good, I'll show em up
I'll show em hood, I don't give a fuck
I'm from the trailer park
I help king
Don't get any part
So watch your spelling
In the evening they ring a ling ling ling
Cellular blowing up they wanna dinga ling
I'm a leading scene
The pimp of the leading team
We number one over 7 of dixie of mafia family
[Chorus]

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