

# Yelawolf "Rack City"

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Yeah! Sourmilk, JustIncredible  
L.A. Leakers  
(Buzzin' on the beat ho!)

Alabama rich, I'm alabama rich  
Shady records  
Ghetto Vision, hello kids I'm in, this bitch with hits  
Big camera and, fuck around I leave your momma with  
a candle lit  
Speaking of candles lit, happy birthday me  
Radioactive is a magnet for birthday treats  
New house, fresh shoes  
It's like all my opponents saw me and said let's lose  
Good move!  
Is it me? or the fake "let's choose"  
Cause' I'm teaching the class, you mothafuckas slept  
through  
So even the haters only instigating my students  
But a couple of questions that I won't say yes too  
Like Mr dobalina Mr bob dobalina can I sick em for ya  
Bob?  
Can I pick ya chrome nina up, and pick off for ya from  
afar with the beamer?  
Cause I seen him, he's a fault, he's a real cob cleaner  
I shoulda been loose but I refuse to be an o-bama-nator  
You hate on me and you probably an o-bama-hater  
Laugh at you chronic players, sit with a sonic laser, and  
shoot you from Pluto with a soup bowl full of now-and-  
laters  
Niggas can still see in the shot, cause I'm a power  
fader  
Shower these cowards without a doubt of my power  
And take ya bitch without a shower til I'm sour til hours  
later, she still come back lying about the one that her  
momma gave her. (ugh!)  
Everybody knows I'm a loose cannon, with a wick the  
size of a fuckin toothpick, better back up quick and  
assume the damage  
What I gave this beat is like a treat for a chief example  
That I got a way with tracks, a Chinese weave scandal  
Back away from the bicycle, tricycles fit you better  
Pick another cypher, better yet pick up rifle, and do ya

self a favor  
And kill ya self midget hoe!  
And do it next to a river so nobody gotta dig a hole.

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