

Yelowolf "Thank You"

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yeah
i'm kinda like fuckin shit up
still walk with a limp like i'm tellin my dick to get up
shakin up babies and makin the babies spit up
you babies are maybe gonna get it ahhh shut up
might as well leave myself alone
i can't fight it my fist in a ball like i wanna punch a
microphone
what did i get on
3 pills and i'm at it
5 pills down i'm high as a motherfucker an addict
and an addict im addin habits to an already tragic
situation now im pacin back and forth in a panic
but i see everything in my future as panoramic
see i gotta pen and my pen has got me at advantage
probably land me in the hamptons up in a hammock
lovers im 50 thousand my babies up in the hammock
rock n roll hop in yo 85 and lock and load
i am a crock ima pop bottles with pots of gold
i am just i am just a lion with primal soul
i am your highness without fine or designer clothes
i am the thorn on the stem i am not the rose
if pimpin was rippin i would rip the entire globe
i'm so pimpin im sippin dew from a diamond bowl
9 to 5 i go
yeah 9 to 5 i go
money in money out, wiz khalifa
but i'm forever like the witty chiefers
a new york applebum
you should put me on bonita
a texas chainsaw brains all on the cleaver
killa killa oh my god yea im a godzilla
odd thrilla odd future odd past too
our tilla we me he the millimeter zing zing
see thee he the 22 empty crews
he's clean cleaner than some new shoes
meaner than a prude
new hair tattoo big news
yelowolf is on the track CHOO CHOO
i enter the intstrumental like a enema shit moves
you faggots aint gettin women pussy lip clues
spittin shit dudes

im ok why cuz im cool
cool enough to refrigerate a frigid ate glue
with my livin groove
just by sittin next to
drop an ice cube on the mic
like a nice brewed tea ice brewed
and take a hike nice shoes
damn right or take a bite for a nice cruise
cuz im back
wait im a great lake
shark ima make
author debate
hearts break ima take charge and play
hard to get ima spit
gods and shakes
stars to the wait
grow up and embrace me as a made artist
my pants got rolls with a rake and i made it hard
for fakes and snake charmers who waste this great
harvest
i fuckin farmed it
give tapes to a & r's
blazed this trail then i set sail on the main target
hit the main target
change the game and i made
waves and made artists
switch and bite and twitch and shake and rob and take
like i play garden
they hopin i see em i give em a pass and a main
pardon
you rob me and get sold for a great bargain
the least you could do for the truth is pay homage
i see the cracks the leaks its way common
im sick shit wait i may vomit
cuz im a great comet im comin pray mama
jesus christ ima leave this life's drama
to be the bloodline of the world i see gonna
so leave me not when you speak of the king son of a
bitch
im rich in blues
color me what you wanna
white is my skin tone
black is my persona
red is the tip of the flame, guess what's burning under
yela, and 333 is my fuckin number

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