

Yelawolf

"Way Out"

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[Hook]

Cinnamon seats, dashboard flakes, yeah, sprayed out
Drunk as a fool, throwing that Jimmy back until Iâ€™m
laid out
Homie, Iâ€™m on my Catfish Billy shit, Iâ€™m talking way
out
Dude, Iâ€™m way out â– Iâ€™m talking way out
Rolling country side anywhere that I go, hey now
Drunk on â– Quake, cops pulling off they telling me
â– “turn it way downâ–”
Homie, Iâ€™m on my Catfish Billy shit, Iâ€™m talking way
out
Dude, Iâ€™m way out â– Iâ€™m talking way out

[Verse 1]

Yeah â– intergalactic, out of my mind and into traffic
In the pepper Converse tryna climb out
And risk it with nothing in my backpack
Itâ€™s me: a son of a bitch, a child of a prick
A stepson you donâ€™t wanna hit
Ooo wee, no, not him â– not Lil Wayne, Michael Wayans
Who you thought it was, B?
Damn right, and Iâ€™m on a tightrope
Screaming out â– “die bitchâ–”, fuck my life
I ainâ€™t never give a fuck, I could never give a fuck now
So put the chain on my bike, yeah
Put that bitch back on the spot, give me the pistol
before you cock it
Let me throw a bullet in the clip for luck for us
Poor us, yeah, popping these, shocking, ainâ€™t it mane?
Well, I guess nobody wants to be broke, right? Black or
white
Paint the frame
â– Cause Iâ€™m only used to refusing the stereotypes of
a name
I ainâ€™t a name â– Iâ€™m a soul, Iâ€™m a piece of gold
Iâ€™m a pro, Iâ€™m a piece of shit too, too
What I gotta do if I gotta roll? Guess what?
Iâ€™mma roll all over you when Iâ€™m riding

[Hook]

[Verse 2]

Used to watch my beeper chirp, new Dickies and a
Black (?) shirt
My world was a little bitty spot in the universe outside
of Earth
Tennessee loud, Alabama born, I came down in a
meteor storm
Media wrong, media right, righting my wrong, lean to
get long
Don't come to get this, children go - this building is
about to blow
I don't know what I'mma do with this feeling inside
of my mind and soul
I'm a one-in-a-million human show
Shoulda been the motherfucking Truman Show
But if you seen me getting raped as a child
You probably wouldn't give me room to grow
Heavy blow, take a heavy sigh
Like a runner on the dailies, high oh my
You'll be good, baby boy, don't cry
I can make a boat with the broke up rhymes
God made me the Cherokee like no
I can't let the world off the hook this time
And if you didn't want this catfish shit
In fact, you should've never shook that line
Readied that hook, took this time, to press play, then
rewind
I would rather be drunk than be blind
To the space age pimp shit that I combine
With what I know, rock and roll, I'm so famous,
country fresh
That I can't take one step in the fuckin' street when
I'm in public
So I get in this

[Hook]

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