

Yelawolf

"Wrap Song"

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Got a pocket full of pills, calm my mutherfuckin' nerves
Heart of Dixie in this bitch
Yeah
I would say that I was rocking with the best
But I'm not much into stating the obvious
My ego is just not as big as a Kanye West
Wouldn't know what to do with a fucking Louis Vuitton
vest
Guess I would throw that bitch in the ditch with the rest
Of my name brand clothes, except for the Famous
Slumerican dominate, who else got me a check?
You look like you never seen a mullet this fresh hmm?
Still got the Dickies with a cuff and the crease
Bus on a beach, make you wanna go call for police
Yes, the trailer park made a mark on me
I play the cards homie, full deck spread hater
Stars only shine at night so I'm kinda like a spark only
grown
Day and night I only need the flick of a Bic
Like a Marlboro to the tip, I'm a cherry glowing
Inhale the fumes exhale very slowly
Ay yo go bring the car for me, get em crunk
Line em up like a bunch of white bitches
Over white residue mixed with baking soda 80's
chickens
Sniffing off of maybelline pocket book mirrors
Your mamas 9 o'clock her roll is mine, golden era
Ouija board, ghost in the woods, oh the terror
Spine chilling cold south soul shit
Make bible belt babies like me put my church chair up
Pyramids in the mist with the golden scarab
Mutherfucker what you scared of?
Angelic I am the feather of a rare dove
I don't shape shift, I shift shapes of syllables on my
paper
A message to be aware of, so hit your knees choir boy
and stare up
When that night hits it ain't the diamonds swinging off
a chain
Its the reflection of a kings glare off the pain
Ain't a white boy had this much soul

Since the spirit of Swayze entered Whoopi Goldberg in
Ghost
And that was just a movie that was wrote
So uh...if you do be in that boat
I would hope that you would look into my story, not just
in my flow
Cuz I'm the fucking bum who asked for change when
you said no
With a pocket full of quarters and you had nowhere to
go
Facing that shit is hard as fuck to do huh?
No, that ain't Michael Wayne Atha ooh nah
Fans world wide in the stands hoorah
Hit you with the truth, hit you with a 2x4
Or hit you with two bye's, bye-bye, fuck you, kamasutra
Thank you very much for picking up the Heart of Dixie
And supporting this return of acid tripping hippies
Hope you have the rest of my collection
If you don't then get me now

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