

## Lil' Wyte

# "Good Ole' Boys (Comin Your Direction)"

Visit "[Good Ole' Boys \(Comin Your Direction\)](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

( yee-haw)

]Lil Wyte]

Lil' Wyte's the name - there ain't a day passed  
That I ain't in trouble, this changes the game  
And turns a summer sault to a double  
They hatin' me now - I vapped out and the gon' feel my  
rumble  
But it's all gravy - I'm running and ain't bouta stumble  
Back off a few years and you will find some crooked  
decisions  
I managed them clear and did not let them break down  
my vision  
That's all I don't need - somebody try'na stop what I'm  
givin'  
But there's just too many hoes to give one bitch my  
pimpin'  
I'm bringin' ya Memphis - I just joined the white rapper  
convention  
Back in the day - I blazed my hay and dreamed about  
recognition  
But I done made it, they hate it  
I love it, because of DJ Paul and Juicy J - I got so far from  
above it  
Pushin' and shovin' they don't know of that I'm posted  
on a regular  
Good ole' boy from around the way - might be small  
but don't test me brah  
Questions brah, listen brah, yes that's what I'm  
stressin' brah  
Yes that's me in your hood, 2-do' Cutlass- what I'm  
flexin' brah

[Chorys: Lil Wyte]

Jus' the good ole' boys - hangin' out gettin' high  
Jus' the good ole' boys - watchin cops ridin' by  
Jus' the good ole' boys - sittin' round drinkin' beer  
Jus' the good ole' boys - we was the clique the haters  
feared  
Jus' the good ole' boys - never really wanted blow  
Jus' the good ole' boys - was overloaded on the dro  
Jus' the good ole' boys - 2 do' Cutlass what we flexin'

Jus' the good ole' boys - if you in the road you better  
move we comin' yo direction

[Lil Wyte]

Don't let yo window catch a cloud - I'm as high as you  
I know you wish this song would keep on bumpin'  
through a pound or 2  
But it's all good - it's gonna go off - like everything that  
goes up must come down  
I make sounds come out my mouf - that pronounce  
nouns to make amounts  
Watch me guarantee the game- nothing but some  
fucking pain  
Put cyanide in syringes and inject it in they veins  
Threw up on the league the hardest music Memphis  
seen in a while  
Hit me quick wit' triple 6 and then let out +Mystic  
Style+  
I was hook and good ole' boys like me was catching the  
vibe  
I survive - I strive now look at me - I'm all in the sky  
Keep in mind, I was the one overlooked all the times  
Deep inside, I thought that I was the one never would  
rise  
Here I am, I'm spittin' it out and bringin' it too ya today  
Ain't no gangsta, just a Bay, area representa' wit'  
something to say  
So if you want me come get me - y'kno where I'm at  
I'm prolly there right now, but there's no way good ole'  
boy  
Like me go out without my home town

[Chorus]

[Lil Wyte]

It's like this, good ole' boys - I don't get what they can  
get out this game  
Whether we are, down in our slums or we on top of this  
thang  
Cuz I've got, some real ones rollin' with me down for  
the cause  
Even if the, situation get sticky they ain't bouta pause  
So I must, watch over my fleet and lead em all into  
victory  
Mystery, how did I get here, all the rest is just history  
Liberty, is what I'm seekin' to get away from misery  
Mess with me - you'll be fucked up  
Cause I'll let out inner energy  
Never was a problem child - always kept up with the  
game  
The slang, and somehow everyone in the hood knew

my name

It ain't my fault it made me, too be something that you  
ain't

It is my fault I'm doing, something that y'kno you can't  
Man I remember gettin' drunk, drinkin' myself unda the  
flo'

Reminisicin' of throwing up - makin' love to the camode  
I did my dirt, didn't I get caught and still sufered in the  
end

But that's all right cuz all I need's my little girl and my  
kin

[Chorus]

Visit [Lil' Wyte](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.