

## Hung

# "Gangsta Of Love"

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[Yelawolf - Verse 1]

Would the real slim shady please stand up  
And tell these muthaf-ckers why I got signed  
Cause I'm on the verge of slapping one of these white  
boys  
Out here tryna imitate my grind  
And if you finna feel it when I say that  
F-ck you, say something back  
What I gotta lose, I'm already the underdog  
Why wouldn't I give you the opportunity to rap  
F-ck boy, I'm harder than ya momma's f-ck toy  
And she's still bitching  
I'm sicker than a chicken sitting in shit  
Sticking itself with a syringe in a Japanese kitchen, get  
some  
I got the kinky bitch, get crumbs  
Yeah here the Shady clique come  
They say I'm a dick head  
Well it fits why  
Cause muthaf-ckers p-ssy ass came up til she gets  
numb  
Any of many styles that I pick from  
F-ck it just give me kick drums  
Cause Yelawolf aint a rapper  
I'm a cataclysmic culturally offensive don't give a shit  
bum  
Ex-con  
So put ya money on a 'Bama boy  
20 West of Atlanta boy  
You wanna ride in my lane prepare for the 18 wheeler  
Winds?

[Chorus]

All the girls I meet  
Are falling down them stairs  
Said gettin themselves together  
They gettin themselves together  
(That's why they call me)  
Gangsta of Love

Yelawolf and I

On top don't wonder why  
Cause I rock and roll  
Stop drop and roll  
That's why they call me  
(Gangsta of love)  
Feet on the ground  
Head in the sky  
Cause I rock and roll  
Stop drop and roll  
That's why they call me

[Yealwolf - Verse 2]

Hold up, my God  
Let me pull the chevrolet out the garage  
I killin on hennessy lately, KP  
You might get a hicky from Nicki Minaj  
F-ck em all with a sandpaper dick  
I dare anybody to come match to this  
You couldn't hold a flame to my name bitch  
I wouldn't even let you hold a bic to my cancerous  
stick?  
I'm treating rappers like loose change  
The shoe string belts that I lost in the cracks of my  
couch  
Like I didn't even know I had that until?  
Oh you want some of the south shit?  
Well let me show you what the south is  
You into sucking dick  
Well I'm into getting rich  
We could make a good team  
Put your money where your mouth is

[Chorus]

[Yealwolf - Verse 3]

I roll out in a t-top two seater  
Looking like an american missile seeker  
Got back pack packs in my dungerees  
Yeah I'mma light a fuse under the disbeliever  
Say you don't give a shit good  
Cause I don't give two shits neither  
You ready let it go, I'm already at your funeral  
Walking with a rose like Wiz Khalifa  
Yessir, I'm bonafied  
I'mma go ahead and live cause I know I'm gonna die  
And if you wanna live baby get up in the whip  
Baby I don't know what I'ma give but I know I'm gonna  
try  
Whatever it is girl you know I'm gonna vibe  
But you know that's a fib yeah, you know that's a lie  
What if I buy you drive through popeyes?

Do you want it grilled or do you want it fried?  
I'm doing this like I knew I would  
And you did too, so you knew you did  
If I never got a co-sign I'll be at your throat  
And it don't matter who I'm with  
Reppin' that area code 256  
White trash girls wink with blue eyelids  
Because they know Yelawolf can't be f-cked with  
But it don't take an asshole to see that shit

[Chorus]

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