

Billy And The Purple Datson

Yelawolf

That ball, no park shit
That Billy Crystal Meth shit

Scotch paper, plaid pattern on the present box
Quarter-pounder swag, bud, post office dropped
No creases, this motherfucker, he wrap great
Hell if I know how to open up this tape
Threw the seatbelt across that duffle and kept mine unbuckled
Care more about the pack than I do keepin' outta trouble
I'll jump the hurdles and let my box Chevy jump the puddles
Freon inside of this plastic bag, it'll make me chuckle
Murderous thompson mobbin', with a green plastic shade
Over my visor, watchin' these cops inside of that purple Datsun
Keep the door locked, man, they can keep knockin'
I got a briefcase full of cash and a paper bag full of oxycontin
Light up a rollie and I drop a deuce
I cock a twenty-two, I'm the trailer park 2Pac off of "Juice"
Plus I got Memphis blood, don't knock the blue suede shoes
I got that Memphis plug to drop on you, say who? (Mafia)
Them hot boys are on the clock, I'm with it
Hot like the swine up out my mama's skillet
Hot like the sauna silkwood
Cocked and locked inside, you sealed your fate, I'm killin'
Breed like you lost your children
Sting like a cut against assaulted women
You're lookin' throwed like a margarita, it's hard to read ya
I'm drunk as uncles get, sippin' that barley by the liter
Smokin' so hard, don't even dry the weed up
Soldier by any means, so many stripes that I don't buy Adidas

Do what I gotta do to get mo', do what I gotta do to get paid
When I pop them Chevrolet do's only thing they do is throw shade
When I up this forty cal chrome, all my enemies go far away
Mighta caught me slippin' one time, but oh no, not today

Not today, yeah, just got a call from Billy Crystal
Said he got him a issue and I owe him one
So he need to hold onto the pistol
As I left from the trap
Stop by the gunsafe 'cause I got so many I could sift through
We don't beef on Facebook or tweet the playbook
'Cause we really gon' come get you
Ayy, it's unobliged
As I'm ridin' down I-95 with a look on my face and it say homicide
Overdose on the drugs last week
Almost died at the peak but I still come alive
Got the drive like I played nine holes
But the only nine here is the nine on my side
You don't wanna get shot nine times
Man, you pussy, but you still don't got nine lives
My compass ain't pointin' at true north
Might be the xanax that done crept in the system
Backlist, smokin' on newports, bumpin' Too \$hort
'Cause a bitch can't get a dollar up out me
You better ask your mother 'bout me
I sip Creekwater when I'm runnin' out tea
Bumpin' Young Thug really bring the gunna out me

Bumpin' into y'all really bringin' up the summer out me
Meanin' I'm hot as South Beach
You gon' need sun tan lotion
A gun stamp, totin' fifty grand with your hand open
This direction came from the big man smokin'
You want beef, I'll split big man open
Trigger squeeze when the wrist band soakin'
You gettin' hit up 'cause the hitman spoken
Now we on yo' ass like Deion Sanders when they pass
Parkin' next to neon lights
Steppin' on you peons right
The second that we exit cab
I got the blood stains on my Slumerican flag
We took his money and his heroin bag
Me and Yelawolf steppin' on trappers
And sonnin' rappers, it's apparent I'm dad (bitch)
So breakin' the rules is ill advised
You better go get familiarized
What comes around goes around, ceilin' fan
I've been around this block like a million times
So whether we talkin' 'bout villain rhymes
Or the kilograms, got a million lines
Y'all can keep wastin' that money on bullshit
And I'ma keep countin' and pinnin' mine

Do what I gotta do to get mo', do what I gotta do to get paid
When I pop them Chevrolet do's only thing they do is throw shade
When I up this forty cal chrome, all my enemies go far away
Mighta caught me slippin' one time, but oh no, not today

Not today, yeah, blacksheep
Don't make me send my lil brother in, motherfucker
Caskey, Slumerican
Catfish, Billy