

Bounce

Yelawolf

Money in the bag, money in the bag, money in the bag, yeah
Money in the bag, money in the bag, money in the bag, yeah
Cracked and hazy, ain't no lie
Go Patrick Swayze and ghost the ride
She said "Baby, you cold as ice"
Bitch you crazy, I'm on fire
Yeah, walking around like I'm in a movie
Light a cigar but jump in the jacuzzi
Squat the motel, fuck the motel
Aluminum can down in a koozie
Got a buzz, now lick the bug
Now like to pull a metaphorical plug
Now drop the last bit of sense I had
Got it medicated with the medical drugs now
Red head, I went Opie Taylor
Red hot like I won't be savored
Cinnamon Creek Water, oh yeah-er
Cover the bar tab, owe me later
When I was younger, would go to keggers
On the cover, pose for Fader
Hip-hop, you know we neighbors
Come on, you know me player

C for the country, A for the 'Bama
T for the tops on the Thunderbird
Billy for that motherfuckin' bounce, bounce
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May throw the deuces but I still don't give a shit
And all my lunatics still fuckin' gettin' it, yeah
Pocket with a rag, pocket with a pocket with a rag, yeah
Pocket with a rag, pocket with a pocket with a rag, yeah
Feelin' Shady, feelin' sly
You stuck to labels, I'm peelin' mine
My folks are dirty, ain't no lie
We throw the birdy, we let 'em fly
Yeah, crank it up, I got people to go see
Back up in the lab like I was in '03
Back up on the porch in a rocking chair
With no Activis, a full cup of codeine
Poppin' up with these copper bars
I got enough trouble just throwin' down the old me
Took a hit of that California bud
I call that 51-50 then took the whole thing
Like a shell toe with no strings
Like an elbow with no grease
Like an old rock with no ring
But I'ma make that rock go bling
I'ma make that cop go "Son"
I'ma need that autograph please
I'ma get that selfie and run
And then the ticket reads

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Bubba's got that bitch packed, Bubba's gettin' lit
Bubba bought the bar, Bubba's fucking gettin' it
Run around the grave, run around the grave, run around the grave, yeah
Run around the grave, run around the grave, run around the grave, yeah
Tombstone, yesterday is gone
Still kickin', got my boots on
Old Yeller, new bone
Still bustin', Al Capone
Yeah, rolled up in the Chevy like I stole it
Livin' at the bar 'til the manager towed it
Got jacked and I limped back like Otis
New patch on the black jacket, sewed it (Stripes)
Got a quarter bag of that golden golden
Hound dogs wanna take notice
She's a slow poke with a show
'Til the blow get in the nose and then she goin'
Goin' through the sunlight blowin', tokin'
GoPro with the slow motion, soaking wet
Looking like Hulk Hogan's oldest
No holes in the bar, notice no kids
Putting on a show for the whole clique
So sick that I gotta take a pill for it
Hold it, killer than you explode it
Let a full clip out then I reload it
Yo it

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