Bowties

Yelawolf

Yelawolf, DJ paul, Rittz
The rapping homies
SLUMERICAN!

Yeah, this one is for the bowties
DJ Paul, Yela

I'm in a black chevrolet with no tags
Got doors on this bitch like a school bus
Hop on in motherfucker
Take you for a ride with a loaded ruger
So cold that I might need a coat rack
Look bitch you only need two puffs
That's crystal meth Catfish Billy smokin' tulips
All around the south I blow cash
That ain't leather that's nubuck
You ain't really ballin' ruthless
You ain't rollin' up on a new truck
I'm all about the Glock, fuck LoJack
I got this bitch on four's like two plus
Two and this bitch is lubed up
Treat MC's like a used slut
Yeah bitch I'm outtie
Five go tell yo' pap' that his boy's said howdy
You want to make it rain but would I, I doubt it
These hoes are bad weather, always cloudy
I'm a kill these bitches dig these ditches and
Rocks up out this chevy trunk before you dead and lost
Cause we peelin' off in that red Bugatti with bowties

(Oh, oh!) just me and that chevrolet (Bowties)
(Oh, oh!) with a motherfuckin' attitude (Bowties)
(Oh, oh!) you don't want to see that pistol wave (Bowties)
(Oh!) Me and that box running up clean and smooth (Bowties)

Turn the fuck up!
Rittz where you at?
Yelawolf, DJ Paul
Where the Chevy riders at?
Bring up, lets go!

All black Chevy I'm a take it to the car show
Shouldn't drink and drive, I got some chrown inside my console
Blonde ho with me, 'bout to fuck, no time for convo'
Horny because I let her hit the chronic and the blanco
Long stroke, I'm known for swinging wood like I'm a golf pro
Hit it from the back she look behind and saw my charm glow
I took a picture of her pussy for a fact and finished
So she got the steppin' like she learned to do the mambo
Back inside my seat my speakers beatin' like a bongo
Bumpin' Box Chevy me and 'Wolf a perfect combo
Anyone want it with us can get it they beggin' for attention
Like Miley Cyrus when she twerk and let her tongue show, dumb though
Why you blaming us when you done gone broke
Rap's killing shit like Matt Dillon did in Gunsmoke
I'm just fired up while you gettin' dried up like an ancho
Chili but really still feelin' like I'm on my grind though

So I'm creepin' like a rhino, coming off the exit ramp
Northside Atlanta and I got it, want to get a gram
Servin' out my window like a worker on a Checker stand
Used to be a fan now they fucked it up and let me in
Leather interior until they get another print
Of my shoes, hit the runway inside my Chevy then
Hit the gas till the moon we will never land
Ain't nobody fuckin' with Slumerican put that on my Chevy

Yeah ho
Dj Paul, Yelawolf
Motherfucker
Turn it motherfucking up
Bitch!

Walk to the mall like fuck you
Give me that Mickey D Super Sized
Got a fresh pair of J's like two new crack heads
Shoelaces like Footloose, bounce on it
Coffee table full of shake and they breakin' up an ounce on it
Tweakers and the clique gettin' high as a brimstone
Thrown from the tip of the volcano, they sip on
Lean some of them lean on the wall and limp home
Steam mellowin' out of a Chevrolet Enzo
I put the house on it
Have a seat bitch put the couch on it
Take a sigh bitch I put the south on it
Take a ride in the 1989
You talkin' shit I might put the crowd on it
It would be another Yelawolf hate ground
Butter on the seats like country crop
But I fuckin' ain't no country crop
Puts fear in the heart of a country cop
Everytime that I get fuckin' stopped
Boy them some nice wheels but you better turn the music down
Cause it ain't the big city
Ran off the law with nothin' but a ticket
From a fuckin' hick with a stick and midget dealin' with midget and bowtie

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