

Catfish Billy

Yelawolf

[Boy1:] Pa's just got a lot of things to do
[Boy2:] Like what?
[Boy1:] Doesn't matter, I don't want Pa to skin me alive like he's gonna do to you if he finds out
[Boy2:] Pa said not to bother him, and if he's not gonna be home, how can I bother him?
[Boy1:] It'd be better if you just forget about it
[Boy2:] Well I'm going to do it, and I'm gonna take Jack with me, 'cause Pa didn't say anything to him

Way down this country road and I holler
Where they make that moon shine still
There's an old man on the porch on a shack
And the shack is where he lives
Round the town they call him Pa
It's Pa from on the hill
And every time Pa does slay a hog
You can hear that hoggy squeal

I'm from the valley of the bible belt
That motherfucker preacher's daughter's son
Where they can't find no woman, no man, no cousin, no friend without a gun
Alabama that is my home
Fucking trailer park has got my heart
Off in the hood, I make home when I play in the woods after dark,
You won't find me sober much
Always got a bottle of Jacky O
I take my sips, I talk my shit
And I fight anybody that wants to go
Tall and slim, walk with a limp
'Cause my nuts are oversized
Fuck your dope and your alcohol
Because your shit is overpriced
Hit the bootleg for twenty-four before I'm 21 (mathematics)
Going to jail 'cause I'm drunk at Piggly-Wiggly (dagnabbit)
'Cause I be here and I do my time
'Cause I can't make bail on minimum wage
Nothing to do in the country but get
Drunk and watch that pendulum sway
Back in the saddle again
Throw my middle finger up to the law
I ain't gotta rob nobody tonight
But I might do it just because
I am a nut, I get bored
Did some pills but I want more
Fuck this world, fuck this town
If I fuck you once I fuck you sore

Fuck, fuck, fuck, shit goddamn
Pussy cunt bitch suck a cock
If you want some of this rock'n'roll
Take this pipe, suck this rock
Just a flock, super-hot
Clean 'em up, grab a mop
Catfish on my shit, fuck with me you gonna get dropped

Catfish Billy, Catfish Billy yea yea

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You don't want it with me motherfucker
I promise I put you with the piranhas inside of a shallow swamp
And then make you follow a boat full of drinking water
And sing to you lullabies
While I sip on Coronas under umbrellas.
Got a propeller sharp enough to eat through a two footed
Root of a tree, if it's onto me then it's cool like it's moving
So why do you think I fucking hate it
Or lay a log in front of my boat and put a stop to what I do buddy whatever
When I get up in the morning I think about
When it's all over they can put my body up in the river
With everything I did for the culture
Inside of a book and light a candle for my mama who got sick on the fucking
fame
Immediately media will follow me to the end of the river
While the people around my body deliver rhythms and syllables, relevant to m
y scripture
I'm a sick son of a bitch, do you get the picture?
My fucking name is Catfish, really though

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