

# 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

Catfish Billy, Catfish Billy yea yea  
Catfish Billy, Catfish Billy yea yea  
Catfish Billy, Catfish Billy

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

Catfish Billy, Catfish Billy yea yea  
Catfish Billy, Catfish Billy yea yea  
Catfish Billy, Catfish Billy yea yea  
Catfish Billy, Catfish Billy