

Chainsaw Jenkins back at it again
With the non-stop rock-n-roll
This is 103.39
And we are trappin' a sack in the back of the Conoco live though
Hit us up 256-442-9981
For the shittiest weed you can smoke

Just cranked on the boys drinkin' whiskey
No shirt and my bolo tie swingin'
Bible belt in my Levi skinnies
And my permanent gold tooth grinnin'
Pop the top on an ice cold Bud
Seeds poppin' on that Mexican bud
Tellin' all the kids don't use drugs
Boy you ain't no fire cracker, you a dud
EBT fresh meat on the grill
Government cheese, government milk
Truck broke down, need to get built
Baby's lingerie Walmart silk
Four tens, dip, keys and a beeper
Stuck 'em right between the eyes, he's a bleeder
Yeah, I cut him low like my weed eater
'Cause he got my feedback like a speaker

Trap in the sack in the back of the Conoco
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Crack and a six pack and a big bag of dope
Trap in the sack in the back of the Conoco, here we go
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Get that old Chevy on the highway
Let the smoke billow out the side
Shells in the cigarette ash tray
But that ain't no blank shell, no lie
Bandanna over my noggin'
Mama used to call me skillet head
By nine o'clock PM I'll be wobblin'
And I'ma make her go and count that bread
Black Starter jacket and stock Nike
Watch pocket where I keep that drank
Try to stick me for a nickel got aim
No lead he was drawing, no complaint
In the south where the people move slow
Give you springtime bounce in the snow
Got the stash spot scout on the low
We gon' hide the duffle in the corn rows

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Kerosene flame in the winter time
Chilli bowl still got shotgun pellets
Bitch, you know the devil ain't no friend of mine
But if you're lookin' for a cheap thrill I'll sell it
Fake Nugget, crucifix broke layin' in the grease pile
Mountain Dew cans been sittin' for a deep while
Brillo pad, burnt glass pipe for the five spot
Catch a quick high then drop by the pawn shop
Old timer with the crooked face looked shocked
Never seen a white boy around this block
But it's work, work, work, 360 'round the clock
So I pulled the box in and I let the trunk pop
Supposed to be scared but I still ain't
Supposed to be sober but I still drink
Hard to hit a movin' target but I still aim
Slumafia, click clack, shoot, gang gang

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