

Cookin Cocaine

Yelawolf

Makin' magic over holy water
Whippin' dope inside an old apartment
Chopper leaned against the leather couch and
Cellophane bags in the public housing
Mossy old duffel bag in the corner, got the rocks underneath the old
pistol
J's always knockin', you hear 'em tappin', serving crack from the cra
ck of a bedroom window
Michael Jordans in the closet with the tags, he don't play ball, he d
on't play sports
Dickies got the sharp crease with the sag, pack of white tees, pack o
f Newports
Ain't been the same since it started snowin'
I'm proud of him though, gotta keep it goin'
'Cause baby's in school with a new pair shoes, he's risking his life
to afford 'em
'Cause he's a—

All day cookin' cocaine, caught in a wishing well
Oh, yeah
How do we maintain love while living in hell?
By cookin' cocaine
Cookin' cocaine

Katie hungry, gotta feed the children
All this overhead, you raise the ceiling
You make a killer, he makes a killing
I call him "Hero," you call him "Villain"
Give him no hope but you give him grief
That kind of hope gives you no relief
That kind of rope you can only hang yourself
With soul to survive, it's a gangster's handkerchief
Out the back pocket he showed a flag
Forty-five Glock, yeah, he toted that
I wasn't one for the shoot 'em up life, but for him, there was never
no going back
To meet the quota, he sold a sack
To feed his daughter, he'd go through that
For drinking water and not from the tap
He put his hustling on the map
We go out of state for all the weight and we come right back to the l
aundromat
I called it that 'cause he had all the quarters, quarter keys, rocks
of crack
Funny how fearless I was lookin' back, I was laughing and playing wit
h death
But I wouldn't miss a step with my brother, besides, what did he have
left
But—

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