

Dope

Yelawolf

Catfish Billy mane, harder than a pinecone
Hopping off an aeroplane, dropped in your time zone
Trailer park pimp shit, I don't want the red rope
Fuck all the report cards, bitch I know that I'm dope
We know how to get buck, some of them do cocaine
Take it to the moshpit, gang gang gang gang
Tailor made boots on 'em, shotgun shell hot
Do it for the slums now, from the AL dot
Rock from a slingshot, straight to the target
Window on the Honda, in the black market
Coulda been a crime boss, playing with a full deck
I don't care about the cost, now the red alert full threat
'Cause you know that I'm dope

Used to be a bad mouth running round the house sayin' words that I shouldn't
and I got it from my folks
If I got caught, I would end up in my room sit down 30 minutes with a mouth
full of soap
Put it all on paper, go to sleep, then I wake up with the same bad mouth I w
as sent to bed for
Now I make a living selling all the bad words to the kids like me
Who don't wanna be told
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Walkin on thin ice, got a lot of weight on me
You don't wanna roll the dice, gotta ride a team homie
Talk about money well, I don't really give a damn
Got your girl by the ponytail, she don't wanna lead a man
40 in a paper bag, blood on the sidewalk
Must've been the aftermath, somebody shit talked
Neighborhood gon' wild, needles in the trash pile
Used to never get a callback, now they got me on speed dial
Feet in the reptiles and my head's on cloud nine
Took a hit of dab now and I don't have no mind
Outta body, in the zone, stoned like a white boy
Still sittin' on chrome, out for the night boy
And you know that I'm dope

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Got a belt for a shoestring, hanging off the blue jeans
Sagging like a wet dog, limping off of codeine
Bitch got an attitude she just wanna to be man
Now she got a napkin, wiping off the Madelene
Raining on Broadway, lights on the ground now
Got up in his alleyway, set the Harley down now
Polka dot suit on her, Rockabilly clown guy
Polka dot bullet holes, you don't wanna clown now
Crawford kickstand, leaning like a G does
Clique got the loud pipes, you know that we does
Wind in the trees split, all of them leaves up
Mobbin' like an army, fuck boy freeze up
Yea the group coming in, looking for the green buds
Roll it on the table, everybody sees us
Fire up the zigzag, smoke in the air now
Second-hand buzz and the weight it won't leave us

They said be careful what you say
Hot shit, goddamn, motherfucker, I'm dope

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If you are bad, bad mouth lil shits like me
Turn that negativity into creativity
That's Slumerican
Yeah
Who's gonna be dope?