

# Harvest

Yelawolf

Chillin'

You know rock and roll might shit a gold brick  
But that Sometimes Y is  
But before we go there  
We gotta bring [?] to 'em  
Ugh, ugh, let's go

Passin' that donation bag around in the local church  
Somebody just lost a young one, another died at birth  
One upload, garbage  
You done, uh oh, shouldn't have started  
Artists like me keep that duffle bag of tricks  
Dip on your bitch like a Ruffle bag of chips  
Crack the concrete, my hip-hop is overweight  
You over waitin' for my next accomplishment?  
Well, I just landed in Savannah, Shia LeBeouf is gettin' hammered  
On the dock like Forrest Gump, I'm rockin' tailor-made pajamas  
Sippin' on coco cabana, rum and water with bananas  
Copped the vintage Bentley whip then parked it next to a French manor  
Yeah, sawed-off still got the duct tape on the handles  
We some alligator killers but this ain't Louisiana  
These are 2K, ballin', I ain't talkin' 'bout ya handles on the Xbox  
These Luccheses, not sandals  
Yeah, crystal ball next to the candle  
Look, I see bees, baby, swarms of 'em  
That's why I call my crib a honeycomb  
Dollar signs tattooed on my earlobes for the money phone  
So when I say, "Honey, I'm home"  
Ha ha ha, yeah, I brought a check  
Random purchase at the circus 'cause I'm clownin', bought a vet  
Rental flight to make a purchase, Creek Water bought a jet  
(Chillin') Still on the bench, ain't even ballin' yet  
LeBron James is callin', hold up, Struggle

I'm still dirty from the bottom but the top is lookin' good on me  
I had a good homie take the stand and stood calmly  
My family fell but I won't dwell on that outcome  
'Cause now my income is a mountain I can shout from  
I paid my dues, I overpaid, ain't seen no refund, nah  
We them G, Slum, flee when his fleet come, ha ha  
I'm a Jennings, don't confuse me with a cheap gun  
I had to come from where I came to be the man I've become  
Nothing's free, bum, except the cell I'm freed from, yeah  
I'm a lion, when I roar, I watch these sheep run, yeah  
Where your shepherd at? Me and him can settle that  
Any minute, it could be your time, can't get a second back, nah  
Call me Captain Jack, I jack the boat, the ship is mine  
They be shootin' at me, wishin' for my quick decline  
But this shit divine, I built it with His God design  
A language often hard to find, Lord Jes', been lost in time  
But I'm a boss that grind, so money I don't stress over  
Always feed the family first, then I eat the leftovers, yeah

Yeah, sounds good to me, what we havin'?  
You buy the land, I chop the trees, you build a mill, we build a cabin, oh  
Can't buy the steez but I provide the direction and avenue  
Hit 'em new, hit 'em old, barcode tag is hangin' off that shot crew

Lookin' like I went to class for fashion too  
Bag it up in plastic, summer school  
We some, we some, we some Levi denims  
Over filthy feet from the filthy south, yeah  
We come, we come, we come 'round that parkin' lot peelin'  
Detroit stealin', diamondback ties, twenty-twenty, one  
Load up the chamber, empty, guns  
Holes in the hoodie, back sprayed, Alexander McDairy Queen season

Alexander, McDairy