

# Howdy

Yelawolf

On behalf of Alabama I just wanna say  
The Heart of Dixie is in this bitch  
M16, DJ Frank White, my name is Yelawolf  
Hello world, hello world, hello world

This morning I woke up feeling like that I never had a fuckin' dime  
Like I didn't wake up in the back of the bus that's finally mine  
Why do I feel like I never had Marshall Mathers' co-sign sometimes?  
Like Radioactive failed, well livin' this time  
I'm even not used to believe that I could be one of the top 5  
Maybe when I tell myself I'm one of the best, I'm just lyin'  
When my Uncle Buddy call and ask, I say I'm just fine  
But I feel like I haven't made it, Uncle but I'm just tryin'  
Or maybe I'm just not used to having shit I never had  
Never stood in the winer's Ave, never said "I got dinner, dad"  
Shit, never even had the cash to pay my dad for getting her back  
And Jim I love you, thank you, always my favorite dad  
And it feels like yesterday literally like yesterday  
When I couldn't get one motherfucking fan to come and see me play  
When I drove that minivan for the ends without a license plate  
To ATL so I could play Will Power my demo tape  
Yeah, that's writing on the wall that I can't erase  
He's a friend of mine that are in the line and that I can't replace  
If I'm in the line, he's in the line, and we both get a play (church)  
This ain't no crew, it's a family so get it straight (church)  
So Father you can tell God to part the clouds  
And let your sun shine to the minds of my target crowd  
'Cuz I know some of these people think I'm a certified artist now  
But the butterfly's still above and I'm above what I started now  
Passionate like a political poet in an artist lounge  
Hungry like a poor daddy with a gun and a starving child  
If you thought it was a flake, then you just a departed clown  
And if you thought I was coming hard, well you better think harder now

And it's been a long motherfucking time since I felt this homesick as I do n  
ow  
Yeah it's been a long fucking time, and I just wanna say  
Hey! How you been? Roll Tide! Amen!  
The Heart of Dixie's in this bitch, yeah I'm Dixie rich  
But if I don't have y'all, I ain't got shit  
Gadsden Birmingham, to the cup and all the small towns  
Throw it up, it's that Alabama sound  
Much love and I never let you down  
'Cause I might as well be dropped  
Back in Gadsden and cuttin' grass  
Or handcuffed on the side of the road on my fuckin' ass  
Before I become complacent on any level that I'm at  
Momma will quit drinking and Obama will smoke some crack  
Lost, yeah I may have, my mind  
But it takes a lunatic to pursue this shit  
Ay that's fine because I paid the cost  
Really more like a fine, but instead of paying for tickets now  
They pay for tickets in line to see me drain, it's off  
The pain from the mic from the strain it cost  
Two-step in my shoes with a shameless walk  
300 soldiers I brought, Wolf-pack follow my lane and put chalk  
Around suckers dying for change, it's soft

The new South's got a new house with a frame and a stump  
Roots and limbs, the truth's in him, yeah I'm a grain of salt  
Preachers yelling out prophets around Wayne  
I refrain, I'm a couch, I'm a chair, I'm a seat  
A relief pitcher, or beer in the mouth  
I'm a sofa to hold ya, just ride the beat homey, it's over  
Whatever rapper would ever say he's a sober  
I must be smoking bath salt, 'cuz I'm out of my mind  
I should have built roads for a livin', cuz I never run out of lines  
The Heart of Dixie