

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 winner'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 now
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