

## Light Switch

Yelawolf

Put the needle on the record man  
Let's bump some of that Yelawolf and DJ Paul

PBR cans and ditches  
Big trunk rears rolling over ditches  
And PBR cans in bitches hands, PBR  
(That DJ Paul beat)  
Don't smoke, I'm blowin up city yards  
This city yours, I burn this  
The fuck? See  
See it was shit but..  
Hold up, Keep your doors in  
Fuck man  
There gotta be a way to describe this shit man  
I'mma figure this shit out  
Fo real

Gold teeth on my silver spoon  
Frosted flakes on the paint job  
Country boy from that pit of goons  
White folks that you can't rob  
Yeah, at fourteen sippin' four-zeros of St. Ides  
Fifth grade with a switchblade  
Pentagrams on my fake watch  
Levis from the thrift shop  
Busta Rhymes on my feet, FUCK  
Daddy's back in the penitentiary now  
Clay stuck in my cleats, WHAT  
Mamma's all in the J O B  
Flame tip to that cheaba cheaba  
Seeds poppin' like Bama does  
Meet girls in these green Adidas  
Grass stains from the walk home  
Cargo pants full of M80's  
Crushed pills in my watch pocket  
NoDoz at least ten daily  
Geeked up, tripped out  
Tired eyed, brain fried  
Mouth full, lips out  
Mushrooms, sack dried  
Backwoods cannot hold the dope  
Gotta half an O in a crystal bowl  
Young girls in a web trap  
Brainwashed liked a vegetable  
Take some of this blood soup  
Kinfolk it's just me and you  
Blood mates with a twenty-two  
Witchcraft and the bitch is through

Light switch, hell nah  
They shut the motherfucking power off  
Ain't that a bitch, fuck ya'll  
Gotta get my neighbor up just to make a call  
Light switch, fuck ya'll  
I'ma grab a notepad, I'mma write it all  
That's right bitch, I'mma turn it on  
Looking at this shit, it's like click to a light switch

Out to my old life with that tall-boy  
Drink it down to the spit bath  
Natty Ice on the floorboard  
Role models can't get that  
My whole motto was just laugh  
Laugh it off and just get mad  
Either way I'm up on the roof  
Looking for cars to throw bricks at  
Anarchy is in my genes  
Middle fingers and pipe bombs  
That's how I stay entertained  
With no dad, right mom?  
Fishing hook on the hat brim  
Grease under my white nails  
Hard truth to this false world  
Learned quick to fight well  
Give thanks to the microwave  
I'm a chef when I'm home alone  
Tryin' a cook a banana peel for me and Betty to smoke on  
Tin foil with a big bend makes no smoke, hood smoke  
Before the [?] I was packing res' with [?]  
Skull up with them cross bones that's no place to borrow soap  
Pirates out in that deep south go pop pills like Pablo  
Don't speak Spanish they heat manage  
Crime watch and them pine cops  
And the black suit with them mag lights  
We them dope boys in the pine box

Trench coats in the hallway  
That young man's got an old gun  
But when Pop left, got them safe keys  
That age gap is a short jump  
Babies all in that grave sight  
Tears drop on that Jesus piece  
Black clothes, Johnny Cash  
Come hostile and you leave in peace  
White stripes, red stripes  
White stars, blue night  
That banner's up in that trailer park  
Them pigs flashing them blue lights  
Psychological motherfucker  
Power trip and they pat you down  
Stunt ya growth with a steel cage  
That'll make a grown man act a clown  
Tire treads on them gravel roads  
Old school with them rusty hoods  
Baby seats full of crystal meth  
High risk but the money's good  
Sherm sticks in the bosses hand  
Parliaments I smoke by the case  
Watching all of this in my land  
To the butt, nothing goes to waste  
Grease trap of the nation's pit  
Oh how they just savor it  
Hoods dropping like flies yeah  
They got a plan for you, just wait for it  
That statue was a major bitch  
But man I feel liberated  
Took this shit like a dung beetle  
I had a ball, I innovated