

# Mastermind

Yelawolf

Look at my name up under the marquee  
And throw up in your lap bitch  
Still a renegade  
Still up in the Chevrolet  
Sippin 7 with the lemonade, bitch  
I'm a moonwalker  
Star lit like a car sits in the dark when you have parked it like a nude stalker  
Catfish billy  
I'm the king of the lowlifes  
Show up at the show with a bunch of rich folks like I'd like to have ran into a light pole right before they walked in  
Car crashed and then bar dashed in a Hertz rental with a fat lip like Burt Reynolds moustache  
We drink it up  
Fuck that we drank it up then tear it down  
Crank it up like a pro hound that's beat up and doo-doo brown  
(Doo-doo brown?)  
Yea doo-doo brown  
Tell that fat bitch take a doo-doo now  
Cause I got that shit  
Yelawolf up in this motherfucker with voodoo now  
I'm a mastermind

(Mastermind)  
Everything I touch either gets hated or they receive it as  
(Mastermind)  
Everything I do either gets bit by these heathens or even it's ripped by the seams when I conceive it  
(Mastermind)  
Everything I touch either gets hated or they receive it as  
(Mastermind)  
My enemies grieve every time I speak in his mind like a priest in the sky I believe it I'm a  
(Mastermind)

With a Colgate white smile  
Brush my teeth with propane and blow fire from the teeth of a white child  
You motherfuckers better pipe down like you've been caught smokin bogues  
Slumericans all around me and we've been talkin cold yea  
(S) But a state of mind when you're Rollin up a  
(L) it ain't me and Nas  
Who howl and yell about (U)  
Thank god for shady I gotta give it up to (M)  
With out him I wouldn't know what the fuck I would be (E)  
Stuck in the south with no C-A-(R)  
The rest of this shit is kinda cliché (I C-A-N) Laddy Daddy  
Yes I can (Alabama)  
Yes I am  
Grew up in the south gettin popped in the mouth if you didn't say sir yes and said ma'am  
So I got slapped half the time  
That why when I write about the blues then my childhood takes up half the rhyme  
Yea I'm a psychopath sometimes a mastermind  
  
Bitch, better put your dukes up

I ain't got time for these vampires  
Throw 'em in the fire cause I am that true blood  
I'm an angel untangled by the web of a black widow  
So sick that I leave a tree standing up straight  
Leaned down like a weeping willow  
Deep in a pillow, dreaming, sleep walking  
Not one motherfucker in the game ready for the science  
I am Stephen Hawking  
Fat bitch in the front row  
Dry heave and coughing  
Get these hoes some H2O before I get fee'd for assaulting  
Blood I see it often  
Suds in the bottom of a jug  
Left so many duds in the club beat up and crawling  
I could've got rich in a teeth auction  
On stage like a priest talking  
And there will be none after mine  
Son of a bitch and the father of a church  
Similar to Jesus when he found Miss Magdalene  
Mastermind