

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 if 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 cliche (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
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