

No Hands

Yelawolf

Look mama, no hands
I'm standing on top of the motherfucking hundred grand
They took a shot, airball
You think I give a fuck about you pussies, not at all
Yela, how's it going?
Oh man, I'm standing on top of the motherfucking hundred grand
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Ain't no reason to quit, what the fuck I look like
To put a cyst and desist on this heat that I spit, shit, bitch!
I believe in my wits, enough to believe on my kids
Won't be home 'til Christmas
Chevy's on the wish list, no Santa Clause, no m'am, no problems
I'm stuck in play like a fair ball
Know you love to call it foul, say hip hop ain't in the south
But this country rap tunes
Got a bitch in the back room with a open mouth ah
But sacrifice it all and lord knows it
With my life on the bulls eye
Make a camera jealous of my focus
And that's shady if you ain't notice
The things loaded, I put that on my great grand daddy named Otis
In a traffic jam, I got my lane open
It came with the same token
You did and cracked the bank open
When they said the rap game was in the drought
I was swimming in so much dope I had break my life jacket out

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Get a work out bitch, run your lips
I know you'd dig a hole six feet deep with a spoon
Just to see me trip
You window shopping and can't see the gift
When the shit is sitting in front of your face
Like cement in between the bricks
If the world had name for me, I'd be slumarican
This whole shit started out real, bitch bet I can
And I do it with Casio and a farmers tan and
On the top of the hundred grand, fuck bet I stand
And I made it through 'cause I had heart
Waking up to roaches in my cereal box
Buddy, that's a bad start, food stamps in the packed mart
On some of these bitch ass rappers would take a dick to say they had it hard
Don't make one of these slums go and intercept you
Enter your dorm room and punk you Internet goons
I'm spring loaded with the assault of an old man drinking a fifth
And stepping with my knee in an old van like hey

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A couple of loose screws ain't stopping a train from moving
A couple of bucks short of a bill and I'm still one hundred proofing
Under the heat like I been metal roofing in a trench coat and a black hooded
Head banging to heavy metal music
I'm now home thank god bamma its home throwing rocks out the window
On 20, that's a milestone hello tomorrow,
Yesterday is now gone, I dedicate this song to me
Fuck how wrong, shoe laced up with the
Mainstream lace up, with the same team
That I came up with, bang what
Changed the game up, like a change up
With a pain that a drain on to bitch you better remain up
Bang what!, use to help weezy back up 50 pounds,
Green bay backing a bowl up
A broke soul packing the couch
But the landlord used to kick me out
But I went from packing my house
To packing the house bitch, like

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