

# 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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