

# Over Here

Yelawolf

(Alright, let's get it)

Silverado, black package  
Dealership didn't have time to tag it  
I whipped that bitch out the parking lot  
Like I was dead broke and I couldn't have it  
Uh, swipe that piece of plastic  
Rode around Nashville for three hours  
Listenin' to peace, waitin' for the magic  
Swung by the crib, grabbed WLPWR  
Get the bar, of course the ball  
Valet park my brand new car  
Threw the keys and when you move it, please  
Be careful and don't go too far  
Took a second and soaked it in  
Couldn't wipe off my big-ass grin  
Look at Will, "Can you believe it, man?  
Just wait 'til I get them twinny-twin-twins"  
That's hard work (Uh)  
I had to do a lot of yard work (Uh)  
I had to pick up that white trash (Uh)  
So I could bet on my bar to work (Uh)  
I had to cut my own path (Uh)  
And do something that had never been done  
Alabama ain't no cakewalk (Uh)  
I showed the world how we popped that trunk  
And it's one shot down, two shot down, three  
And this old fuckboy keeps looking at me  
He walks up to us then offers me a drink  
I know that he wants to hang, he must think that I'm a tree  
Wanna be rock and roll, he starts ramblin' about who he knows  
And where he's been and how many records he's sold  
With who and how and this and that  
And I can't pretend to like this douchebag  
Even though he's got the boost that has the leather and the durag  
The shit he told me he wrote for so-and-so is just so, so whack

Don't wanna be the supermodel for the clothes you wear  
Don't pull a seat up 'cause you see me in my folding chair  
Congratulations, hope your mama's proud of what you've done  
But she may be the only one 'cause

From over here, you just a bitch  
From over here, a liar and thief, man  
From over here, you make us sick  
From over here, you fakin' to get rich  
Don't come over here

Uh, black shot jacket, black Harley, loot cases  
38 OG, creatively a new worn baby  
From the G to the A dot D  
Went from the Creek to a Love Story  
Went from a single wide trailer to the booth's alligator  
And a highrise over the streets  
Ran through the dirty South in cleats  
Never lost touch, never got beat  
Lot of rappers talk about who's doing what

Not a single one said shit about me, now that's respect  
Can't buy that with a bat or a check, better check the beat  
I mob with kings  
Crown my head with a tattoo, Slum, make sure it reads  
No more at sea  
Fuck a message in a bottle, deliver my words like Desperado  
Misfits under my umbrella  
I hope these songs fulfill the sorrow  
Take the bricks so you can build tomorrow  
Like a freemason, claw and arrow  
Free bird, a prophet's sparrow  
Flying through hip-hop, rock, and metal  
And while that clock is ticking  
I won't let a soul living stop my vision  
Give me that bucket and a mop to dip in  
I'll shine that floor until it's popping prisms  
'Til you see the colors of the rainbow dancing off my Box Chevy  
Don't try to fill up my gas tank or my shoes, homie, you ain't ready  
And if imitation is flattery, uh, I don't lack on the flattery  
I just led gatherings up in my room with the magic  
Go back to my cabin and charge up my battery

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Fake fucking rockstars, don't come over here  
Politicians, cop cars, don't come over here  
Pill poppin' sloppy rappers, don't come over here  
All you motherfucking biters, don't come over here