

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