

Pistol N The Air

Yelawolf

Think I'mma try something that I.. that I never did before on this one.. (Me too Luda) let's go

If the block stays poppin', I'mma keep rockin'
Run the red light full speed
You might seen a B-Boy drop and freeze
But you ain't never heard of me (Please..)
Shine up my chrome, put the glaze on my shoes
Jump fresh, dress to kill, I'm dippin' on you's
Sit back, my rhymes are bucket seats in a cadillac
Ever went pfffft rat-a-tat-tat, with a black mac
Raf back, the bitter swinging, and I got an extra bat
Like a weapon of mass destruction you can bet as bad
I'm stickin' oh mama's mad, Mama better be glad
Mrs. Jackson don't wanna see the posturepedic layin on her back
Not like that, I might beat her up like Michael's dad
With the hard fist of rifle raps, your daughter was born with a nice round a
ss
Round is on the corner with the hydro stash
Stop, take a lunch break eat a barbecue slab
I'll barbecue the beat, little daddy eat that
Fill you up like a 12 piece meat pack

Jump from the sticks to the bricks!
Roll through the hood and bump this shit!
Take out your pistol, hold it in the air!
Take out your pistol, hold it in the air! (Yea!)

I'm King Kong with a barrel of dynamite in his palm
The heat is on, 95, I'm taggin' up Nashville with the Krylon
Kool-Aid stains on my lips with no aid to be cool with
A naturally given gift to do with
What hip-hop I can do with a stick
Snap it, break it, pop it, swing it, peel it, carve it
Whip whip to the legs of a child, that's the south
Pick a switch for runnin' your mouth
Daddy ain't got no deal
But daddy's got a gangsta grill, how does it feel
What a motherfucker with a 2 inch wheel
And it feel like a 24 and it's over
Hold your nose quick while this risin' still
If you boat can't float her

Jump from the sticks to the bricks!
Roll through the hood and bump this shit!
Take out your pistol, hold it in the air!
Take out your pistol, hold it in the air! (Yea!)

Yeah it's been a long time, no bread
It's Like I been on a low-carb diet, yea
No jars, no Pyrex, but I rock shit like Jeezy did
A breeze in a sense, not a relief pitcher
But a major league arm on a veteran
I tell 'em 10 times They didn't give me 9
But I give 'em one more chance
I tell 'em again, and again and again
And I gained recognition

Who was you dissin'? Not this man
With a lawn mower on the yard of a rich man
Work my ass off in the summer heat
It's me, straight sweating beads
Fallin' from my head like seeds from a tree
Pushin' this bitch cause she got weak knees
I'm an orthopedic MC
Heave hoes, whistle while I work
It ain't nothin' to a man, with his hands in the dirt
The dirty south where the birds be at
Plenty of keys, plenty of traps

Jump from the sticks to the bricks!
Roll through the hood and bump this shit!
Take out your pistol, hold it in the air!
Take out your pistol, hold it in the air! (Yea!)