

Put Em Up

Yelawolf

I'm back up on my shit
This is 'bout to hit
We're quaking in this bitch
Trunk Muzik don't quit
Put 'em up, put 'em up, put 'em up, put 'em up
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I don't care what they talkin' 'bout

Yeah, high school dropouts
Work 'til you clock out, then go mob out
With them AKs in a trap house, the steaks at the chophouse
They know I come from those slums, ride around with dumb guns
Shawty Fatt told me to go stupid, I'm going dum-dum
This is the legion, Slumerican steel breeding
Mountain Dew in a bottle, baby is barely teething
Heathens becoming professionals in the off-season
That dope under the tarp season, yeah

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He left the venue in handcuffs, nose was all broken
Smilin', that's my people, they fucking all know it
We wildin', it's a congregation of every nation
Race, color, and creed, identities at the shows, face it
We leaders and we lead by settin' examples
Fuck social media posts, we post up with these handles
Of whiskey, smoking Camels
From Dollar General sandals to red bottom slips
Quarter-million dollar whips, yeah

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Where I'm from I'm not afraid and I'm not ashamed
Can't say that it's hard to put in words because it ain't
They left the door open, now I own the house
I never sit still, I don't even own a couch
I was raised by a gangster so I could never be a coward
Now I'm raisin' gangsters, every album, every hour
Pray hard and go slay hard with that deep resentment
A wordsmith, a word chemist, limitless

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Thank you for loving me when I needed it and not leaving
Thank you for seeing me when even I couldn't see it
For all the times that we communicated with this music
Thank you to anyone who gave a shit to listen to it
Thank you mama for dragging us through hell, it worked out well
Thank you to all my fallen angels locked up in a cell
This is God working, and this won't be my final letter
This is Trunk Muzik 4Ever, forever