

# Renegades

Yelawolf

"I got a gun for a mouth  
And a bullet with your name on it  
So don't breathe when I talk  
'Cause you haven't been spoken to  
But a trigger for a heart beating blood from an empty pocket"

I got blue wheels on a Harley blades  
And a trail in the sunrays  
Me and this lady, man  
It's like church on a Sunday  
I'm up from my rocker  
But rock and roll is my papa  
Raised me up on this gasoline  
Billy Jean was my mama  
Broken hearts turned to spoken art  
My blood is like lava  
Hard as a rock when I'm cold  
Yet I can flow just like water  
Grew up with people that's lethal  
Grew up with hustling daughters  
Mothers and fathers alike  
Like it or not when you saw us  
Live my life like a rebel  
The devil's hot on my tracks  
But I won't run from my demons  
No, I embrace them in fact  
So remember my spirit  
When that Slumerican flag waves  
From entrepreneurs to losers  
Users and runaways

"But a trigger for a heart beating blood from an empty pocket"  
From entrepreneurs, losers  
To users and renegades  
For factory workers, servers  
And hustlers all the same  
Single mothers and others  
Nobodies, prisoners, no-names  
For entrepreneurs, losers  
To users and runaways

Alcohol in my system to face the system of living  
Marijuana rolled up, money on tables for women  
For the strippers and divas  
For those who didn't believe us  
We went from single wide homes to homes with twenty foot ceilings  
You may say you hate money, money isn't the issue with you  
And all of your bullshit, you bullshit me and I miss you  
Save your tears for your love, smile when love ain't around  
I'm in the booth for my family, yes I'm holding you down  
Keep pressing play every day  
And if they hate, let them hate  
Believe in you and that's all you can do, so fuck what they say  
And remember my spirit when that Slumerican flag waves  
From entrepreneurs, losers to users and renegades

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