

Shake 'N Bake

Yelawolf

Slick, Slick Rick E. Bobby (Shake N Bake, Shake N Bake)
Slick Rick E. Bobby
Slick Rick E. Bobby

When I was in a coma
You know the reality of it is I could hear the voice of my kids, thin
kin' of Daytona
I swear to baby Jesus, I'mma race again, I'm gonna
Grip the wheel tight, click my heels twice
Shake and bake and live the real life
Talladega in the pale moonlight
Strippers in their panties and they moon pale white
Off into the sunset in a motorhome
When I turn that big motor on
No put-put, gas no brake
Oxygen mask strapped on my face
Sponsorship paid me to go fast
So I write a verse quick enough to get cash
Stunt car racing, indie's trash
Tell me french boy, you can kiss my ass

I'mma rule the world
Even have sex with two girls
That's big for a boy like myself
I even get free Waffle House patty melts
Yeah I did good with daddy's help in choosin'
Cause if you ain't winnin' you're losin'
And now I'm grinnin' and cruisin'
Gettin' drunk off of these women and Boones and
I believe I got a gift for this
Cause I can work a standard shifter kit
I won a mini bet on hit or miss
Took a mini car to the graveyard pits
Stay hard on 'em, boy that's it
Hach, spit, grab my dick
Slick Rick E. Bobby, run this mother
Slicker than an oil spill on whale rubber

Throw your Budweiser up in the air
The checker flag king's arrived, yeah I'm here
Don't fine dine or drink the white wine
But I'll throw back a funnel with some beer
With some Jeer Lee deers and bucks I shot in hiking booters
My Mausberg'll make it rain from the side of my Chevy Nov-eer
In my rearview mirror the cops flash lights they wanna run
Bitch I'm Slick Rick E. Bobby, I'm doin' 85 in the 25, let's have fun
Follow me in to the middle of nowhere
I got a dopeman, you can get blow there
And you can run laps with the dirt track president
Bobby I'm just excellent