

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