

Shoe String

Yelawolf

That's so rock and roll she said
A rollin' stone
A tumblin' boulder
I took a puff of my smoke and fumbled through my folder
The pages sound like leaves under wondering soldiers
And the moonshine through the wind of the whispering pines
Read her a line from poem that's partly defined, rhymes
From the swamp where nothing grows
She stood up crooked like a stop sign on a country road
I set her straight with a letter wait let her meditate
I poured the whiskey into the glass let her wait
She dipped her pot in the powder like a coke fondue
Laid back in the condo and passed out blonde nude
Maybe brunette maybe we got cooked Le Creuset then maybe you let
t
Maybe you gave but I never took
Turn the page I wrote the book
28 days in a tour bus purgatory
28 minutes in a hotel tour glory
Checked out end the lease
Took a last look at the lady in the sheets twin peaks
But I mounted up the mountainous terrain
Mouth and all between with the mattress bouncin' out the frame
Hold up
Good night now that's alright
Threw on my aviators for the morning sunlight
And my memories are violent
But if I had a dollar to go back I wouldn't buy it
But I dropped four quarters in the wishing well
Spent the other ten bucks on a box of zinfandels and o.j.
Hair of the dog tattered and beat scary and flawed
Sidewalk under my boots I bury my claws
Told my momma prepare me a cross
Went down to the crossroads to bury my loss
With no umbrella in the London rain
Black skin beaver hat drippin' down the lane
Through a tunnel under moving trains
Though I'm a hunter I still prey
The rule of gain
My third eye is the tool of aim
Manifestation is the coolest thing
Crew on the corner waiting for me by the Prevost
And I made bus call by a shoe string
Shoe string