

Son of a Gun

Yelawolf

I look in the mirror sometimes and think about how it all started
Small town Alabama, from city life we departed
Not a single light in the street, morning was scary and dark
To a little boy catching the bus to school 5:30 sharp
I used to make up songs to keep my mind from wandering
What was in the woods waiting for me, my stomach still rumbling
From the cereal diet
Even though mama was trying to do the best that she could
Alcohol made her violent
Her boyfriend was a prick, probably 26
Barely looked my direction and really didn't do shit
My animosity grew along with my anger
And impatience disastrous school
My teachers knew I was trouble waiting
And I did too, admittedly but I like it
Maybe I had to accept I'd always be uninvited to church events, football and
family oriented stuff
But I never thought I had it rough
I embraced it, honestly, 'cause I knew how different I was
It made me a rebel and rebels made me feel welcomed and loved
I never knew my daddy but, they said that I was the same and what a shame, g
et your umbrella Wayne
Here comes the heavy rain

Cause I'm the lighting to your storm
Dark bloodstains after a dogfight
The tornado to your alarm
Your hangover after a long night
I'm the snake outta your barn
That one mistake you ever did right
The gunpowder to your drum
I'm your son
The son of a gun
Son of a gun
Son of a gun
Son of a gun

If life is but a dream
I'm up the creek in a paddle boat
Streams full of snakes, demons, not even a ladder goes
Up high and over the Mississippi to see the ocean, so here I go floatin', ye
ah
But I made it a habit though
19 and tattooed, hell-raised in the neighborhood was the place and I made it
home with the favorites
Quarter pound of that seeded Mexican trash slinging nickles
Make enough and then break it even, just do it for tickles
Nashville's under icicles, the Methadone's penetratin'
Ecstasy-hungry, baited as an experimentation
No more chocolate-chip cookies, and porcelain jars
Morbid and dark are my role models, and old-school cars
Sickening and I'm lovin' it
I'm basking in half of it
Backstrokin' in sinnin' ways, a dagger to pastors
I never knew my daddy but, they said that I was the same and what a shame
Here come the cocaine in the heavy rain

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And you can tell that I still don't give a fuck
Still drinking whiskey I'm half-a-bottle already down
Slumerican-made man, Criminals all around
Seventy-thousand dollars a night isn't good, look
Livin' a story usin' my war as my shield
The truth, examined and recreated
The followings real:
Plenty of fatherless children fill up the pit in the buildin'
Usin' the mind for the feelin', it's just like poppin' a pill
And I'm takin' it in
Lost at makin' a win
Thanks for the poems that you inspired, I'm rakin' it in
Never heard you say "give me five," so make it a ten
Think the chances I'm ballin', look at the bastard of him
When I went to jail for the first time, I thought about you
Son of a bitch, I admit it, I guess the rumours are true
'Cause when I look in the mirror, I see from what I 'came
Trial by fire, pain, heavy rain

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