

# The Catch

Yelawolf

Yeah

Y'all should've known what I was about  
When I was throwing them fishing lures from the stage  
Birmingham, Alabama  
I was about that catch  
That catch  
Yeah, runnin'  
Here we go, uh

Look, I should change my name to Bootsie Callins  
Cause if I show up in these boots she callin'  
Change my name back to Phil Collins  
After I cut I don't feel like callin'  
I had to change her name to Post Malone  
She said at least tag me in a post I'm alone  
Give her ten bands drop her off at Neiman Marcus  
I hit the bullseye end of the day she leaving target  
Upgrader, upgrader, going up a grade  
I skipped twelfth grade  
I graduated from the gutter, yay uh  
Can't quit smiling  
Left my biggest demon on an island  
We can't be together  
At least I left for my wallet  
Put the blood soaked shirts in a black trash bag  
Mob shit leave 'em carbon copied, diecast  
Frozen waiting  
Waiting for my shit is motivatin'  
Got 'em runnin' in circles, impatient, roller skatin'  
Roller rink, I'm hustling, bakin' soda's in the sink  
Used to make the runs when that Motorola blinked  
When that Motorola blinked, I was thirteen  
P's in the Jansport  
No bus pass, no transport  
Innocent little skateboarder  
If they only knew the boy was taking orders  
Yeah, takin' orders, but not givin' any  
I knew too much, way too grown, way to knowing plenty  
They was pickin' eenie meenie miney mo  
When I was givin' dime bags of coke to my babysitter, hear me?  
Not a goddamn fool, baby  
Maybe foolish, snatchin' hood ornaments off of that Mercedes  
But I rocked it, I Beastie Boy rocked it  
I took the Public Enemy flavor seriously, I clocked it  
Left that plastic clock swinging from my noggin  
Champion sweat suits, no joggin'  
Élysée, skits for PJ's  
Gummo on the VCR, Kids on replay  
I'm talking about the nations, that struggle era nations  
Old east Nashville  
Cook'up Boss, Alex King  
Project, Brick Home, Carter Lawrence blazing  
Junkies on the playground, 808's quaking  
Raw bass you know?  
MTX Terminator bass  
Yeah fourteen-inch reverse gold D's spinnin'  
Fourteen in a herse gold teeth grinnin'

Fourteen in a skirt, no she didn't  
Fourteen in the hallway gettin domed, sinnin'  
That ain't cool, but it's Kool-Aid though  
Mixed with that vodka, that's you ain't know  
That ain't easy but its true, aye yo  
Reach in my Starter jacket, that open A's gold  
That last row smelled like I just smoked  
Because I just smoked  
Because I just go  
Never looked back  
Never had too much control  
But at least now when I look back, I can write the shit I wrote  
Run these lines like a telephone pole  
So run a line up your nose and blow this shit before you go  
If I had a dollar for every eye that rolled  
The whole world would be dizzy, I'd be worth a mill or so