

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