TM3

Yelawolf

(Trunk Muzik)
Trunk Muzik 3
Ala-fucking-bama
(Trunk Muzik)
Slumerican
Shady
(Trunk Muzik)
Supahot Beatz
And we still bumpin' that Trunk, bitch

I'll take your piss in that bottle, throw that bitch at your papa
Smoke flyin' off the chopper and it's chokin' your mama
She can't breathe with this funk, what I conceive in the trunk
They disbelieve in the son, bitch, best believe I'm the one
I got that bump in the back with the box of bodies
Creek Water 'til I'm walkin' wobbly
I'm a businessman, I don't keep it political
Fuck the world and I'm not sorry
The priest was thinkin' I'm Illuminati
'Cause Eminem is a close kin
He might as well be 'cause I give him hell
For that white bread, put the toast in
Not simply a rapper (Uh)
But I snap like a crispy cracker
When I peel the pages out the book and hook it
That's a life story, no empty chapters
Pull up on 'em in the '59, shinin' like a trailer park king
Let the boots take a walk
Alligator, how I lift the pile of what I made into the faders
Choppin' like me should've been a log

Trunk, shake it, trunk, trunk, shake it
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Money pilin' up, I ain't got shit to do
We hit the bar and settled up a twenty dollar tab
I left her bein' drunk and walkin' out the back without a ride
Or even bein' smart enough to get an Uber
Go to Hooters, takin' double shooters
Throw a lot of hooters, hit the alleyway
And paddle my way over to the studio, I'm travelin', a mover
Head rattlin', I'm at church with a newer God
On another level, bitch, better grab a ruler
Quarterback of anything Slum and I'm throwin' bullets
Could've been a stylist, you admire this mullet
Wanna catch a vibe, then take a violent bullet
Walk a country mile and take a ride in my 'Cuda
For the 808s up under the bench of the Chevy
For the Bettys gettin' ready
Throwin' the confetti, hittin' the powder heavy, uh
Catfish deep gettin' heady, alien shit for my ship, SETI
And it's a walk in the park
When I'm talkin' the talk, like walkin' a dog
No leash for the beast, no caution at all
Be alert if the dog starts barkin' at y'all

'Cause I'm a marvelous shit starter
A public hit, causin' the market to flip harder
But fuck it if I can roll, these suckers just pickpocket
The creative profit and go remake it to make a dollar

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Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah (Trunk Muzik)
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah (Trunk Muzik)
Uh, uh, uh, uh, uh (Trunk Muzik)
Uh, uh, uh (Trunk Muzik)

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