Trunk Muzik, trunk Muzik

Straight from the back of the game I rock it Yelawolf's got that crack boy In the woods with the S-K I'm cockin' You don't want to play with that toy Droppin' this heat like an asteroid Good in the south like Pastor Troy Pull up aside of a 1977 Sittin' back and sippin' my Crown and seven Pimpin' I'm about to get down, Look at me changin' lanes Twin pipes lookin' like dragon's breath (Rooo) Chevrolet's blowin' flames Yes I, know it's strange Hit you in the left eye Hold the change Bitch you too heavy to carry You don't wanna bury yourself Underneath that eight O eight I'm droppin' in your face like

To the DJ's
Out cruisin'
I got that Trunk Muzik
Everybody hop in the Cadillac
And outta back I'ma throttle the Chevrolet's
With the bottom won't you roll the window down
If ya cruisin'
I got that Trunk Muzik
Alabama's unanimous animal Yelawolf
On the eight O eight come and fade away
Ain't no better way to get down

I told you I was coming Said I'd be here in five And even though I brought you glasses You still cant believe your eyes But if you don't believe it by now Fuck it just lean to the side Hold up wait a minute I don't really Wanna leave without a single solitary soul need em' for what I'll bring it to 'em If your sailin' catch my drift Lead me to the door check my list Meet me at the floor catch this fist Or meet me at the store catch this lick Build this house flip this brick Real skate borders feel this grip Moving through the alleyway Look at the people tripping Cause I'm on a chopper like

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I have to be the hardest I got diamond nuts
I piss excellence Ricky Bobby lines em up
Catfish Billy half pints 'em up
Yelawolf country fries 'em up
Pull um in duffle bag then I roll 'em in a river then I hold up
Watch what the fuck you hold up
Dynamite sticks will blow up
Ghet-O-Vision got this sewed up
Roll up smoke up, everybody wishin' they choose us
But we don't give a fuck you know what
I know you didn't see me coming but I'm coming anyway
Bitch Yelawolf is stylin' on 'em

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