

We Slum

Yelawolf

(Please don't make me
Please don't make me take off the safety
I run things, see, things don't run me)

Stuck in the bottom of the bottom, nigga
You don't want no problems 'cause I'm gon' to get 'em, got 'em
Beam down, red dot 'em, I'm serving Red Robins
Just as soon as I spot 'em, adios, he hauled it
You know Fatt, he 'bought it, matter fact, reroute it
'Fore I send them bullets flyin', crashin' like I killed the pilot
They gon' have to X-File it, another nigga missing
Where he at? Shit, I don't know, Tupelo, Mississippi
Hey, somebody better help him or they gon' have to ship him
To the ER to see Abby, baby girl gon' snitch him
Throwing hundreds like I'm pitchin', I got it, I'm a rich one
Bet whatever I'm leaving this motherfucker with a thick one
I don't know you, bitch, you trippin', bust this nut and I'm dippin'
Out of sight, out of mind, another fucking dimension
I'm a nut with this pimpin', hit it up, Hoover Crippin'
Shawty motherfuckin' Fatt, the potbelly mack back

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Please don't make me take off that safety
Killers on front street, 'Bama gone crazy
This the shit they did to me, that's the shit that made me
Weezy threw a pack out, I ran it up through 8th Street (Gone)
Bought it out by carvin', dodging black Chargers
Made it out the mud puddle, now I hustle smarter
Ran up with them sticks out, boy, you know what this 'bout (What?)
New rock, kilos stuffed in the tube sock
Straight drop, I'm hungry whether I ate or not
It's fuck cops, a hundred orders on my block
It's no stress, I done this shit here with no sweat
Big TEC, push a button, shoot at your neck
No flex, I really brought it up out the 'jects
No test, we really at it so cut the check
What's next? A hundred shooters with no vest
No warning, a few killers with no regrets

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I've been in the back, back of that Pontiac, wearin' all black
Sittin' with a bag of smack, a duffel bag of dope
A nickelbag of funk, two gats, and a dimebag of crack
Shawty Fatt, nothin' but trouble, Big Henri
Yeah, motherfucker, these pockets gotta get filled up
So I got the box if you got the bubble
Chevrolet, several day, every day
Up them streets, them boys, they peddlin'
Turn that stomach upside down with violence, that's unsettling
Ten toes down since they found prints of the brown Timbs
In the ground with rounds spit from pistol meddlin'
Creek Water, bitch, made on South Eleventh
Oakley or States, bitch, 231 shit
Trunk Muzik, goddamnit, pop the trunk and didn't panic
Waldon Park, took that shit to another planet
So fuck you if you hatin', homie, I got all this credit on me
The streets are like wipers zonin', twistin' verses, Rigatoni
Sick of phonies but I never get lonely, they keepin' my violet
And ever since Fatt closed his eyelids, he became my pilot, yeah

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