

True To Yourself (feat. Bones Owens)

Yelawolf

Here we go to church on Sunday mornin'
Hangovers on 'em
Whiskey pourin' out of skin, it's like a poison
Beer-soaked boots from the barroom floor
It's perfume to a sinner, it's allurin'
Prophet for the slums, prayer for the dark
Barber straight razor blade, pocket watch
Rings on every finger, sacrificial skin
Story written in his blood, he's akin
To animals and criminals alike
Hood, project, trailer park, Backwoods
Sprinkles of the cocaine in his nails
Tank full of propane on the shelf
Fire's in the soul, the child is now a man
The enemies of good now become a friend
Watchin' God play his life violin
Happily, an instrumental in the wind
You will never fit, you're a misfit
You're a quiet voice no matter how loud you get
Despite the effort, you remain reckless
You remain helpless in the same outfit
As your father did before, you're a song
Better sing the praises of the written wrongs
Only time will kill your spirit if you let it fall
And that's why there's...
No time at all
No time like now
To get on the road
If you wanna get out
You got to be true
True to yourself
Or you'll be a fool
To somebody else
The rifle's in the corner, money on the table
Cellophane sacks, baby's in the cradle
Chevy's in the drive, cranked and ready for him
Lights a cigarette, ashes on the floor
And takes another toke, smoke fills the room
Sun sets behind the clouds, heavy gloom
Cops on the run, sirens in the distance
Wild small town, violent and resistant
In the street, they rage and fight
Any given night, it's just another reason for a killin'

Brave the cold and lock the door 'cause it's war
Storm filled with crime, only safe in buildings
Made of brick and mortar, brick of thick morals
Ain't got brick and mortar? Steel will support 'em
Steel with the trigger finger, take your life
Billy in the basement, wasted, makin' pipe
Bombs take it light, wrong take it real
Take a quarter pound of dope and make a deal
Take the front, son, run for the hills
Cowards under power make sonic seals
Cast a shadow over underprivileged minds
While they're chasin' money, hit some basic rhymes
If the world gives you pen and paper, draw the line
Because there's no time
There's no time at all
No time like now
To get on the road
If you wanna get out
You got to be true
True to yourself
Or you'll be a fool
To somebody else
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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