

Pop the Trunk

Yelawolf

Meth lab in the back and the crack smoke peels
Through the streets like an early morning fog
Momma's in the slaughter house with a hatchet
Helping Daddy chop early morning hog
I'm catching Zs like an early morning saw
When I woke up to the racket yawn and pause
What the fuck man I can never get sleep man
Peeped out the window what's wrong with ya'll
Stood up in my Crimson Tide Alabama
sweatpants and threw my pillow
Looks like Daddy caught the motherfucker
That tried to sneak in and steal his elbows
They don't know that old man don't hold hands or throw hands
Naw, he's rough like a
brillo
Went to the Chevy and pulled out a machete
And a gun as heavy and tall as the midget Willow
Think he's playin'
You better listen what he's sayin' punk
Don't make me go pop the trunk on you
He got an old Mossberg
In the mossy oak duffle bag laying in the back of the donk boy
Don't make me go pop the trunk on you
Think he's playin'
You better listen what he's sayin' punk
Don't make me go pop the trunk on you
He got an old Mossberg
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11: 30 and I'm pulling up dirty
Smoking babbage out the back of my buddy's Monte Carlo
Spitting over some Supa Hot Beats
With a super hot freak we call the parking lot ho
You know we sipping on that old brown bottle
Bass in the trunk make the whole town wobble
So when we ride around bitches follow
But tonight one of the bitches is giving us problems
Well one of them bitches be fucking one of my homeboy's favorite bitches
And he's been on his hit list for a minute
And I think he's ready to handle his business
He told me "Yelawolf, get this"
And he handed me the Cartier watch that was on his wrist
He said "Watch this shit"
And he jumped to the trunk and grabbed his biscuit, biscuit
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Two men stand, one's gotta go
One falls down to the ground, one walks down to the road
Momma better call the police
Now he's screaming no
Took a buckshot to the chest with a rock salt shell and he's moving slow
All this blood has spilled, enough to give a penguin chills
Hot enough to make a potato smoke at the tip of the hollowed steel
In the valley of the hollowed field
In the valley of the hollowed tip
This ain't a figment of my imagination buddy
This is where I live - Bama
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