

# Whistle Dixie

## Travis Barker & Yelawolf

With a full of trash straight to the ocean  
All black Benz is slowly rolling  
Head light's off don't be the chosen  
Thinks it's a game then drop the token  
Up shits creek without a paddle  
That's just life I'm in the saddle  
No rest no bitch we don't tattle  
Snake's don't always shake the rattle Yeah, yeah, yeah All these cops they want the qouta  
Too much hypo coca cola  
Lucy smoke oh yeah you know her  
Shes that bitch who rest in nova  
Took that bite to bit the apple  
You know me I'm hard to tackle  
Break me down homie you wish  
You couldn't catch that fish with golden tackle  
Yeah, yeah, yeah Give me give me till it's empty  
Too much money isn't plenty  
It's not enough it's not any  
Come come on just choose the jimmy  
They all want to bust a nut in  
Drop the bomb push the button  
Be the king, be the sultan  
Some of this shit is so insulting  
Break the broken make the chosen  
Choose the loose then roll the tie get down and soak with  
Gas the gap and light the match and leave you smoking  
Choking on the fuse the latest news, life's a wicked  
Life's a mystery and please don't be the witness  
To the sickness they'll just end it with it  
Something death and warm from the step of country fresh  
Yeah  
Yeah  
Country fresh  
Yeah  
Yeah  
Yeah  
Country fresh

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>

