

# Let's Roll (feat. Kid Rock)

Yelawolf

Yeah, I'm throwed off  
Ain't about the money I'ma blow it off  
I made my own lane, let's roll, let's roll  
Yeah, I'm going off  
Ain't got a whole lot but I'ma show it off  
Better recognize game, lets roll, lets roll  
Yeah, now let me welcome you to my small town  
Big trucks in the yard, big bucks on the wall, country folks all around  
How I was raised, 808 drums quaking, they shake that box, 88  
And the dope boys hotter than hells gate, but I, still in the shade  
With a fold out chair, a 30 pack on the back of that tailgate  
A-L-A, B-A-M-A I'm off I might pee in the lake  
I might go to Talladega and see me a race  
And bring me case, yeah I'm bringing a case  
I'm gettin' throwed off  
Yeah, I'm throwed off  
Ain't about the money I'ma blow it off  
I made my own lane, let's roll, let's roll  
Yeah, I'm going off  
Ain't got a whole lot but I'ma show it off  
Better recognize game, lets roll, lets roll  
And I'm all the way throwed off  
Z71 take the bow off  
Dipped in mossy oak, with a mullet mohawk  
Yeah, with a bright orange hat, and a bag underneath that Chevy seat  
Yeah buddy, might go off, split you like a bowling ball  
Split you in my overalls  
Yeah home of the gumbo, got a couple folks that'd do it to you for hundo  
And when them elephant feet rumble  
That dixie cups gonna fall off the console  
You don't wanna have a convo and not understand that 'Bama slanguage  
Like hollerin' ain't it, but I come to paint it, so it won't be throwed off?  
Yeah, I'm throwed off  
Ain't about the money I'ma blow it off  
I made my own lane, let's roll, let's roll  
Yeah, I'm going off  
Ain't got a whole lot but I'ma show it off  
Better recognize game, lets roll, lets roll  
I'm just a kid that rocks  
I'm just a boy with a dream  
That bet it all with the last bill that I had hid in my socks  
Used to keep a 22 in a shoebox

Now I bang Beretta  
She's 22 and I keep her in a tube top  
White trash and all, take us all the way to the top and then laugh it off  
Like how the fuck did I get a catalogue with more hits than a fucking jackhammer dog  
Cause I planned it all, Crimson tide standing tall  
Shit, I'm another lit cannon ball  
Fuck around and I'm going off and I'm getting throwed off  
Yeah, I'm throwed off  
Ain't about the money I'ma blow it off  
I made my own lane, let's roll, let's roll  
Yeah, I'm going off  
Ain't got a whole lot but I'ma show it off  
Better recognize game, lets roll, lets roll  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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