

# Punk (feat. Travis Barker & Juicy J)

## Yelawolf

I'm a million lightyears away from the dark  
A thousand miles and running  
Country boy can survive  
I'm alive, a loaded gunnin'  
Backseat full of crooks  
Pen and paper, this one's for the books  
Pack it, wrap it, seal it, send it  
To the corner in a Travis Caddy  
Everybody in this motherfucker jumping footprints on the wall  
Gimme the losers, the ones who don't fit in  
And with this shit we're gonna have a ball  
Swing around the mosh pit Dosie Doe  
Catfish Billy and a Dobro  
I'm Psycho White—oh no  
I'm a chili pepper in an Oldsmobile  
Comin' out for the kill  
I don't gamble  
I don't deal with these whose whose in this mass appeal  
I just wanna be behind a steering wheel of a semi-truck  
Then get drunk and run amuck  
With every single one of my misfits  
Bitch, that's how we're showin' up  
With them lowriders on the west side  
Lift kits from the south  
Jump in the passenger seat of my '69 and hit the bootleg house  
I'm on my new shit, still ready and ruthless  
A public nuisance  
But I feel right at home  
Yeah, since they're sleepin' on me, let me wake 'em up  
Got the world in my palm, watch me shake it up  
Everything I'm talkin' real, I ain't make it up  
I know you probably think I care, but I don't give a fuck  
But I ain't giving up, I'd rather live it up  
Everybody sound the same, you need to switch it up  
They still swervin' in my lane, they need to give it up  
But I don't give a fuck, I don't give a fuck  
I don't give a fuck, really I don't give a fuck Still bumping Three 6 all day, Hank Williams all  
day  
So promenade when the lights in the ballroom swing  
And shake and then fall and break with that bottom bass  
Make you wanna tear the club up and go tattoo your face  
Country boys, gutter raised, what a blend, that's all it takes

Got a lock in the pocket, a rock in the sock  
With a cop I'm a nervous wreck  
I never could keep a job 'cause I rob and I take  
And I leave you with nothing left  
But mama tried  
Mama tried to harvest early and the pot died  
If she ever said I was a good boy, trust me, mama lied  
Leave these haters with a cane to walk  
Take these lames with a grain of salt  
All I wanna do is take aim, assault, tell my story  
Paint the wall from Alabama to Atlanta  
From Atlanta I began to build a plan, a panoramic view  
To center who my friends, the men around me was  
The culture is that slum, and I'm not alone  
I put a flag in Nashville, and I'm feelin' right at home  
Yeah, since they're sleepin' on me, let me wake 'em up  
Got the world in my palm, watch me shake it up  
Everything I'm talkin' real, I ain't make it up  
I know you probably think I care, but I don't give a fuck  
But I ain't givin' up, I'd rather live it up  
Everybody sound the same, you need to switch it up  
They still swervin' in my lane, they need to give it up  
But I don't give a fuck, I don't give a fuck  
I don't give a fuck, really I don't give a fuck And the whole world is yours  
This I know, because Nas told me so  
Damn right, so give me that bag of money real quick  
Let's go, I've got it cranked, it's parked out front  
I'm a wanted man and I'm on the run  
And I'm goin' back to Cali to the allies where they packin' rallies  
With the skateboarders, punks and rowdies  
And show 'em this country savvy  
I, am, Yelawolf, and I'm feeling right at home  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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