

# Out of Control

## Travis Barker & Yelowolf

My trucks so clean, you can lick the white walls and drink the gasoline  
My pockets so deep I can eat McDonalds 5 days of the week  
I got so much soul the devil is jealous, wanna be down with the king  
I'm off the ground I float like a jet of propellers, a Vietnam machine  
Speaking of Vietnam I'm in this beat like a heater in Vietcong  
When I spit with the kerosine  
Preaching of see 'em wrong, ravish piece I retrieve 'em and lead 'em wrong with this gift of a  
Chevy dream  
Reaching the sink and then [?] like rap the heat like a teeter now bring it on when you hit you  
can barely breathe  
Leap in the creek and the pond  
Back in the streets like a dealer to feed 'em songs, I blend in with everything  
I'm too rock for hip-hop Too hip-hop for rock n' roll  
I'm too city for rednecks  
And I'm too country for city folks  
But I don't give a fuck what they want from me  
I can only give 'em what I know  
I guess you can just call it  
Out of motherfucking control I get so drunk I lean against walls when there is no wall  
My team is so rowdy they throwin' up the rebel flag when there is no cause  
The south is still dirty, my Chevy parts are clapping, I need no applause  
Roll up like a tornado windpark, 50 seat with nothing but hogs  
I grew up on ZZ-Top when mama was bar-hoping for easy jobs, I'm set with a TV nod  
I grew up in need of pop when mama was star-shopping for Iggy Pop's, I happily needed  
not They grew up a few easy crops and mama was more popping when [?] I sat with the PD  
cops I knew it was either rock and if wanted more options for me to block I happened to see hip  
hop  
Give a fuck if you understand it, how would I expect you to, I barely comprehend it  
How I ended up standing with Shady, shaking hands with 50 like it was planned for me maybe  
I'm a juxtaposition the position of musical composition  
I'm America's sweat stain, what's left in the kitchen  
Take the garbage out with the beggers and jump in the fucking bag  
Digging for hand-me-down's, like I forgot what I have  
Nobody told me how to do me, it just is  
An evolution of rap and rock 'n' roll mixed with  
Country-ass Memphis, Tennessee hillbillies  
Tobacco spitting white kid listen with intent  
Metallica, Triplesix, OutKast, Johnny Cash  
Deadhead hippie shit  
I'm grateful these hippie kids are able to witness it  
Benefit from the pen, ye, I begin  
Thank you, Eminem, there it is

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

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