

Fiddle Me This

Yelawolf

[Verse 1]

Before I say goodbye I'd like to say good day
And I hope you say "good buy" when they ask was it worth for you to pay
For my music, for pressin' play
For all the stress that went into my songs
My love and hate
The most honest I could be with you to date
Is to say thank you Shady
For lettin' me be me with no holds bar'd
Thank you for the chance to enhance this old car
This old jar of moonshine is but two fine lines on a blank sheet but so far
These two lines point directly to my home on the mothership sonar
Valet UFOs, I go park
The dirty south needs a soap bar
In the mouth of these MCs but
But who am I to judge on what they love?
I guess they enjoy being broken co-stars
And I'm soakin' so hard
From the sweat that I could take my clothes off
I done fuckin' raked the whole yard
Should sit back and shake the gold off
But I'm already gone
I got a vision like Tela
Songs, in an envelope like letters
Lettuce, green, money, long
Wolf pack send the cow's home
And I'll keep makin' these albums
Yeah you might have heard a dial tone
But I was on the other line when I hung up the phone
I'll send a postcard when I leave
And think about you when I dream
And when I'm up under them high beams
I'll reflect that shining
So you can feel the heat of light
And life of father, son of Diane
Yeah I've done come a long way from Dixie Land
Take my hand

[Verse 2]

I'm talkin' lowriders, 77 Devilles

L-Dogs, nothin' but them 'Lacs
Sittin' on block in the front yard of the trailer park, yeah
One time for the single wides and the little cribs (one time)
Two times if you know what it's like to fuckin' live (two times)
Three times in a row you've been late on the rent (three...)
Four times before you did the same old shit, yeah

[Verse 3]

Baby done grown up, rockin' that beard like a grown up
Fuck gettin' toned up, let the Glock talk
I'm on gone and hush
Just like daddy taught me, wait I didn't have one
Fuck it, I'm happy for him, cause he caught a bad one
I popped outta that Easy Bake, landed in 'Bama, clean and safe
Dropped outta high school, reason, hey
I'm already high from a seedless eighth
And they wonder why I speak this way
And ye ain't ever seen this place
Well here's your American pie
It's a Dixie piece of cake (cake...)

[?]

[Spoken Outro]

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