

# Whiskey In A Bottle

## Yelowolf

Still on that ass like  
Handcuff's up in it like  
Hand-puppets makin' you holler  
You should've jumped in that impala homie  
Refrigerators never seen ice baby  
Not vanilla, not a reason that  
Yela make a flame grab a chinchilla  
Quite like the words I pulled up to  
Fuck guppies, I see food in a hush puppy  
So give me that king crap  
And I'll break a shell  
You seen that?  
Well fuck it, if he don't take it well  
So crack the top of that hot, shaking ale  
And say "free Young Struggle" who's not making bail  
He got popped by the feds  
Fuck the cops! Take a nail  
Fuck it take M-N-O-P, learn how to spell  
I'll pull up to the gate  
And we'll skate on this country faggots  
And until then, fuck 'em, they can have it  
Slumerican means  
Slum American breed  
Gutter raised with worldwide dreams, yeah  
Put your hands to the sky  
I'm a bullet in a barrel with a hair pin trigger now  
And I'mma landslide  
I'm a head case train wreck avalanche comin' down  
Put your hands to the sky  
I'm a ready made party  
I'm whiskey in a bottle now  
Lalalalalalalalalaa  
I'm whiskey in a bottle now Still on that gas like  
The bottom of my signature shoe, 'Bama red  
I'm on that ass like Alabama did LSU  
You said "Oh lord" Bible Belt raised  
In your mouth like a cold sore  
Rolled Ford's? Nah roll tide and rode Chevy's  
My mama rolls joints  
Smoke rolls off with a timp  
Daddy's a rolling stone  
I'm rolling in shit with these pigs

And the south side  
Who you rolling with in the sticks?  
With hair weaves and airstreams  
Cigarette stained walls  
Fuck, I can barely breathe  
Spittin' shotgun pellets  
Out of my fuckin' chili bowl.  
But am I a hill billy, no!  
I am the truth behind these fuckin' illusionist  
Yellin' redneck, you about as red as the color blue is  
Call me a redneck, and I just tatoo it  
Because of the abusin' I use it as therapy in music  
So.  
Put your hands to the sky  
I'm a bullet in a barrel with a hair pin trigger now  
And I'mma landslide  
I'm a head case train wreck avalanche comin' down  
Put your hands to the sky  
I'm a ready made party  
I'm whiskey in a bottle now  
Lalalalalalalalalaa  
I'm whiskey in a bottle now Still on that grass like  
John Deers this yard is already cut  
You can't get no work here, uh  
You fags started with swag, you was stealing  
It turns out I got no peers  
Just years of street smarts  
So here you go retards  
Come hit this bulls eye  
I'll give you three darts  
One, my last album flopped  
Two, it wasn't my time  
Three, my fuckin' mama's selling my pajamas online  
(Lalalalalalalalalaa)  
But guess what?  
(I'm whiskey in a bottle now)  
Fuckin' right, I'm aged  
I'm dirty-3, I'm not a child who plays with crack to get a piece  
Don't clap, for no MC who's wack  
Then get a free slap  
Fuck out my car when I smashed in a Caprice  
I'm Jack sippin' still  
Whippin' wood wheels  
Truck on steriods  
Illegal to play ball  
But damn it how good it feels  
Drop that black card  
Park in the backyard  
Baby fire up the grill

It's party time Put your hands to the sky  
I'm a bullet in a barrel with a hair pin trigger now  
And I'mma landslide  
I'm a head case train wreck avalanche comin' down  
Put your hands to the sky  
I'm a ready made party  
I'm whiskey in a bottle now  
Lalalalalalalalaa  
I'm whiskey in a bottle now

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

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>