

# Profit (feat. Yelowolf & Shawty Fatt)

## Rittz

Yep, yep, yep, bitch I'm all about my (profit)  
Yep, yep, yep, don't even try to count my (profit)  
Yep, yep, yep, so stay the fuck up out my (profit)  
Yep, yep, yep, yeah I got my buddies on the corner, in the back of the club with a sack  
And they rolling up a jointer, smoking that country stash  
You ain't never seen a bull rider bumping UGK  
Nah homie, you ain't never seen that  
Fuck it, [?]  
Like a bucket seat  
Hip hop make em all lean back  
Make a ping pong ball jealous of the bounce  
Chevrolet sitting tall like a cloud  
Yeah, pick another trailer park girl up  
Dirty blonde digger, ding dong, get out  
Yeah, Imma let the lid out, fuck puffing in this jar, lightning bug  
Southern hospitality, but I hospitalize you cause I'm nice enough  
To spot a punk like a homophobic  
I'm on it, my opponents know it  
Get your money up D-boy  
I ain't a D-boy, but my folks they grow it  
Done clipped the bud and done sold it  
I been sipping Bud, you ain't noticed?  
I'm in the bible belt like a church, in the lobby  
With an offering tray for that profit  
Let me get started  
Targeting artists, ain't no dodging em, lodging them  
Cause they fraudulent, yeah, my ho might been sporting shit  
No tours and shit, no super Nintendo, but I got cartridges  
Cartman shit, working my big old tool like I know carpentry  
Pardon me it's the, nigga you know me, the hottest commodity  
Probably catch me posted at penny province in poverty  
Cause they copping it, stopping me, nope  
No [?] copping me, nope  
P O T B E L L, why the hell they riding my tail?  
I'll slow it down a minute (what?)  
Cause I ain't been around a minute  
These niggas feeling themselves cause I let em borrow the crown a minute  
And I'll admit I get beside myself sometimes  
Only cause I know I got dope rhymes  
And my punch lines will fuck wit yo mind  
I'm bucking, bout my  
I am a real Slumerican

Told Yelawolf he can swear me in  
I got a heavy double barrel in my box Chevy  
When my album drop, everybody scared again  
And I'm prepared to win at all costs  
Y'all talk a lot of shit, tryna tear my skin  
And rumor has it I'm crazy, I need to see a therapist  
Well if the shoe fits, fuck it Imma wear it then  
Cause I'm a go getter, I would swear for ten  
I'm bout to turn up like a sombrero rim  
I'm kinda like a modern day Larry Flynt  
It's Slum shit, baby fuck Katy Perry fans  
I rep Atlanta, I ain't never been to Paris, France  
I switch lanes, crossing over like I'm Jeremy Lin  
You can't admire me, don't let me catch you staring pimp  
I'm like a great white shark in this aquarium  
When I was young, I knew kids out caroling  
Around the holidays, they were pistol carrying  
In the spare, getting paper was imperative  
Reaching in my pocket, only thing there was lint  
Well I compare with then, don't want to spare a cent  
We suited up in all black, in a pair of tens  
I ran up in a local baller's house, I lay it down  
Motherfucker, show me where it is  
I'm bout to take that profit

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