

# Down

## Yelawolf

These donuts are delicious... son of a bitch! We got a 1094 on Hines Road  
Requesting backup  
Repeat, 1094 on Hines Road heading southbound  
I'm in pursuit! Pick up, pick up, daddy's in the pickup  
Got so much bounce the kick drum givin' the hiccups  
You don't want it with me, sucker, just look up  
Beer flyin' in this mothafucka like bird shit  
Ran these Mickey Thompsons up on the curb, bitch  
Crook as a picture on Sunday  
My maniac Slumerican squad mount up around your Hyundai  
Chevy's up, we got low lives and bow ties  
Up shit's creek, I'll take you for a boat ride  
Stick his head in the water, now let him flap his lips  
Motormouth, make a wave, yeah, Roll Tide  
You're playin' golf in lightning, so am I  
Dressed in a tin man suit  
Drinkin' a tin can too, that is 110 proof  
Man if I only had a heart for you bitches  
I'd get down on my knees and help you dig them ditches  
But mama only raised Hell  
So when you're done diggin' that ditch, bitch, bury yourself  
Pass me that Colt 45  
I'm partyin' 'til my fuckin' throat sore and dry I'm goin' down  
Aww man you gotta love it  
I'm on my way  
Hey mama, all around the town they're sayin'  
"He's goin' down, Lord have mercy"  
I'm country rich, no budget  
Got to get paid  
Hey daddy, all around the town they're sayin'  
"He's goin' down, Lord have mercy"  
You drivin' drunk, better lift your seat up  
Cause cops pull us over just to fuckin' meet us  
Cause Marshall's a Rap God, damn right  
Well I guess that makes me Jesus  
So turn this water to whiskey  
Watch the dirty south go from dirty to filthy  
High class only means stoned in school  
Joints rolled up bigger than pony stool  
Smoke, stains on the roof of the old Regal's brown  
So what I got spokes on this bitch, and?  
The lift kicks like climbin' into a spaceship

UFO's, unidentified flyin' Oldsmobiles  
And mobile homes, amen  
I can still smell the kerosene leakin'  
I should've seen the signs, I was blowin' up  
Either in a trailer home or a pickup  
Hey, Bubba, your baby boy is in big trouble  
I fuckin' ran through a briar patch and got cut up  
Now I'm wide open in front of the whole town  
I bled for the game, I guess it's obvious now  
I'm goin' down now, he told me wear it with pride  
You wanna take the hard road you gotta cherish the ride  
Most mothafuckas won't jump to embarrass the fly  
Can't build a legacy up, then let it perish and die  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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