

Yelawolf, Unnatural Born Killer

ok, ok,
I am pullin that choppa out that driveway
the tires leave them
my devilish bloodstains steel
last night was a close range hit
my room is empty in smoke
dealin' with
back on whit the concrete drips,
quick wonder when ...

ok
these bitch ain't the room bandana
it's tied on my head
gotta knock a nap-nap sack
hangin' out the side
you see red
or be in trailers and trashin
American born to be trashy
they took my ass to the city
I just don't know how to act classy

black, hangin' out of that hat
just saw them punks see me comon'
From a tribe called broke
so I'm nit breakin' or runnin'
fuck all that racism, butch
and who the fuck you all with
I'm a white biy from the South
but I am also new Side shite
it's unnatural

yeah, I am unnatural
unnatural born killer
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unnatural born killer
unnatural born

that cigarette is burnin'
inhaling second-hand some
the paper walls of the trailer
dilapidated and broke
there's stinky suits un my closet
back to the same old shit
enemy by flippin' that weight
when your boy is hittin' a lick

watchinf them up in the sprocket
rims all crooked and wobbly
but I can't quit while they watching
so I gotta keep rolling and rocking
drive it like I stole it
then drop it off
gotta get my cut kike a bucket knife
for the bucket up top

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