Funky Shit

Travis Barker & Yelawolf

Sitting in the back (Oh my god)
S-Sitting the back (f-f-f-funky shit)
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S-Sitting the back (f-f-f-funky shit)Peanut jelly box, sitting in the carport
808 crack, and I'm open like a barndoor
Beer bottle cap, put 'em in the floor
Set 'em in the floor, what a metaphor is this?
Kind of like newer beat with Travis
Eat it up, beat it up look at the atlas
Where should I go? Put 'em in a cereal bowl
In Alabama, then I holler out
"Cheerio
Look at that shit, hit the drum back like elastic
And let it go like a mac?
S-Sipping on the green, feeling like I'm seeing Patrick
Got beans in the mattress, magic
Make you want to jump on a fat bitch
Ooh got to have it
(boss) Send the wolf, pick a thing
On a pekingese bitch, go go gadget
(Owh) I'm all the way from the gutter
Flick a cigarette butt from a Chevrolet pickup
Geeked up on 7 Up
Got a centimeter? Wall up on a run like a cheetah
Want a better beat ah well, that'd be the day
Put you up shit creek
Paddle be away, hat to the side
Holler at you homie
What's the matter with you babe?
Sitting in the back with the bass on boom
Trunk gon' shake, and the wheels on zoom
American classic, trashy tunes
L.A. to Alabama, from noon to noon
They saying, (oh my god, that's some funky shit)
(Oh my god, that's some funky shit)
(Oh my god, that's some funky shit)
Oh my god, that's some funky shitAnd I'm a Beastie Boy
Airwalks and a bowl cut

Skater when a skater wasn't cool
When it was just,
"so what? Fuck you dude
Well fuck you too
To the crack with a backpack
I'll bust your fruit
I'm all about constructing my paper
Kind of like a pocket full of Elmer's Glue
Squeeze the bottle, turn the milk
Churn the butter, get the cheese tomorrow
I got a lock on my profit
No exits, no keys tomorrow
But I got steeze to borrow
Some Famous kicks to match
If I got a big sign, I'll rap
As long as TV got sticks to crack
So hit a drumroll, I'll jump in like a jump rope
Watch
Acapella like an elevator operate
While the operator labeled my fucking high tops
Rhythm like a clock, I'm scotch
You would've thought, it was written
But it's not
Rag hanging out them look at them jeans
Not a gangbanger but a banger who sings
And momma don't you worry about a single thing
Really though, cause daddy brought charcoal, and gasoline
And we cooking up tonight, t-bones, pinto beans
Sitting in the back with the bass on boom
Trunk gon' shake, and the wheels on zoom
American classic, trashy tunes
L.A. to Alabama, from noon to noon
They saying, (oh my god, that's some funky shit)
(Oh my god, that's some funky shit)
(Oh my god, that's some funky shit)
Oh my god, that's some funky shitYeah, why stop now?
Put 'em in the trunk
Let 'em feel the sound
That they don't pop it
Let 'em feel the rhyme till he finds the locket
808 weighs a ton, so drop it
Watch your feet, while I rock the beat
Going all out, no private seat
I don't walk if I can ride the beat
But wouldn't you though? Don't lie to me
Of course you would, catapult syllables
Got up on my horse in the woods, whoa
Magical, sorcerer goods
Steal from the rich put more in the hood

Natural, born with a wood
Fuck 'em all, I'm right above 'em all
But you could butt talk, if a? fall
Out with a motherfucker with a sluggish crawl
Chug till I can't chug at all
Not a frat boy, I'm a rap boy
In Hollywood, like Aykroyd
But I read my script with a southern drawl
I run home when mother calls
Cause mother's got a switch
Yeah, she's a wolf too
That makes me a son of a bitchSitting in the back with the bass on boom
Trunk gon' shake, and the wheels on zoom
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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