Whistle Dixie

Travis Barker & Yelawolf

With a full of trash straight to the ocean
All black Benz is slowly rolling
Head light's off don't be the chosen
Thinks it's a game then drop the token
Up shits creek without a paddle
That's just life I'm in the saddle
No rest no bitch we don't tattle
Snake's don't always shake the rattleYeah, yeah, yeahAll these cops they want the qouta
Too much hypo coca cola
Lucy smoke oh yeah you know her
Shes that bitch who rest in nova
Took that bite to bit the apple
You know me I'm hard to tackle
Break me down homie you wish
You couldn't catch that fish with golden tackle
Yeah, yeah, yeahGive me give me till it's empty
Too much money isn't plenty
It's not enough it's not any
Come come on just choose the jimmy
They all want to bust a nut in
Drop the bomb push the button
Be the king, be the sultan
Some of this shit is so insulting
Break the broken make the chosen
Choose the loose then roll the tie get down and soak with
Gas the gap and light the match and leave you smoking
Choking on the fuse the latest news, life's a wicked
Life's a mystery and please don't be the witness
To the sickness they'll just end it with it
Something death and warm from the step of country fresh
Yeah
Yeah
Country fresh
Yeah
Yeah
Yeah
Country fresh
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by http://www.1songlyrics.com/