

# Pop the Trunk

## Yelawolf

Meth lab in the back and the crack smoke peels  
Through the streets like an early morning fog  
Momma's in the slaughter house with a hatchet  
Helping Daddy chop early morning hog  
I'm catching Zs like an early morning saw  
When I woke up to the racket yawn and pause  
What the fuck man I can never get sleep man  
Peeped out the window what's wrong with ya'll  
Stood up in my Crimson Tide Alabama  
sweatpants and threw my pillow  
Looks like Daddy caught the motherfucker  
That tried to sneak in and steal his elbows  
They don't know that old man don't hold hands or throw hands  
Naw, he's rough like a  
brillo  
Went to the Chevy and pulled out a machete  
And a gun as heavy and tall as the midget Willow  
Think he's playin'  
You better listen what he's sayin' punk  
Don't make me go pop the trunk on you  
He got an old Mossberg  
In the mossy oak duffle bag laying in the back of the donk boy  
Don't make me go pop the trunk on you  
Think he's playin'  
You better listen what he's sayin' punk  
Don't make me go pop the trunk on you  
He got an old Mossberg  
In the mossy oak duffle bag laying in the back of the donk boy  
Don't make me go pop the trunk on you  
11: 30 and I'm pulling up dirty  
Smoking babbage out the back of my buddy's Monte Carlo  
Spitting over some Supa Hot Beats  
With a super hot freak we call the parking lot ho  
You know we sipping on that old brown bottle  
Bass in the trunk make the whole town wobble  
So when we ride around bitches follow  
But tonight one of the bitches is giving us problems  
Well one of them bitches be fucking one of my homeboy's favorite bitches  
And he's been on his hit list for a minute  
And I think he's ready to handle his business  
He told me "Yelawolf, get this"  
And he handed me the Cartier watch that was on his wrist  
He said "Watch this shit"  
And he jumped to the trunk and grabbed his biscuit, biscuit  
Think he's playin'  
You better listen what he's sayin' punk  
Don't make me go pop the trunk on you  
He got an old Mossberg  
In the mossy oak duffle bag laying in the back of the donk boy

Don't make me go pop the trunk on you Think he's playin'  
You better listen what he's sayin' punk  
Don't make me go pop the trunk on you  
He got an old Mossberg  
In the mossy oak duffle bag laying in the back of the donk boy  
Don't make me go pop the trunk on you  
Two men stand, one's gotta go  
One falls down to the ground, one walks down to the road  
Momma better call the police  
Now he's screaming no  
Took a buckshot to the chest with a rock salt shell and he's moving slow  
All this blood has spilled, enough to give a penguin chills  
Hot enough to make a potato smoke at the tip of the hollowed steel  
In the valley of the hollowed field  
In the valley of the hollowed tip  
This ain't a figment of my imagination buddy  
This is where I live - Bama  
Think he's playin'  
You better listen what he's sayin' punk  
Don't make me go pop the trunk on you  
He got an old Mossberg  
In the mossy oak duffle bag laying in the back of the donk boy  
Don't make me go pop the trunk on you Think he's playin'  
You better listen what he's sayin' punk  
Don't make me go pop the trunk on you  
He got an old Mossberg  
In the mossy oak duffle bag laying in the back of the donk boy  
Don't make me go pop the trunk on you

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>