

American You

Yelowolf

Man you got it all worked out, don't you? Old pair of shoes
Never wear your heart on your sleeve cause it don't go with the suit
You got a bad, bad woman with a young little pretty face
They told you not to go get married but you went and did it anyway
Singin', oh sweet sounds of
American you

Never miss a Sunday service, never got tattoos
Every time we drive by wavin', I see right through
Fuck you too
Mama said steer clear of the devil so you never played in the road
Always lookin' on the bright side, so you never see the potholes
You got a house on a hill, big news, that's a big deal
Big party with your big time friends, man imagine how that feels
Singin', oh sweet sounds of
American you

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Every time we drive by wavin', I see right through
Fuck you too
Fuck you too

I believe in the modest dream, ain't lookin' for a pot of gold
A 6 pack and some good marijuana I can watch my mama roll
I believe I can buy a few things like a house with a nice pool
Invite my nobody friends to the party and we'll be in it, fuck you
You got a blue collar father who drinks Budweiser out the bottle
20 dollars, an old Impala, a baby's mama
You work hard, you don't beg, you don't borrow
Night at the factory, daytime job at McDonald's
Your daddy told you that girl was nothin' but a problem
But you fell in love cause to you she was like a supermodel
And they told you not to go get married but you went and did it anyway
It ain't no problem

You make somethin' out of nothin', you make money for a livin'
Pushin' buttons, stickin' digits, flippin' burgers in the kitchen
With the vision, you've been dreamin', you've been savin'
You've been given nothin' but shit
But you take it cause you're patient in this prison
Fuck everybody visitin', it ain't them who gotta live in this skin
With all these tattoos that you got, it fuckin' offends them
If it's you that I'm speakin' to, you must be my extension
I take my drink up and sip it, take my hat off and tip it
Slumerican

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