

Till It's Gone

Yelawolf

I'm not the table you can come and lay your cup down on, now
I'm not the shoulder for a bag. The one that carried a heavy load
I'm not the road that you take when you looking for a short cut, uh
 I ain't the stepping stone to be stepping on
 I ain't nobodies crutch
 I ain't the money man, with your money, man
 You ain't looking at me
 I'm not the cheap one, looking at me son
 You ain't looking at free
I ain't the dish rag to come clean up all the shit that you dish out
 Ain't got no check for em'
If you checking in, mothafucka, check this out
 Ain't much I can do but I do what I can
 But I'm not a fool there's no need to pretend
And just because you got yourself in some shit
 It doesn't mean I have to come deal with it
You handle your own when you become a man
And become a man when you handle your own
 Ain't much I can do, but I do what I can
 But what can I do if I do till it's gone? Oh oh
 Till it's gone. Oh oh
 Till it's gone. Oh oh
 Till it's gone. Oh oh
 What can I do if I do till it's gone?
I'm not the the trash can. Not the last man at the finish line, now
I'm not the new kid on the block that you can just follow and push around
I'm not the fucking needle in the hay stack that you finally found
 This ain't no free rent. Come and pitch a tent
 You ain't tying me down
I'm not a bus ride you can hop inside and just roll away clean
 Like the wheel on the wagon you wanna break
 Cause I hold up the weight for the team
I'm not the gold watch and the new truck that your scheming to check out
 Unless your looking to check out (powpowpow)
What a mess, now (come on) Ain't much I can do but I do what I can
 But I'm not a fool there's no need to pretend
And just because you got yourself in some shit
 It doesn't mean I have to come deal with it
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And become a man when you handle your own
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 But what can I do if I do till it's gone? Oh oh

Till it's gone. Oh oh
Till it's gone. Oh oh
Till it's gone. Oh oh
What can I do if I do till it's gone? I jump to the sky for my people
I walk through the fire. I give love when it's equal
Don't tell me not to complain about my money and fame
When you come around me telling me I've changed
Damn, right I've fucking changed
When there's fucking change in my pocket hit the bucket
It was a rocking all a sudden
I went from shopping without nothing
To going shopping for my cousins
Now that the cops know that I'm buzzing,
they wanna drop me in the oven
Pull me over just to say "I'm a fan"
Hip hop; gotta love it, but fuck it Ain't much I can do but I do what I can
But I'm not a fool there's no need to pretend
And just because you got yourself in some shit
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Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>