

# American You

Yelawolf

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

Never miss a Sunday service, never got tattoos  
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

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

Fuck you too

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