

## **Yelawolf - American You**

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Intro: A Dbm D A
                                                                I believe I can buy a few things like a house with a nice
      Gbm F D A
                                                               pool
                                                                Invite my nobody friends to the party and we'll be in it,
Man you got it all worked out, don't you, old pair of shoes
                                                               fuck vou
Never wear your heart on your sleeve 'cause it don't go with
                                                                You got a blue collar father who drinks Budweiser out the
                                                                20 Dollars, an old Impala, a baby's mama
 You got a bad, bad woman with a young little pretty face
                                                                You work hard, you don't beg, you don't borrow
                                                                Night at the factory, daytime job at McDonald's
They told you not to go get married but you went and did it
anvwav
                                                                Your daddy told you that girl was nothin' but a problem
                                                                But you fell in love 'cause to you she was like a supermodel
              Dbm
 Singin', oh sweet sounds of American you
Never miss a Sunday service, never got tattoos
                                                                And they told you not to go get married but you went and did
                                                               it anyway, it ain't no problem
                Dbm
 Every time we drive by wavin', I see right through
     Gbm E
               D
                                                                You make somethin' out of nothin', you make money for a
 Tudutudutudu, fuck you too
                                                                Pushin' buttons, stickin' digits, flippin' burgers in the
                                                               kitchen
Mama said steer clear of the devil so you never played in the
                                                                With the vision, you've been dreamin', you've been savin',
                                                             A you've been given nothin' but shit
Always lookin' on the bright side, so you never see the
                                                                But you take it 'cause you're patient in this prison
potholes
           Dbm
 You got a house on a hill, big news, that's a big deal
                                                                Fuck everybody visitin', it ain't them who gotta live in this
                                                             A skin
Big party with your big time friends, man imagine how that
                                                                With all these tattoos that you got, it fuckin' offends them
feels
               Dbm
                                                                If it's you that I'm speakin' to, you must be my extension
 Singin', oh sweet sounds of American you
Never miss a Sunday service, never got tattoos
                                                                I take my drink up and sip it, take my hat off and tip it,
                                                               Slumerican
 Every time we drive by wavin', I see right through
     Gbm E
               D
                                                                Oh sweet sounds of American you
 Tudutudutudu, fuck you too
     Gbm E
               D
 Tudutudutudu, fuck you too
                                                                Never miss a Sunday service, never got tattoos
                                                                                Dbm
                                                                Every time we drive by wavin', I see right through
                   Dbm
I believe in the modest dream, ain't lookin' for a pot of
                                                                     Gbm F
                                                                               D
gold
                                                                Tudutudutudu, fuck you too
                                         D
                                                                     Gbm E
                                                                               D
 A 6 pack and some good marijuana I can watch my mama roll
                                                                Tudutudutudu, fuck you too
Acordes
                 Dbn
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