

Hank Williams III, White Trash 2

Yeah boy, that's right.

Well I was raised in a holler
I grew up eatin' mud
and my baby bottle
it was filled with beer and blood

Well I got relatives here
they just don't look quite right

A couple of 'em only got one eye
that I heard that they lost in a fight

You know why
You got any idea, boy
Do you know why

It's white trash
It's white trash
It's white trash
It's white trash

My daddy - he started beatin' me
around the tender age of five
He said "You gotta be tough -
if you're ever gonna get out of this world alive"

He used to beat my momma
and spit in my face
and laugh at the world
'cause it was such a fuckin' disgrace

Do you know why
Do you know why
I'll tell you why

White trash
White trash

Stand up
Be a good man
Do as I say boy
Put this beer in your hand

White trash -
I'm white trash
I'm white trash
I'm white trash