

# Zakk Wylde, Hate Your Guts

I got the call Monday mornin'  
Sometime around 9 a.m.  
I felt down and out, left for dead,  
Lost without a friend  
Now how you live with yourself  
Well child, I just don't know  
But as far as I'm concerned I think ya  
Really suck, you're rotten and you really blow

I hate your guts  
I wish that you was dead  
I hate your guts  
You're damn right that's what I said  
I hate your guts  
And I wish that you was dead  
I'd dig the hole myself  
But I'd rather run ya over with my truck instead

Your first name should be ass  
Your last name should be wipe  
Believe me when I say this  
Cus I've been shit on more than twice  
Well it's funny how it works  
It just seems to never end  
Just when ya think ya had enough  
They'll bend ya over and fuck ya once again !

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What's mine is mine  
What's yours is mine  
And that's the way it's gonna be  
If ya got a problem with that ya little bastard  
Don't ya come around to me  
Now I've been doin' this now  
For quite a many day  
I'll rip off your nuts and  
Shove them down your throat and  
Head off on my merry way

Money-hungry and greedy  
Child you're just downright wrong  
Ya pissed me off so many times  
I just had to write this song  
Everyone's got their problems  
And I know you sure got yours  
But you make livin' child  
Seem like a back breakin' chore

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