Hank Williams III, Gravel Pit

Livin' on a bloody street Watch the bullets fly by me as you get your drugs for your disease

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Hangin out on the bad side of town No one likes us 'cause were fuckin' proud - yeah

Feel that hatred deep inside your bones Better start a runnin' if your gonna get down with it We dont need another kiss-ass full of bullshit Better start a runnin' if your gonna get down with it 'cause were hard

We don't need another kiss-ass full of bullshit or ya just might end up with a busted lip Better see a doctor make sure your down with it in your fuckin' heart

Is it in your fuckin' heart?

Why why why Why why

Where I grew up you stupid punk Where you threw up 'cause you were so scared

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Got another busted lip livin' in the gravel pit
The more hate that I feel for you will help me knock you the fuck out you the fuck out you the fuck out you the fuck out

Know your power when you're livin' on a bloody street Watch the bullets fly right by me

My blood is tuff from the gravel... My blood is tuff from the gravel...

Come on, come on, come on and get me Get another kick right to the knee

My blood is tuff from the gravel pit

Yeah, we'll always stick together - 'cause were hard Fighting like a bunch of pitbulls in your yard Livin' in the gravel pit

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