

Jackyl, If You Want It Heavy (I Weigh A Ton)

(Chorus)

You want it heavy
Well now God Damn
I wiegh a ton
You know that I am
A ton of fun
You know you want a piece of me

A piece of me - a piece of my
Home is on the road I like to roll then I take it
Home where the clay is red like my neck down in Dixie
Well I'm a talkin' to you now hey hey
My pockets are lined they are full of pay day
With every move I make you know the South is risin'
Say you want it heavy now
Hell Yea! Hell Yea!

(Chorus)

A piece of my freedom
First taste of freedom gets you high
Then you crave more freedom
I got more attitude than your money can buy
Now I'm talkin' to you now hey hey
Are you ready to rumble I'm a may-lay
Fuck all the rules I never call before I dig
When I come around my friends say "Hey Big"

(Chorus)

I don't give a damn about your haircut
I don't give a damn about your "in" thang
I walk a mile in my own pair of boots
Do you think I give a God Damn what you think
Hell No

(Repeat Chorus)