

Pride And Glory, 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 dont know
But as far as Im concerned I think ya
Really suck, youre rotten and you really blow
I hate your guts
I wish that you was dead
I hate your guts
Youre damn right thats what I said
I hate your guts
And I wish that you was dead
Id dig the hole myself
But Id 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
RCus Ive been shit on more than twice
Well its funny how it works
It just seems to never end
Just when ya think ya had enough
Theyll bend ya over and f**k ya once again !
I hate your guts
I wish that you was dead
I hate your guts
Youre damn right thats what I said
I hate your guts
And I wish that you was dead
Id dig the hole myself
But Id rather run ya over with my truck instead
Whats mine is mine
Whats yours is mine
And thats the way its gonna be
If ya got a problem with that ya little bastard
Dont ya come around to me
Now Ive been doin this now
For quite a many day
Ill rip off your nuts and
Shove them down your throat and
Head off on my merry way
Money-hungry and greedy
Child youre just downright wrong
Ya pissed me off so many times
I just had to write this song
Everyones got their problems
And I know you sure got yours
But you make livin child
Seem like a backbreakin chore
I hate your guts
I wish that you was dead
I hate your guts
Youre damn right thats what I said
I hate your guts
And I wish that you was dead
Id dig the hole myself
But Id rather run ya over with my truck instead