

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 why

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

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Where I grew up
you stupid punk
Where you threw up
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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

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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