

Not Everybody Likes Us

Hank Williams III

Well, hello there folks, how the hell are you doin'..
It's good to be in your local bar again.
So let's get loud, we'll get stoned an' get proud,
Have a damn good time until the show's at an' end.
Sometimes I'm wired an' sometimes, I'm tired,
But I'm doin' the best that I can.
So let's have a drink and a glum with Hank,
An' may the outlaws rise again.

Well I'm a son of a son..
I've got a chip of what I've said an' done.
Well, I remember watchin' ol' Waylon,
When he was shootin' his shotgun.
It's a certain kinda livin',
It's a certain kinda style.
Not everybody likes us,
But we we drive some folks wild.

Well I think I'd rather eat the barrel,
Of a double-barrel loaded shotgun,
Than to hear that shit they call pop-country music,
On ninety-eight-point-one.
Just so you know, so it's it's set in stone,
Kid Rock don't come from where I come from..
Yeah, it's true, he's a Yank, he ain't no son of Hank..
If you even thought so, god-damn, you're fucking dumb.

So let's get real loud..
Let's get stoned and proud.
Pour me another shot of whiskey,
An' this one's for the south.
It's a certain kinda livin',
It's a certain kinda style.
Not everybody likes us,
But we we drive some folks wild.
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