

White Trash

Hank Williams III

Well I was raised in a holler
And I grew up eatin' mud
And in my baby bottle was whiskey
And I came from bad blood.

Well I got relatives here
They just don't look quite right.

A couple of 'em only got one eye
That I heard that they lost in a fight.

You know why
You got any idea, what I'm talkin about, boy
Do you know why

It's White Trash
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My daddy started beatin' me
At the tender age of five
He said, "You gotta be tough motherfucker
If you're ever gonna in this town alive"

He used to beat my momma
And he'd spit in my face
And laugh at the world
Cause he was such a fuckin' disgrace

Do you know why
You got any idea, son
Do you know why

White Trash
White Trash

Stand up
Take it like a man boy
Do as I say son
You put this beer in your hand

White Trash
I'm White Trash
I'm White Trash
I'm White Trash