

Bad Habit

Offspring

Hey man, you know I'm really okay
The gun in my hand will tell you the same
But when I'm in my car, don't give me no crap
'Cause the slightest thing and I just might snap at all

When I go driving, I stay in my lane
But getting cut off, it makes me insane
Open the glove box, reach inside
Gonna wreck this fucker's ride

I guess I got a bad habit
Of blowin' away
I got a bad habit
And it ain't goin' away
Yeah, yeah

Well, they say the road's a dangerous place
If you flip me off, I'll get in your face
You drive on my ass, your foot's on the gas
And your next breath is your last

I guess, I got a bad habit
Of blowin' away
Got a bad habit
And it ain't goin' away
Yeah, yeah

Drivers are rude, such attitudes
But when I show my piece, complaints cease
Something's odd, I feel like I'm God
You stupid, dumb shit, goddamn, motherfucker

I open the glove box, reach inside
Gonna wreck this fucker's ride

I guess, I got a bad habit
Of blowin' away
Got a bad habit
And it ain't goin' away
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah