

## 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