

# Trial by Fire

Yelowolf

Check, check, check...  
This is Bones Owens to my right, right here  
To my left DJ Klever  
My name is Yelowolf  
This is Trial By Fire

Uh  
Back in 1979 it was a cold day in December  
Mamma peeled the paint off the wall screamed  
Baby's on the way  
They rushed her to the hospital in that old Chevy truck  
Running 90 miles an hour down them back roads  
Blowing past the sheriff, in the woods smoke bellowing off the engine  
Running hot, must of been a sign  
They rushed her to the emergency room  
Barely made it to the bed  
A few minutes later I was screaming for my first breath  
A little devil the doctor said  
He's got that look in his eye y'know  
Reminds me of mischief  
Yeah this ones gonna be trouble I can tell it  
And then the lights went  
Then mamma said doctor somethings burning I can smell it

And it was trial by fire  
I'm just under a plane singing to burn it down  
You better watch your step  
When I come around

Damn right, uh  
You could hear lightning for miles around  
And oak trees hitting the ground  
The wind tore holds on that old Dixie flag on the capitol steps  
Change is coming, my great grand mamma said  
Quietly clutching her bible, sitting in a rocking chair smoking a cigarette  
And the wood creep beneath the porch and the old dog moaned and cried  
As the sirens passing by  
And Mr. Williams brought a mean batch of that moonshine to the wake  
You know one comes and one goes as they say  
And they laid a flower on the grave  
Buried on December 29th for robbing a bank  
And killed by the police, see you in the next life old friend  
Little did he know, his old friend was back again  
As the son of Sheila Diane

And it was trial by fire  
I'm just under a plane singing to burn it down  
You better watch your step  
When I come around

You know how the story goes  
See I'm a curious soul  
A straight bullet to some a chatter and whisper at night and the head of a f  
ollowing smoke a rebel at heart a devilish grin  
A leader of men a preacher at ten  
I was already in spiritual spin  
Back in the saddle again

12s in the back of the trunk making it rattle again  
Giving them nothing but trunk living  
The baby the babies got powers the baby is harming  
Fuck a church I'm a confession for profession  
[?]

And it was trial by fire  
I'm just under a plane singing to burn it down  
You better watch your step  
When I come around