

# Trial by Fire

Yelawolf

Check, check, check...

This is Bones Owens to my right, right here

To my left DJ Klever

My name is Yelawolf

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

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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 following 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  
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When I come around