## **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 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 [?]

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