

Throw Away

Boondox

Aside of whisky, feelin frisky, all the wisdom
Wishin that a motherfucker would diss me while I'm tipsy
I'm a gypsy with a pissy attitude
And my latitude is only 6 degrees from bad mood
I'm not a bad dude, just scruffy beard and tattoos
And my bad views might seem a little too taboo
They only hate me cause my mind's in the gutter
For my filthy fuckin mouth, apologies to my mother
For my filthy fuckin flow, no apologies needed
For my roots planted in the red clay, deep-seated
Yeah I'm heated with a middle finger pointed at the burbs
Preacher speakin to the heathens only using two words
Fuck you!

Oh, misconfused
And I've been used up and thrown away by the world you love again
Oh, I'm just like you
And I always seem to lose all the games I play
With the world you love but I'll never love that way

I got welts from bible belts and cold spheres
And they wonder why the hell that I'm so pissed
And off my rocker like my papa with a twelve gauge
Rock salt, poppin ass, some junkie in a driveway
Doin it my way, "Fuck em", my philosophy
Swingin mahogany at bastards with apostrophes
A trailer park heart, Christian in the cul-de-sac
White trash delinquent and lookin for a skull to crack
I use a pen, it's just like minutes on a TracFone
Confessin, I'm sick of motherfuckers with no back bone
I'm not alone, got an army full of heathens
They was raised like me and they feelin how I'm feelin

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No B.C. for me please, I'm okay
I see things differently since 08'
I might give a fuck, just quit giving a fuck
If you ain't like the shit I spit then you is shit outta luck
I might get outta truck with the m2 benelli
Buck shot to the belly, through your fuckin pelle pelle
I'm a silly hillbilly with a mental condition
A backwoods devil, 7th son of perdition
A southern tradition, Boondox the scarecrow
Georgia to the bone, wicked to the marrow
The King of Heathen's keeps on fiendin for a reason
Murder in the sky, it's the season of the demon

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