

# 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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