

# Haymaker

Greyson Chance

Oh to be a hand on your wrist  
Squeezing that shit until it opened up your first  
I, oh I  
Tried to be a friend to you but  
Now we're rolling on the ground cracking ribs, kicking dust up  
Mama said quit it, but you never really listen

I can feel the blood rush to my head  
It was a gut punch, when you said  
I wasn't no one  
Boy you hit a homerun  
I can feel the house shake  
Screaming at me 'til your jaw breaks  
I know you hate me, but I'll warn ya  
Boy I'll always love ya  
So go ahead and blame it on your redneck nature  
Hey brother hit me with your haymaker

If I could be the gun on your hip  
I'd scratch my name on every bullet in your clip  
Bang, bang, bang  
Go on and take your aim  
Cause brother we got the same blood  
Grew up trucking through the same mud  
Engines red from the same rust  
So what's in you, is what's in me

And I can feel the blood rush to my head  
It was a gut punch, when you said  
I wasn't no one  
Boy you hit a homerun  
I can feel the house shake  
Screaming at me 'til your jaw breaks

I know you hate me, but I'll warn ya  
Boy I'll always love ya  
So go ahead and blame it on your redneck nature  
Hey brother hit me with your haymaker