

# White Trash

Hank Williams III

Well I was raised in a holler  
And I grew up eatin' mud  
And in my baby bottle was whiskey  
And I came from bad blood.

Well I got relatives here  
They just don't look quite right.

A couple of 'em only got one eye  
That I heard that they lost in a fight.

You know why  
You got any idea, what I'm talkin about, boy  
Do you know why

It's White Trash  
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My daddy started beatin' me  
At the tender age of five  
He said, "You gotta be tough motherfucker  
If you're ever gonna in this town alive"

He used to beat my momma  
And he'd spit in my face  
And laugh at the world  
Cause he was such a fuckin' disgrace

Do you know why  
You got any idea, son  
Do you know why

White Trash  
White Trash

Stand up  
Take it like a man boy  
Do as I say son  
You put this beer in your hand

White Trash  
I'm White Trash  
I'm White Trash  
I'm White Trash