

QUIT!!

Hardy

Somebody wrote "Quit" on a napkin
I took it out of my tip jar, laughing
Like damn, what a asshole, man
I'm just a flat-broke boy with a guitar asking
For anybody to pay attention
It's not like anybody paid admission
I was just wishin' somebody would listen
Give me a shot, and I ain't talkin' 'bout Canadian Mist then

Florida, Georgia put me on the map
Morgan put me on the track
Fucked around and penned a couple hits
Chucked 'em out to see if they'd react
Talked about the way of life I live
All the things the country life will give
It's like I never left my neighborhood
But I burned out of it, and I turned out good

If ya ask me
But shit, I ain't the GOAT, I'm the black sheep
Hell-bent to find closure, I can't let go
A note somebody wrote like ten years ago, put a chip on my shoulder
And if you wanted me to quit, you should've saved it, bro
If you don't wanna start shit, don't say it
And when it comes to the king, that's the radio
If you don't like my shit, don't play it
I don't give a fuck
I'ma still book arenas and fill 'em up
I'ma still keep singing songs about drinking a fifth of Jack D
Throwing up, then waking up alone in my truck
I heard the voice of God that night
He said, "Keep going, boy, it's all alright
I'ma bless your soul, so one day down the road
You'll be looking in the mirror like, 'I won that fight'"

So before you choose hate, get to know a guy
He might end up a poet that was born to fly
He might end up a man of the people
Damn, what a scene, a redneck glorified
With a stack of awards on a napkin
A bored little bastard wrote to try to warn a guy
Maybe I'm just petty
'Cause they're just metal
Wait, then again, so am I

Fuck you