

# Daddy Raised

Jackson Dean

Daddy was a four-speed stick-shift rubber-burning 4-54-blowing-paint-off-doors  
Worked hard for his dollar  
Redneck blue-collar  
Let his mouth cash cheques that his ass can't afford  
I've only heard the stories from my brothers before me cut from a cloth where the odds ain't for me  
Got him in my blood  
Ain't too hard to see  
The wind wasn't blowing, when the apple left the tree

I ain't the only hell my daddy raised, daddy raised  
Mama keeps praying my crazy stays locked in a cage, in a cage  
'Cause you know there's a little bit of devil down in my DNA, my DNA  
I ain't the only hell my daddy raised, daddy raised

Now, it all makes sense, where the wild came from, who put the bullets in this son of a gun  
Sister. She's a saint  
Mama. She's an angel  
Yeah. I might be Cain, but he sure ain't no Abel

I ain't the only hell my daddy raised, daddy raised  
Mama keeps praying my crazy stays locked in a cage, in a cage  
'Cause you know there's a little bit of devil down in my DNA, my DNA  
I ain't the only hell my daddy raised, daddy raised

Daddy raised a glass  
Daddy raised a fist  
Wouldn't walk no line, but he ran like the wind  
He raised the bar high for the hell-raising ones  
You know what they say: "Like father, like son."

I ain't the only hell my daddy raised, daddy raised  
Mama keeps praying my crazy stays locked in a cage, in a cage  
You know there's a little bit of devil down in my DNA, my DNA  
'Cause I ain't the only hell my daddy raised, my daddy raised, my daddy raised