Dukes

King 810

I took the first train outta my hometown wanted for a crime I didn't do
I ain't got no one to come back to mamma, so we mine as well make it you
Cuz I'm easy to love but I'm hard to trust, but I'll do things that most won't do
Its just you and me and the devil makes three just be there when I call for you

Handguns tattooed on my body cuz I usem and they're not for show
And these long highway miles that I'm driven, got me so far from my home, and
Pay no mind to the things they say about me and I promise well get along, just
Hold my hand, hold my gun, hold your tongue and let me write my songs

(Yeah)
Some think cuz I wrote a couple verses, I'm a poet or an artist or that, but
In real life I like shootouts and the dope house and the women and the money to be fast
So next time you think we have something in common, I suggest you think again
I wrote bad man cuz I am a bad man motherfrucker, I'm most certainly not your friend
All my friends are dead

Handguns tattooed on my body cuz I usem and they're not for show
And these long highway miles that I'm driven, got me so far from my home, and
Pay no mind to the things they say about me, what I did and didn't do, just
Lay down in the backseat of my Buick and I'll breathe life into you

That's what you really wanted
That's what you said
But I all I really wanted
Was the whole world dead
That's what you really wanted
That's what you said
But I all I really wanted
Was the whole world in my head
With all the outlaws
And all the gangsters

And all the killers
And all the players
And all the pimps too
And all their hoes
And all the users like you
That got a blizzard packed in their nose

Handguns tattooed on my body cuz I usem and they're not for sho
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And these long highway miles that I'm driven, got me so far fro
m my home, and
Pay no mind to the things they say about me, what I did and did
n't do
I got a dozen rounds in the handgun that I carry and I'll put a
ll twelve in you