

# Cousin Tiffany's Wedding

Mac Lethal

When I was little I would sleep inside a laundry basket  
My uncle Shawn was smoking meth wearing an army jacket  
He'd take a hit and mush my face in, then he'd call me faggot  
He drove an 87 Celica, he pawned his classic  
My mom would reach inside, reach inside the kitchen cabinet  
Shed grab a plate and throw it at my dad like listen that's it  
You cheat on me again, I'll wait before I get too graphic  
Let me change the subject; Daddy's still alive  
I'll get my ass kicked, cousin Stevie went and overdosed on OxyContin  
His baby momma didn't visit said its not a problem  
I didn't visit either though I guess my heart is rotten  
That motherfucker never thanked me for the car I bought him  
But come to think of it I probably shouldn't diss him like that  
Cause he has PTSD in 03 he went to Iraq  
Got his left arm blown off, they sent him right back  
Now he's addicted to crack, damn

My family is fucked up  
At my cousin Tiffany's wedding, my uncle Daryl was drunk  
So drunk that he couldn't do the father-daughter dance  
He couldn't even stand to show the family crest alcohol and drugs  
Cousins making love and a dirty pack of bud  
We don't use love, we communicate with violence  
Guess that's pretty normal when your lineage is Irish like this

I used to sleep up in the back of dad's Cutlass Supreme  
1984 Oldsmobile, ugly and green  
Chilling in my car seat, making up songs to the rhythm of my heartbeat  
Listen to me, I was just another whisky soaked embryo  
Momma said its cold outside baby so get a coat  
I asked my dad if he would tell me about baseball  
And he just told me 50 different reasons that he didn't vote  
That's my family, the old brain trust  
My uncle got a nostril full of old cocaine crust  
My racist grandfather screaming at the evening news  
"If these damn minorities don't like it, don't blame us!"  
I used to tell him he was so wrong  
He'd say "Little boy you don't pay the bills here, so long!"  
I would leave, I ain't that type of guy  
He saw his grave before we ever saw eye to eye, so long

My family is fucked up  
At my cousin Tiffany's wedding, my uncle Daryl was drunk  
So drunk that he couldn't do the father-daughter dance  
He couldn't even stand to show the family crest alcohol and drugs  
Cousins making love and a dirty pack of bud  
We don't use love, we communicate with violence  
Guess that's pretty normal when your lineage is Irish