

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 dads 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

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