

Not Everybody Likes Us

Hank Williams Iii

Well, hello there folks, how the hell are you doin':

It's good to be in your local bar again.

So let's get loud, we'll get stoned an' get proud,
Have a damn good time until the show's at an' end.

Sometimes I'm wired an' sometimes, I'm tired,

But I'm doin' the best that I can.

So let's have a drink and a glum with Hank,

An' may the outlaws rise again.

Well I'm a son of a son:

I've got a chip of what I've said an' done.

Well, I remember watchin' ol' Waylon,

When he was shootin' his shotgun.

It's a certain kinda livin',

It's a certain kinda style.

Not everybody likes us,

But we we drive some folks wild.

-Instrumental Break-

Well I think I'd rather eat the barrel,

Of a double-barrel loaded shotgun,

Than to hear that shit they call pop-country music,

On ninety-eight-point-one.

Just so you know, so it's it's set in stone,

Kid Rock don't come from where I come from:

Yeah, it's true, he's a Yank, he ain't no son of Hank:

If you even thought so, god-damn, you're fucking dumb.

So let's get real loud:

Let's get stoned and proud.

Pour me another shot of whiskey,

An' this one's for the south.

It's a certain kinda livin',

It's a certain kinda style.

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