Trailer Park Creepin'

Boondox

Now I'm on the run
On the run from it all
I'd rather be shot dead
Then locked up with the law
Im runnin runnin runnin runnin runnin runnin RUNNIN
No place to hide
And I gotta leave my whole world behind me
My dog and my double wide
You might call me pathetic
You might say that I've lost my mind
Sittin here in the driveway baby and clutchin on a forty-five
But ya did me so wrong
And I cant say I understand
Now Im bout to blow ya brains out bitch into the arms of another man
I cought you creep'n
And now you goin to be sleepin with the worms in the dirt
What the fuck was you thinkin
Do I look like the kind of mothafucker you can cheat on
You lookin like a fuckin whore I can beat on
But I ever touch
Never layed a single hand
Nair hair on your head
Never touch a single strand
While I sittin here knowin whats bout to happen
There goin get me for domestic because the pistol did the slapin
Now I'm on the run
On the run from it all
I'd rather be shot dead
Then locked up with the law
Im runnin runnin runnin runnin runnin runnin RUNNIN
No place to hide
And I gotta leave my whole world behind me
My dog and my double wide
Standin here in our bedroom
With your body laid on the ground
Two dead mothafuckas lookin silly with they blood sprayed all around
And I'm sittin here thinkin where the fuck am I goin to go
Burn the whole mothafuckin trailer to the dirt

And its off to Mexico
Adi's mothafuckas see you later
When I kicked in the door of a double wide trailer
And I saw your fuckin titties steady bouncin like Hydraulics
And the next door neighbor had you fold like a wallet
And I got to really say I was kind of impressed
The way your heals of your feet was drivin into your chest
And I hate to interrupt while he's givin it to you
The last thing you saw was his face in my boot
Now I'm on the run
On the run from it all
I'd rather be shot dead
Then locked up with the law
Im runnin runnin runnin runnin runnin runnin RUNNIN
No place to hide
And I gotta leave my whole world behind me
My dog and my double wide
They ain't neva gonna catch me
I wont do a lick of time
I'll ve on a beach under an umbrella gettin blow back sippin wine
And while your laid out burnin
Lookin crispy like some KFC
Do a little soul searchin mothafucka cause never shoulda fucked with me
Now I'm on the run
On the run from it all
I'd rather be shot dead
Then locked up with the law
Im runnin runnin runnin runnin runnin runnin RUNNIN
No place to hide
And I gotta leave my whole world behind me
My dog and my double wide
And I cant take nothin
Nothin at all
Gotta leave my bucket my toaster and my saw
Had a poster of Stone Cold
Still up on the wall
Had to leave town in a hurry
Tell the police I said
Fuck y'all

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