

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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But we we drive some folks wild.
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