

Ain't Your Business

Nashville Pussy

Before rocking in Kentucky I was rolling through Tennessee
When I saw some state troopers chasing me
They peed on my van let their dog sniff my crotch
And said 'Hey there rockers you've been caught
Your hell
They said they found something but they wouldn't say what
And they didn't have to show me at all
They didn't have nothing I was just getting screwed
That's the Goddammed Gospel truth
Then some fat ass said
'Spread your cheeks let's see what you got up there'
So I called my wife and mama and said
'Get me the hell out of here!'
So I traded my chicken biscuit for a snuck in cigarette
And I dreamed of the words I wish I could have said
Ain't your business, ain't your business,
Whatever made you think that it was
Ain't your business, ain't your business,
That badge don't make you the boss
To make me more paranoid than I already am
It's like some twisted master plan
Well I ain't changing nothing not a Goddammed thing
So come on pigs catch me if you can

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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