

White Trash Wife

Jason D. Williams

Yeah boy, that's right. Well I was raised in a holler
I grew up eatin' mud
And my baby bottle
It was filled with beer and blood Well I got relatives here
They just don't look quite right A couple of 'em only got one eye
That I heard that they lost in a fight You know why
You got any idea, boy
Do you know why It's white trash
It's white trash
It's white trash
It's white trash My daddy - he started beatin' me
Around the tender age of five
He said "You gotta be tough -
If you're ever gonna get out of this world alive" He used to beat my momma
And spit in my face
And laugh at the world
'cause it was such a fuckin' disgrace Do you know why
Do you know why
I'll tell you why White trash
White trash Stand up
Be a good man
Do as I say boy
Put this beer in your hand White trash
I'm white trash
I'm white trash
I'm white trash

Songwriters

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