

# 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 heels 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  
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  
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

Lyrics provided by

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