

Offspring, The

"Bad Habit"

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Hey man ya know I'm really OK
The gun in my hand will tell you the same
But when i'm in my car, don't give me no crap
'Cause the slightest thing and I just might snap

When I go driving I stay in my lane
But getting cut off it makes me insane

Open up the glove box
Reach inside
I'm gonna wreck this fuckers ride
'Cause I got a bad habit
Of blowin' away
Yeah, Yeah
I got a bad habit
Yeah, Yeah
And it 'aint goin' away
Yeah, Yeah

They say the road's a dangerous place
If you flip me off, I'll get in your face
You drive on my ass
Your foot's on the gas
And your next breath is your last

'Cause I got a bad habit
Of blowin' away
Yeah, Yeah
I got a bad habit
Yeah, Yeah
And it 'aint goin' away
Yeah, Yeah

Drivers are rude
Such attitudes
But when i show my piece
Complaints cease
Something's odd
I feel like I'm God
You stupid dumb-shit god-damn motherfucker!

Open up the glove box
Reach inside
I'm gonna wreck this fuckers ride
'Cause I got a bad habit
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Yeah, Yeah
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