

Northern Redneck

Aaron Lewis

We grow tobacco and we drive trucks
We kill whitetails and greenhead ducks
And drive our four wheelers down the main road
And bust out the sleds when it's cold

We got back roads an' four-wheel-drives
We got tailgates on a Friday night
And it's a half hour from my front door
To a Walmart or a grocery store

What you all don't understand
It ain't all about a southern man

'Cause we got outlaws, we got hicks
We got honkytonks out in these sticks
We love our whiskey and we love our homegrown
God damn it's so good to be home

We wear Carhart, we don't wear suits
We wear square toes and Chippewa boots
And we all know where we come from
And we'll be right here when it's done

What you all don't understand
It ain't all about the southern man

'Cause we got family livin' out in these woods
We got pride and a sense of what's good
And we all got dirt on our hands
It's a song for the workin' man

Get up early and we work third shift
Pay our taxes and protect our kids
And we all got dirt on our hands
'Cause there's rednecks north of the Mason-Dixon
There's rednecks north of the Mason-Dixon

'Cause I'm from the North son, you're from the South
Straight out the trailer, fresh off the plow
You got your Chevy parked next to my Ford
And the colors flyin' high at your door

I got a shotgun, fill it with shells
You got a Bible but I'll see you in hell
We ain't that different son, you and me
Tryin' to make it in the land of the free

What y'all don't understand
It ain't all about a southern man

'Cause we got family livin' out in these woods
We got pride and a sense of what's good
And we all got dirt on our hands
It's a song for the workin' man

Get up early and we work third shift
Pay our taxes and protect our kids

And we all got dirt on our hands
'Cause there's rednecks north of the Mason-Dixon
I'm a redneck north of the Mason-Dixon