Hell On Wheels

Brantley Gilbert

So man, you think you wanna run whiskey Roll with me, helps you better listen good and clear And if you got a badge or a big mouth Brother, you ain't got no business here

Boy this here is a moonshine still You can smell that whiskey burn This is how the big dogs run, boy, you're riding shotgun Buckle up and let's have some fun

Riding 95 down the highway, sideways Running from old John Law I got the booze in the boot, move it over Bo Duke Make room for a real outlaw

A duct tape on that license plate, a 6 gun in the dash There's thunder in your hood, hidden from steel Lightning in a jar and brother, I'm hell on wheels I said, I'm hell on wheels

Just nine more miles until state line We're on time and we lost Barney's blues So you can open your eyes, you're done fine In this dangerous part of what we do

When we make that drop, we're gonna pop a top You got a lesson left to learn It ain't wine, don't sip it, make it bubble when you hit it Let it burn, baby, burn

And we'll be riding 95 down the highway, sideways Running from old John Law I got the booze in the boot, move it over Bo Duke Make room for a real outlaw

There's duct tape on that license plate, a 6 gun in the dash There's thunder in the hood hidden from steel Lightning in a jar and brother, I'm hell on wheels, yeah I said, I'm hell on wheels

And riding 95 down the highway, sideways Running from old John Law I got the booze in the boot, move it over Bo Duke Make room for a real outlaw

There's duct tape on that license plate, a 6 gun in the dash There's thunder in the hood hidden from steel Lightning in a jar

Riding 95 down the highway, sideways Running from old John Law I got the booze in the boot, move it over Bo Duke Make room for a real outlaw

Duct tape on that license plate, a 6 gun in the dash There's thunder in the hood hidden from the steel Lightning in a jar and brother, I'm hell on wheels Thank you, pretty boy I said I'm hell on wheels, yeah Brother, I'm hell on wheels, yeah