

# Outshine Me

Colt Ford

I got a copper still hand built up in the hills  
Fill it up with corn mash, heat it up, and chill  
White liquor hits you quicker; knock you off your feet  
Lay down your mason jars, you can't outshine me

I'mma put it out here; let me tell ya something,  
What d'y'all think my still be pumpin?  
90 proof; spit the truth  
Stop telling everybody you can do what I do.  
So if you can, you better get like me;  
Go sit down and write a hit like me.

From where I stand you ain't shoot to me;  
Gotta sell a few mill outta your own still  
I won't sugar coat it; burn your throat it  
Kids ain't scared...  
I'm Locked and loaded  
Real is all me; they all can feel me  
Dirt road disciple; man of the people  
Mix it, churn it, light it, burn it  
Daylight to dark; me and my folks earn it  
Plow it, haul it, hunt it, shoot it, skin it, fry it,  
That's how we do it.  
Sip it, chug it, jar it, jug it;  
Do it a little better than anyone does it.

Y'all are chasin' a thoroughbred  
Y'all done got lapped I'm miles ahead  
Too late to slow down; I'm a runaway train  
Colt Ford; remember my name  
Haters, Tweeters, bloggers, bashers;  
Watch your mouth cause I run these pastures

I can't take this,  
I wanna make this real clear;  
What d'ya'll think I been doin' here?  
Switchin' gears and changing lanes  
Jackin' up trucks; running down Lames  
Light that flame for America  
Cross that line I'll bury ya;  
Gotta shotgun that'll take care of ya  
And a mudhole that I'll bury ya

Gotta bunch of county folks all down to ride;  
And a bunch of rednecks ain't scared to fight.  
I'mma give it to ya my way: dirt road, hi-way,  
four wheel, Jack it up; talk shit; back it up.

Yall a trip and I'm out of your league  
Sippin' shine and I'm hard to see  
I'm something that you'll never be;  
It's a pipe dream, You can't outshine me  
Cause I'm dura-coated; turbo charged  
Everything about me is large

Yall are chasin a throuroughbred  
Ya'll done got lapped I'm miles ahead

Too late to slow down I'm a runaway train  
Colt Ford; remember my name  
Haters, Tweeters, bloggers, bashers  
Watch your mouth cause I run these pastures

[Chorus 4x]