

Y'all Boys

Florida Georgia Line

Well there's those boys, got the kind of ride
Get fifty-five to the gallon
They listen to that new school
Never heard of George or Alan
There's those boys, wear the kind of boots
You ain't supposed to get muddy
Ain't got a dog that lives outside
Ain't got a buddy named Buddy

Yeah I ain't hatin' on them boys
Grew up lockin' their doors
There's all kinds of boys up under the sun, son
But this one's for...

Y'all boys
With that southern drawl boys
Hell before ya naw rollin' off just right
Man that town is small boys
But you have a ball boys
Homemade alcohol on a Saturday night
Yeah truck's stuck, who you gon' call
Pretty girl who you gon' fall for
One of them back road runners
Man I'm glad I'm one of

Y'all boys
(Yo Hardy, go on tell 'em 'bout the girls one time)

There's those girls that like gold and pearls
Dippin' in to trust fund money (cha-ching)
Yeah their radio and their Jack and Coke
Is the only thing they know country
Didn't grow up on no county round
They grew up on some street
And they think they know what kind of man
They want until they meet...

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Y'all boys
State trophy in the hall boys
Hangin' somethin' that you hunted on the wall boys
You mess with one of us, you get us all, boys

Yeah all of y'all boys
With that southern drawl boys
Hell before ya naw rollin' off just right
Man that town is small boys

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