

# Me and My Gang

Rascal Flatts

Way on down to southern Alabama  
With the guitars jammin' that's where we're headed  
Straight up to Butte, Montana  
Singin' 'Lord, I Was Born a Ramblin' Man'

California to Oregon  
Even New York City got one or two hillbillies  
Ready to hit the road

It's a brother and a sister kind of thang  
Raise up your hands if you all wanna hang

With me and my gang  
We live to ride  
We ride to live  
Me and my gang

Jump on that train  
Grab hold of them reins  
We're gonna rock this thang, cock this thang  
Me and my gang, yeah  
Me and my gang

We got hippies, gypsies, freaks and geeks  
High class women in Daisy Duke denim  
Bangin' on gongs and singin' our songs  
Dude named Elrod jammin' on an iPod

Beer and bonfires  
Wide open throttle, Coors in a bottle  
It's all for one and one for all y'all

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We ride to live  
Me and my gang

Jump on that train  
Grab hold of them reins  
We're gonna rock this thang, cock this thang  
Me and my gang, yeah

Na na, na na na na na, na na, na na na  
Na na, na na na na na  
Na na, na na na na na, na na, na na na

It's a brother and a sister kind of thang  
Raise up your hands if you all wanna hang

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We live to ride  
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Jump on that train  
Grab hold of them reins  
We're gonna rock this thang, cock this thang

Na na, na na na na na, na na, na na na  
Na na, na na na na na, na na, na na na  
Na na, na na na na na, na na, na na na  
Na na, na na na na na, na na, na na na

Yeah, with me and my gang  
Jump on that train, woo  
Grab hold of them reins, baby