

Country

Adam Calhoun

Deep beneath the fallen leaves
The old tin roofs and the dead swamp trees
The sound of red bogs, rattlin' chains
Rebel flags by the dozen doin' a truck bed dance
That firewater drippin' in a couple glass jugs
Double barreled shotgun full of them slugs
Got scars on our knuckles, come get you some
There ain't no mistaken where we all come from

We from the country, the hollars and hills
If you wanna drive chains come snatch my gears
In the country, where we all down the road
Don't start no shit on my one lane road
In the country, oh-oh-oh in the country

Yeah boy!
Hillbilly deluxe, thick chicks with big butts
Camouflaged 250 with the chromed out nuts
Gun racks, big guns, roughnecks, sunburnt
Make a city boy say "Bubba we ain't want none"
Damn right you don't want it 'cause we come by the pack
Square body Chevys and some white boys with some tats
I got a pistol like the one from Dirty Harry you know
No permit but I still pack it everywhere that I go
So watch me stomp in the dust, square dance on the game
Jam out to Chattahoochee while I sip on the drink
So here's my motherfuckin' middle finger, you can give it to fame
Hollywood ain't for me if you know what I'm sayin'

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Hell yeah!
Bunch of redneck, rough face, hard lookin' ass
Came from the wrong side of the motherfuckin' tracks
That's no lie Bubba, that's the way of life 'round here
Got a problem then we fuckin' scrap
Hillbillies on the front porch bumpin' our shit
Old cars in the front yard needin' to be fixed
Old dog chained to a big tree in the back
Talk shit if you want, he was trained to attack
I was raised the same way, by my grandfather around the way
He taught me how to use a gun, aim bang bang
Got that barrel smokin' leave you open, you just hopin' you don't die
Don't approach him you'll be chokin' from the smoke when bullets fly
I'd rather be calm like the leaves in the fall
Watch 'em change colors on the front porch with my dog
Listen up real close I'mma say this one time
Country ain't just a state, it's my state of mind

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Is any rednecks in the house?

They don't really want it man, it must be a joke

We gettin' jiggy in the boonies, you can tell from the smoke

Lightin' the flame to this whole god damn thing

Just crank it up loud and you can see what I'm sayin'

And keep an open mind, we got a class to teach

It ain't no Panama City but more bikinis than the beach

Enough hillbillies to invade our whole city

MSNBC said 12 million at least

And that's twice as many boots stompin' straight on that ass

And that's twice as many trigger fingers ready to blast

I got my work clothes on, campfire cologne

We rollin' deep off in this bitch, Calhoun, Church, Jones

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