

Bumpy Road

Big Smo

Hop on in, Baby Girl. Let's go.
Slide on over, and hold me close.
Climb on top, cause we about to roll
down a bump, bump, bumpy road.

Got the music cranked up, and the beat down low
Sittin' real high and ridin' real slow
Sippin and smoking with your boy Big Smo
down a bump, bump, bumpy road.

Oh yeah, the sweet summer night;
the sky's wide open, and the moon's just right.
My Chevy's sittin' tall, covered in mud
and I'm thinkin' bout you and a six-pack'a suds
on an old back road where the blacktop ends.
Don't tweet this, girl. It ain't for ya friends.

Now, ride around the corner where the creek bed bends
it gets a little bumpy, no time to buckle in.
Hold on tight, hell slide a little closer.
You're rollin' wit a big boss, girl. Climb over.
Let the bump bu-bu-bumps just jiggle ya guts.
Now drop it on me baby, while I steer through these ruts and...

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Hell, I'm as country as cornbread, taters, and hog-jaw
Wild as a billy goat, slick as a bullfrog,
buck as a whitetail, rippin' them trails
Smashin' in my side-by-side, and raisin' hell

Pickin' chicken to the women and they're ready to go
You know them mud bog mamas that are willin' to roll
The bumpier the road, the funner the ride.
She love it when the motor vibratin' her thighs

My shocks get to jumpin' when the bumps get to bumpin'.
Got the throttle wide open, try'na do a little schuckin'
at the back of the bog, where the trails get rough
you'll find this ol' country boy rippin' it up. C'mon...

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Play that country music, white boy.
Just let that country music take you home.
Play that country music, white boy.
Just let that country music take your soul down that bumpy road.