

# Small Town Throwdown

Brantley Gilbert

Oh son

Around these parts ain't much to do  
Except work like a dog 'til Friday  
Punch that clock, cash that check  
Raise a little hell 'til Sunday  
'Bout that time

There's a party back in the woods tonight  
Heard it through the redneck grapevine  
Got a keg of beer and a bunch of girls,  
Sure enough gonna be a good time

It's a small town throwdown  
It's time to tallboy up, let them tailgates down  
And man, it's on tonight, ridin' 'til the morning light  
Crank that country up loud, it's a small town throwdown

Oh, we 'bout to throwdown, son

Now we got a field full of daisy dukes  
Round here we know how to grow 'em  
Rockin' little body and long tan legs  
Sure ain't scared to show 'em, no

Show a little somethin', girl

Somebody said them city boys  
Ridin' around lookin' for some trouble  
If they bring it 'cross that county line  
You know there's gonna be a rumble

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And man, it's on tonight, ridin' 'til the morning light  
Crank that country up loud, it's a small town throwdown

C'mon

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That's country