

County Line

BRELAND

Bright red solo cups laying in the yard
Got a dog named Billy sleeping underneath the car, ay
Jimmy shooting whiskey, Johnny shooting at the stars, uh
Sweet Home Alabama on an outta-tune guitar, ay
'88 Chevy with some rust on it (skrirt)
Who done brought bottle with the dust on it? (Yeah)
Cinderblocks holding up them whips (up them whips), uh
BMX bikes with the grips (with the grips)

I went to high school with half of these heaters
And it's a small town, ain't nobody leaving
Yeah, it's a rough crowd but they're my kind of people
We going all out, we don't need a reason to

Turn up, get down, clock in, clock out
Work hard, play loud, everybody do
What they want, all night, too much, just right
That's us, that's life, uh, living on the county line

(Ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh)
Living on the county line

Grandma smoking cigarettes, she just got out of jail, uh
Grandpa got a girlfriend and he told me not to tell, uh
Preacher on the corner saying we all gon' go to hell
Everybody got their secrets, we don't keep 'em to ourselves
We drinking water from the tap, blowing the unemployment check
Don't got no shirt up on our backs, only a cross around our necks
We don't sugarcoat nothing (no), we say it with our chest
I bring home the bacon, let mama do the rest

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Living on the county line
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Living on the county line

We like thirty from the Kroger and a hour from the mall
Throwing parties in the summer, throwing touchdowns in the fall
If we need a little something-something we know who to call
We don't gotta see the world, we already seen it all

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(Ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh
Ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh)

I got county lines though I'm towny vibes
I got hella cousins on the southern side
I got family ties with some scary guys
I got rowdy friends, but I handle mine
I be outta trouble for the most part
Big heart if you search hard
I be out late every so often
But I'm in the pew when the church starts