

FAFO

Bryan Martin

I love my country, I love my freedom
Fuck a welfare, no I don't need 'em
Shotgun raised from the woods to the plate
Ain't never went hungry, ain't ever too late
To come around here son running your mouth
You can fuck around and find out
You can fuck around and find out

You may make it through the snakes, snares, and alligators
But once you get to the gate, you can't depend on your waders
'Cause you'll be over your tater, I'm talking growing tomaters
Feeding the worms I'll fish with later
I'll have a fish stick plate over a six-foot grave
Before I take a knee as our anthem plays
My hands on my heart, I stand on what I say
And my Second Amendment handles what I can't
I ain't tryna be Billy Badass or talk shit
I'm just saying, there's the line, don't cross it

I got a Red Ryder gun when I was three
So I don't run or hide from anything
Bitch, I'm a red, white and blue-collar boy from the south
You can fuck around and find out

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If they looking for me, well, they know where to find me
I'll be half drunk, strapped up in a white tee
I can show you if it's needed, when you see it, you'll believe it
If you don't love it you can leave it, Michael Jackson, you can beat it
FAFO, I teach you how this game go
Different joint, same smoke, wake up, wear the same clothes
Real redneck, I'm a piece of white trash
Blue collar boy but my lady's high class
Got my music way up loud with a cigar in my mouth
Fuck around and come find out, how we do it in the south

Ain't saying nothing but you're running that mouth
Never take a handout, I'm too damn proud
I'm a son of the dirty south
Where the trucks sit high and these straight pipes loud
This land, a land of freedom
Double barrels in case we need 'em
Man up or sit your ass down
We done talking, fuck around and find out

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