

# Down Yonder

Bubba Sparxxx

Big ol' trucks, big ol' guns  
And you can bet yo' ass we don't run (we don't run!)  
I keep an ice cold beer and two bad broads  
Now let me tell ya about where I'm from (where you from boy?)  
{Down yonderrrrr} Down yonder baby  
Where we screamin "eye for an eye" (i-yi-yi)  
{Down yonderrrrr} Down yonder baby  
We don't die, we multiply (i-yi-yi)

Yeah, ahh  
We descended from a long line of renegades  
From dirt roads to two lanes to interstates  
From share croppin to coppin them Rocky Ridge trucks  
We came a long way baby, you gotta get up  
The New South, the old struggle, the new hustle  
The money come, if you nurture it you'd do double  
The whiskey flows, we guzzle it, and hunt trouble  
We had a problem I'd let you know it, it wasn't subtle  
We send them big trucks way up in the air  
And snatch up big booty Bettys by the pair  
My boys and dem boys really don't compare  
Country boy, city slick, get it anywhere  
Over there, down yonder, no that ain't thunder  
Big block, loud pipes, 808 drummer  
Sour diesel, easin on up out the sunroof  
Coors Light all blue, what it do fool?

Now let me talk to 'em, paint 'em a visual  
They're seein one way not usin they peripherals  
See it how I see it, walk in my shoes  
And if the shoe fits then wear it cause I'm talkin to you!  
Yeah, don't play with them boys, I'm tellin you right now  
It's more than just music, that's really the lifestyle  
Big ol' trucks, replace the hubcaps  
Mickey Thompson tires equipped with the mudflaps (yeah)  
Sittin jacked up, and if you act up  
Big ol' guns, and a whole lot of backup  
So don't pull it 'less you're gonna shoot it  
City slick but still country rooted  
I'm still the undisputed, voice, for them boys down yonder  
All about the family, loyalty and honor  
By any means we defend our perimeter  
Party all night and go have lunch with the senator!

Yeah, Chevy sittin high lookin like I'm grave-digger  
Overtime in the game I get paid quicker  
And my people with me, all of them are made figures  
And we don't run, so don't play with us  
Winchester in my window, that's my .30-30  
Better watch what you get into in the dirty-dirty  
We grow a little grass, we have a good time  
We ferment the mash, here have some moonshine  
Fill up your glass, and just sip it slow  
Now do-si-do, if you don't know it this is how it goes  
You grab lil' mama by the hand and just hit the flo'  
And get to movin around, feel it from head to toe (yee-haw!)  
I keep that Lynyrd Skynyrd comin out my stereo

We good ol' boys, these people know us everywhere we go  
So I be good to 'em, it's I-4-N-I  
Where I reside we don't die, we just multiply