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

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