

# Made On McCosh Mill Road

Bubba Sparxxx

I'm talking 'bout a cold beer, I'm talking 'bout a hot country girl  
I'm talking 'bout John Deere, I'm talking 'bout my big cousin Earl  
See I was made on McCosh Mill Road  
Where the rowdy folks come from  
And if they ask you can tell 'em we drinking, we smoking  
We'll do pretty much, anything but run

The county line is the family line  
I was made of the Georgia side  
Venture into them Georgia pines  
Find a whole lot more than Pines  
Find a shine, find a different type of pine  
Find the kind, they'll chop down and compress it  
and address it up outta town  
McCosh Mill, we that deal  
Go on and bend that hat bill  
Go on pop that chop and swig that, sit back, chill  
Me and momma done turnt up  
That wood pile get burnt up  
Hot as hell but it's feelin like heaven to me  
It sure does  
Anybody thats anybody plus no body that's everybody  
Knows about that Mill dog  
Better ask 'em, they'll tell you bout it  
That crowd is very rowdy  
The beer is cold and the women hot  
We came to have a good time tonight  
But disrespect might get you shot

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I got my baby, got my beverage, its feelin like another Mill night  
Mud hole marauders  
That's how we living in real life  
Chevrolets sittin 50 inches up above that gravel  
Infested with that meth head, but old Bubba does not dabble  
Just drink a little drink, smoke a little smoke  
Make it do what  
Man what did you think, my folk was a joke?  
Naw buddy that must be you  
Got meet on the grill, the music is loud, we havin an epic event  
In case they forgot this is McCosh Mill, tell 'em again  
We party like everybody just talk about how they party  
Take a swig of that fire water just to get my day started  
Born here, was made here, then stayed here, and Imma be buried  
Right up on there on top of the hill' in the McCosh Road cemetery

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