They talk way too much Spend music way to little And what they usually play ain't really all that great What's up DJ?

Seems all you play each and everyday When I turn it on
It's the same old song
Nobody wants to hear

Well I'm a product of the Bocefus generation Now what they call country Really gets me aggravated Well it's a fact

To many acts with a big contract Can't sing a note That song they wrote Ain't music to my ears

I miss old Johnny Cash When I'm in the car these days 'Cause when I turn on the radio It makes me, make me wanna say

Hell no
Turn it off
Come on
Hell no
Sounds bad
Who sings that song?
Back to back
They play it all day long
Bring back the days of Conway Twitty
When singers were good
And songs were country

He's got a '64 plush lime green Impala He's got a big pimp daddy attitude He's got a gold tooth grill And some spinning wheels

That he had to steal
It's the boomiest
It's the bassiest
And those baggy pants are weird

He's a product of the Snoop Dog generation I've never seen a white boy You've so much activate him Well my ears are shot

'Cause I bet he's got a hundred thousand watts And a dozen amps 'Cause it breaks my lamps Each time he drives by here I shout out from the house Keep it down I'm tryin' to sleep Then he pops in Dr. Dre As he flips a bird at me

Hell no
Turn it off
Come on
Hell no
Sounds bad
Who the heck sings that song?
The kid next door
He plays it all night long
Feels just like I'm livin' in rap city
It's way to loud for this here hillbilly

Yeah, yeah Am I tired of doin' these parodies Of Toby, Kenny, Montgomery, Gentry? Hell, hell, hell no

Hell no
Turn it off
Come on
Hell no
Sounds bad
Who sings that song?
Back to back
They play it all day long
Somethin's wrong here in Music city
Everything it sounds so shh

Hell no
Turn it off
Come on
Hell no
Sounds bad
Who the heck sings that song?
Back to back
They play it all day long
Bring back the days of Conway Twitty
When singers were good
And songs were country

You got that right