I got a buddy, a down-home side
He's splitting from the sticks for some big city lights
To make the good money, walk the concrete
Gonna burn a page, turn a leaf
Take his hillbilly habits, put 'em on a shelf
Widen his mind to culture his self
I said go ahead, get where you gonna get
But when you get gone, don't forget

You can clean the mud off your truck
Make it seem like you ain't skinned a buck and buy a white collar
Put it on, probably cover up your redneck, but boy you still got it
You can keep the South in your mouth
But when you get to drinkin' it's gonna fly out
It's always gonna find you, y'all it's kinda funny
When you come where you're from you can run but you can't hide countr
y
No, you can't hide country

Yeah, still gonna shoot Beam, sip PBR Still gonna sing Hank when they play it in the bar Still gonna have a wintergreen, denim jean, ring in the spit cup It's in your blood

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y
And why would you?
Makes all the girls love you, makes 'em all say, "Could you?"
Slide a little closer, say something southern in my ear
Yeah, they're down with that ain't from around here, yes they are

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