

Country AF

Colt Ford

Aw yeah
Let me tell you how it is growing up and being country as...
Well

If you're from a little town that's a dot on the map
If you use a buck knife to fillet your bass
If you're pulling up for a tank of gas and it's green pump only
If you're cut of Copenhagen where the green is long
If your door's unlocked and your porch light's on
If your definition of a jukebox song is sad and lonely
If your first truck was a tractor
You know Folsom on guitar
Sipped on moonshine in the pasture
Well chances are you are

You're country
(American freedom)
Country
(Appalachia feel it)
From New York City to ATL
Where the girls stay pretty and the boys raise hell
Country
(That's a fifth of whiskey)
Country
That's a Ford 150
Jack to the moon buddy you can bet
If that's what you do your country AF

Woo, feels good don't it Jay?
Let's go
Yeah I'm talkin' 'bout a backwoods backwards world
Where Sue's a boy and Bobby's a girl
Where God is good and grits are great
And you love that ice from the Sonic
It's a dirt on your work-shirt way of life
Then a pearl snap smell good Friday night
If you know your buddy from the sound of his pipes and say
([?])
If you got apple pie in the kitchen
If you got catfish in the pond
Live your life by the words of crimson
Whether it's the tide or the Book of John

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You're country AF

Are you country? Like hoppin' the fence
Country, in the mud with the wind
Country, y'all pardon my French but
We're country as
Ha ha ha ha ha

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Country AF
I think they get it now, Colt
They better get it
We country AF baby, how 'bout you?