

Yeah

Colt Ford

What are y'all doin'?
Wait, wait, wait what are y'all doin'?
Come on Colt you know what to do bring it

Look out, my outfit's ridiculous
In the club, lookin' so conspicuous
And wow, these women all on the prowl
If you hold the head steady, I'ma milk the cow
And forget about game, I'ma spit the truth
I won't stop 'til I get 'em in they birthday suit
So gimme the rhythm and it'll be off with they clothes
Then bend over to the front and touch your toes
I left the Jag' and I took the Rolls
If they ain't cuttin', then I put 'em on foot patrol
How you like me now
When my pinky's valued over three hundred thousand?
Let's drink, we the one to please
Me and Chris fill cups like double Ds
[?] once more and we leaves 'em dead
We want a lady in the street, but a freak in the bed, we say

Yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Hey, hey, hey this is a God dang country music show
Y'all shut that stuff off, I'm sorry y'all
He sees a drum machine he gets all excited
[?]