

This Ain't Country

Cooper Alan

If I hear one more son of a bitch
Say this ain't country
Imma lose my shit

Five o'clock 23 pack one empty in the backseat when I get home
Off the saddle on a Friday gravel on the driveway rattling my styrofoam
That southern sun
And that red dirt run
Deep in these veins like DNA
That born knee deep in the mud

If there's a beer I'm gonna drink it
If there's a hook I'm gonna sink it
If there's a downtown bar packed looking for a soundtrack
Damn straight I'm gonna Hank it
If there's a girl I'm gonna spin her round
If there's a guitar I'm gonna crank it loud
And if I hear one more son of a bitch
Say this ain't country
Imma lose my shit

That country fried steak down at the Cracker Barrel
Got my name on it
Throw some gravy on it
My baby loves white claws blue jeans red dirt stain on it
Cause she was raised on it
That 336
And that Jim Beam hit
Deep in these veins like DNA can't take it on out of this kid

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Lose my shit
Lose my shit

Get out the DM's
Get out the comments
Get out the old mindset way back when's
So what if I sing so what if I rap
Lemme tell you one thing
Get off of my ass

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Lose my shit
Lose my shit