

Cason Nash, from San Antonio, always on the go
Gotta roll with the big boys, drive big toys, anywhere he's going
He loves the rodeo, the mud the blood the bulls and the ropin
Born with a bow in his legs, fits just right on a five-year steed
He can throw a ball like Nolan in the day

He looks just like his daddy, loves just like his mama
He'll throw down in a minute if you look at sister wrong son
He loves the lord with all his heart, ain't too fond of the dark
That apple don't fall far from the tree... for Cason Nash and me

One of a kind, deadly with a .22
Cause that's just what you use 'til you get granddaddy's gun
That boy sure knows how to have a little fun, work hard
And put callus on his hands

And he looks just like his daddy, loves just like his mama
He'll throw down in a minute if you look at sister wrong son
He loves the lord with all his heart, ain't too fond of the dark
That apple don't fall far from the tree... for Cason Nash and me

Yeah, and he looks just like his daddy, loves just like his mama
He'll throw down in a minute if you look at sister wrong son
He loves the lord with all his heart, ain't too fond of the dark
That apple don't fall far from the tree...
Yeah, that's a fact for Cason Nash and me
For Cason Nash and me
For Cason Nash and me