

Holler

Granger Smith

Cold cans in the blue boxes
Earl Dibbles on the boombox and
A-frame on a Chevy rockin'
Side to side
Mud grip on a dirt road
Couple buddies saying let's go
Gonna burn that barn right down
To the ground tonight

Raise 'em up to the sky
If you're tryna throw down
Get a little country faded
Take it way on out
Park your truck in the line
If you're looking for a buzz
And the girls in love with the boys
In the blue collars, holler

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Doubled up rockin' two flags
Yee Yee, ol' glory strapped
To the top of the head rack
Blowing in the night
Tin can full of kerosene
Pour it out on a pile of trees
Step back, strike a match
And watch that Friday ignite

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I'm 'bout to get the fuse lit
Crack a can, take a long sip
Red man get the pouch ripped
Got a whole thing, a pack in both lips
Jumping up on a tailgate
Poppin' off like a twelve gauge
I don't care what a city boy say
We where the party is
And that's damn right (yee yee)

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