

SOLD OUT

Hardy

Gold records on my sheetrock
Not bad for a boy from Mississippi
Yeah, I can buy a Maybach
But I'm still in my F-150

And my last name
Is a whole lot bigger than I thought it'd be
A lotta things changed
Except one thing, me

I'm still the same old redneck fuck, don't give a damn
Ain't afraid to throw a dead buck on my Instagram
Grain alcohol in my cup, got the whole house
Wall to wall and I still ain't sold out

Wall to wall and I still ain't sold out
Wall to wall and I still ain't sold out

Yeah, middle finger to the sky, buddy that's right
I don't sprinkle Dixie Crystal on my half-time (yeah)
Keep your in crowd, I'll be the outcast
I'll be country till I'm dead, that's on my last name

My last name
Is a whole lot bigger than I thought it'd be
A lotta things change
But if there's something you should know about me

I'm still the same old redneck fuck, don't give a damn
Ain't afraid to throw a dead buck on my Instagram
Grain alcohol in my cup, got the whole house
Wall to wall and I still ain't sold out (yeah)

Yeah, wall to wall and I still ain't sold out
Wall to wall and I still ain't sold out

Yeah, middle finger to the sky till I'm gone and dead
.44 in the Ford for the copperheads
Alcohol in my cup, got the whole house
Wall to wall and I still ain't sold out

Middle finger to the sky till I'm gone and dead
.44 in the Ford for the copperheads
Alcohol in my cup, got the whole house
Wall to wall and I still ain't sold out