

# Backwoods Bandit

Jay Webb

Ain't only takin' pills, I'm a backwoods bandit

I want my bourbon on the rocks, make it top-shelf  
Jealous with my bitch, I want her all to myself  
Hey, baby, I was born and raised in the Bible bell  
I used to pray for better days, knew that time would tell  
I spent a thousand on some Lou's, no, I don't regret it  
Southern Belle's coming too, so don't get offended  
Drop the top, show your tits, I can get romantic  
Hatin' on me, take your bitch like a backwoods bandit, yeah, yeah, yeah

That .45 on my side when I'm ridin'  
Just fill it up, I ain't worried 'bout the milage  
Liquor in my cup, if she want it, I'ma buy it  
This shit 'bout to bump, everything I make is timeless  
So pour it up, no, there ain't no in between, baby  
You know I'ma treat you like a queen, baby  
Know you down to fuck if you with me, baby

Last night, finished all the beer  
When you ain't around, mixin' brown with the clear  
Probably gon' drown from the liquor or the tears  
So I'ma get it while I'm still here

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Like a backwoods bandit  
I came up on the scene like I already ran it  
Ain't fuckin' with the dream of a kid that ain't have shit  
I got it all for me and ain't shit been handed, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Swallow pills just to keep from hurtin'  
Chasin' bills, they don't see me workin'  
I quit back and lift for the weed and the bourbon, aw, yeah

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