

Yee-Haw

Jay Webb

This moonshine I'm sippin'
Ain't that shit you get in pretty jars at the mall
And these two-twelves, they hit in all the right spots
In this laid-back seat 'fore I take her home

Way out here
Can't you hear the yee-haw?

Backwoods where we're raised
Jacked-up trucks, tailgates
They can't take away the yee-haw
Wait for Saturday
Work on, we get paid
They can't take away the yee-haw

Under moonlight, 'bout Friday night bonfire
Roscoe beer and a southern belle
If you don't like one of us, we'll all fight
We don't care, we spent our whole life raising hell

Way out here
Can't you hear the yee-haw?

Backwoods where we're raised
Jacked-up trucks, tailgates
They can't take away the yee-haw
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Oh, don't try to tell us how to live
We'll be alright, we made it this far on our own
Whoa, we ain't got no fancy shit
But if you need some help, you know who to call
The yee-haw

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They can't take away the yee-haw