

## Outlaw Classics

Jelly Roll

Hahahahaha  
Y'all from Nashville  
No, no, no  
I'm from the real Nashville  
Hahahahaha

Ladies in Nashville, raised on the West Side  
When Preston Taylor was the jungle, rappers didn't mumble  
Gangster's didn't dance, you got popped, you wore a muzzle  
Street's had a code, we don't know you, we don't love you  
Now I'm standin' in a crowd full of strangers in my city  
With some kid from California singin' Conway Twitty  
In my feelings, 'cause I'm feelin' like the villain in the 'Ville  
To be real I don't recognize half the people here  
There's a tear in my beer, make a toast take a cheer  
Live for the night, yesterday disappear  
When they tore down my neighborhood, high rise condo  
Friend's in high places, fly high Mondo

I got blood drops in my whiskey  
There's too many neon lights  
No familiar hometown faces  
Beneath these guitars late at night  
These was stompin' grounds once upon a time  
Now it's all glam and flashy  
I guess I'm old school goin' down slow  
Like them outlaw classics

It's that tequila drinkin', coke sniffin', pill poppin', po pimpin', go get it  
I'ma fuck around and leave with both women  
Certified Nashvillains, baby we don't catch feelin's  
Addicted to bad bitches, adrenaline, fast livin'  
Record label send the contract, I wipe my ass with it  
Outlaws, no ass kissin', just like Johnny Cash did it  
Yeah, this city we be goin' hard  
Long before they named these bars after country music stars  
These scars tell them stories of them bar room brawls  
The nights we stood in line to hit a line in bathroom stalls  
Hit that Tiger Mart at 30 deep on Friday night  
We gon' cruise, holla at girls and just ride all night

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Son I was 17 years old still wet behind my fuckin' ears  
Five deep in the primer Monte Carlo bumpin' through the 'Ville  
Country as a 'mater from the outskirts of this sketchy danger zone  
All I knew was feedin' chickens, chasin' girls, and gettin' home  
Past two o'clock Music City went to sleep  
Now it's mini New York City with a bunch of shiny teeth

Yeah they're rentin' out a room, but dog I'm used to pushin' and shovin'  
I dove in every bar from Broadway to fuckin' DeMario  
You ain't never seen a man with no legs jam out with the fiddle  
You ain't never seen the witch with spoons get down and wet her whistle  
You ain't never been surrounded by some rich kids up at Vandy  
Broke a beer bottle and chase them bitches all the way to Campus West

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