

Rodeo

Jelly Roll

Jelly Roll, Tony, Struggle and all
The plugs plug, ha ha ha ha

I'm the wild card they waitin' on the one your man been hatin' on
You know I'm a gangster though and that's why you came along
Come on let's have a drink of holler in the swoller
It's that Tennessee shit, save your problems for tomorrow
I love smokey bars with the neon light
Just show me a honky tonk and I'ma be alright
You ain't never had a man do a thing like that
Rollin' stoned, baby, home is where I hang my hat
I'm a southern gentleman, so I pull out your chair
After that, I take you home and I pull on your hair
As soon as the mornin' come, well baby I gotta run
Good girls love bad guys, well baby you got you one

We don't two step, no
We don't turn around and do-si-do
But girl if you came here for the rodeo
Then grab your saddle baby here we go
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Yeah I'm an outlaw but a southern gentleman
And that feelin' that you feelin' is adrenaline
And the guy that you with, he lookin' feminine
Baby need some man in her life, we can get it in
Ain't my first rodeo, we can go where them other guys can't
Make them sinner out of saints
Turn a good girl bad but she looks so good at it
I'ma be the addict, you can be my habit
Got a havoc, grab your jacket and just climb up
Stars lined up, let's fall in love, eyes shut
Time's up, life's too short for what ifs
And would've and could've and should've, let's go

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We don't turn around and do-si-do
But girl if you came here for the rodeo
Then grab your saddle baby here we go
We don't two step, no
We don't turn around and do-si-do
But girl if you came here for the rodeo
Then grab your saddle baby here we go

Now she say all the right shit, never bring up the past
She know none of them other chicks can mow her grass
Much less, put a stake in that motherfucker
Obvious as hell that they faker than motherfucker
She do the rodeo with her hands tied and her eyes closed
She slick thicker than Jay Lo
She kinda talks like Reba though (Reba though)
Whoa, got her hidden high notes, blowing exotic dro
She look like she sprinkled in pure blow
Before this music shit I was out here gettin' these pounds off

Now we sittin' round eatin' shrimp with the brown sauce
To asked how we did it, tell 'em we outworked 'em
Even when we got a little somethin' we kept workin'
While you're at it tell the promoter, we gon' need
Couple oz's of the best trees in your whole scene

What up? let's get high
Run around town in she chop lines
I don't mind, I got mine
Hottest in the city, baby I'm on fire