

# Straight Outta The Country

Justin Moore

Yeah, she brings home the bacon, Tennessee looker  
Third generation of a moonshine cooker  
Kid on her hip, cig on her lip  
Talking 'bout the real thing, y'all  
He's a rough neck baller, Skoal straight dipper  
Old school scholar on anything Skynyrd  
Loves the good Lord and his old Ford  
Sitting on the creek bank

Yeah, there's really too many to mention  
But they all need some recognition

So raise 'em up to the ones that stick to their guns  
With the rocks and their boots and their rhinestone roots  
Doing what they love 'cause they love the mud  
And the sticks and the hicks and the six inch lifts  
Where the hard work checks ain't free  
Just a bunch of burnt necks like me, straight outta the country

Yeah, from the pine tree hollers, the trout line liners  
The covered coal miners, the John Deere drivers  
The down home homegrown crew  
If that sounds anything like you

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So let me break it down for ya if you down for fried chicken  
If you kick it like I kick it either side of the Mason-Dixon  
It's all about us

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Outta the country  
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