

Well I guess I'm fucking fifty
Some say I'm old as fuck
Still sipping Jim Beam whiskey
'Cause goddamn pandemic suck
I guess I'm fucking fifty
No need to look it up
Well I might be fucking fifty
But I still don't give one fuck

Well I guess I'm fucking fifty
But I'm still standing tall
Even though I can't hear shit
I can't see and I'm going bald
I guess I'm fucking fifty
But I'm better off than you
Well I might be fucking fifty
But your mom still thinks I'm cool, woo

Well I guess I'm fucking fifty
I'm through drinking and blacking out
No more talking shit about Oprah
Or fighting at the Waffle House
I guess I'm fucking fifty
A far cry from seventeen
Well I might be fucking fifty
But this dick's still long and lean
Alright

Ah shit

Well I guess I'm fucking fifty
No more groupies o-on the bus (I gotta chill)
I don't hang much more with outlaws
I spend more time at Toys-R-Us
I guess I'm fucking fifty
But that's okay with me
I still rock like a chair, middle finger in the air
With my granddaughter on my knee

Well I guess I'm fucking fifty
And as I stare down fifty-one
I got a million crazy stories
And can't remember fucking one
I guess I'm fucking fifty
But I still love to dance
Yeah, I might be fucking fifty
I think I just shit my pants

Well I guess I'm fucking fifty
Getting old really sucks
Strippers used to kiss me
Nowadays it costs twenty bucks
I guess I'm fucking fifty
But I still ain't no lame duck
And if the critics still don't dig me, fuck 'em
They can get deez nuts, yeehaw