

Like Ya Stole It

Kip Moore

I remember sittin' in that shotgun seat, thinkin'
This is bigger than me
Ooh, yeah
Daddy, smokin' on that cigarette, said
"Buddy, do you wanna get your feet wet?"
Guess I do, 'cause I was fifteen

He said, "Two hands on the wheel
Right boot for the gas, left boot, Bubba, let it play dead
Stop when you see a red
Roll the window down when you wanna let a 'Hell yeah'
And pretty girls gonna smile at you when they see you rollin'
And buddy, always drive safe, but live life like ya stole it"

Well, I remember him turnin' that radio on, sayin'
"Every memory needs a soundtrack"
Ooh, it was Night Moves
Every time I find a verse these days, that song comes on in my
head
Ooh, he's laughing in my psyche

Sayin', "Two hands on the wheel
Right boot for the gas, left boot, Bubba, let it play dead
Stop when you see a red
Roll the window down when you wanna let a 'Hell yeah'
And pretty girls gonna smile at you when they see you rollin'
And buddy, always drive safe, but live life like ya stole it"

If you get too fast, well, I've found
There ain't no crime for shuttin' her down
But boy, don't you stay parked for too long
Go on, fire it back up, put it in drive
Go for broke, enjoy the ride
If the good years ever go bad, come back home

"With two hands on the wheel
Right boot for the gas, left boot, Bubba, let it play dead
Stop when you see a red
Roll the window down when you wanna let a 'Hell yeah'
Momma's gonna smile at you when she sees you rollin'
And buddy, always drive safe, but live life like ya stole it, y
eah"

I remember sittin' in that shotgun seat, thinkin'
This is bigger than me
And it was