

Upper Middle Class White Trash

Lee Brice

I just got off, work at 5, drivin' that 'ol van I drive, overalls, and dirty boots, but Uncle Bill needed a funeral suit, so when I walked in that fancy store, they looked at me like I was poor, but a wad of hundred dollar bills caused a stir, it went from "don't take checks" to "right away yes sir"

Upper middle class white trash, my pockets cant hold all my cash, cause one day I stopped to pee, got some gas and won the lottery, now I've invested in my neighborhood, my friends and family, there all livin pretty good, a trailer park full of Cadillac's, an upper middle class white trash

I got my home-boy Chris, a brand new shop, for all those cars on cinder blocks, and cousin Charlie thinks its cool to keep a large mouth bass in his new swimmin' pool, I had a birth day party for mama last night, in her ninety and a half foot triple wide, you ain't seen nothin' if you ain't seen NASCAR on a sixty inch plasma screen!

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Buyin' chicken wings buy the buckets, we can't eat 'em all so we just say chuck it, all the miller light you can handle, a hundred and fifty seven movie channels....

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So pop a top, sit back and relax all you upper middle class white trash!