

Hell Yeah

Lenny Cooper

We holla hell yeah
Put the radio on blast
Got the speakers rockin' Willie and Waylon and Johnny Cash
Holla hell yeah
Sippin' apple pie got the coolers filled up with nothin' but Bud Lite
Holla hell yeah
We got the trucks that sit high when we get to feelin' right we ride off int
o the night
Holla hell yeah
Rev it up loud and when them tailpipes are poppin' we don't stop rockin
Holla hell yeah (hell yeah hell yeah hell yeah)
We holla hell yeah (hell yeah hell yeah hell yeah)
We holla hell yeah (hell yeah hell yeah hell yeah)
We holla hell yeah

We holla hell yeah
We like the party loud
Rebels of the south throwin' down in a small town
We keep it rockin' non stop and got the system throttled
Drop the tailgate and watch the beer start a poppin'
Girls dancing on a pole in the back of the truck
With the Solo Cups drinks up no edit
Everything uncut take notes and I'll show you how to stunt
Leader of the south yeah I'm king of the [?]

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It's the cow tippin' shine sippin' southern super hero
The greatest of all time with that country rhyme we know
Who makes 'em holla hell yeah yeah I got to tell ya
Mud slingin' country singin' Colt Ford well ya
Who else could it be bangin' in the boondocks
Their ain't but one of me and son I ain't gonna never stop
Gooder than Granny grits bro I'm in beast mode
I brought a bunch of guns I ain't gotta reload

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Give me that F350 keep your Bentley
Redneck boys make noise if you're with me
Dixie dimes shootin' in high heel boots
And that bootie stick out like a shotgun shoots
Double barrel Winchester sawed off
Tossed in the back of the jacked up and hauled off
I got my straw hat tied on tight
And my shades in case the bonfire burns to bright

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