

# 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 into 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 heal 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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