

Raise Some Hell

Moonshine Bandits

Growing up in the south yeah it runs in my blood
There's something in the water mixed with the mud
Get a little wild way out down here
Chase a little shine with a bottle of beer
Looking for a good time and that's about it
It's the way that it is when you live in the sticks
We raise a little hell, we make a lotta noise
Yeah y'all we just some of the good old backwood boys

After the party, after the football game with charlie
Already had that drink in my truck they called it the best throne on wheels,
Lawdie
How many times on that back forty did we sit and laugh until the morning
Pouring cups up, throwing down slamming them shots and funneling
Deep down in the country with about a hundred younguns
Running around having fun, hoping the law didn't come
We were living day to day, we just relaxed and played
That's us, that is the ways of a backwoods boy, yeah
We drove around town till we had everyone around now
To go to the river and drown all problem with a bottle of Crown
We were sitting on a mound of rocks, grilling meat by the [?] top soft
Talking tough until we were found

Growing up in the south getting runs in my blood
There's something in the water mixed with the mud
Get a little wild way out down here
Chase a little shine with a bottle of beer
Looking for a good time and that's about it
It's the way that it is when you live in the sticks
We raise a little hell, we make a lotta noise
And y'all we just some of the good backwood road boys

Once upon a time I was out flying down a line
Talking bout zip cord, good Lord, I was in for more than I bargained for
Hit the river with 65, hit the bottom, thought I died
Come up and to my surprise, I'm alive, alright

Living life to the fullest, never in much of a punk or bully
Helping others out any chance you can 'cause you never when the time comes t
hat you'll be
In a situation that you need help if you don't when it comes round
You'll be stuck looking up asking why it had to happen to you
Karma, I'm afraid of that myself 'cause my son acts just like his father
Yeah, I'm about to pay for my raising
I'm afraid the day's gon' come when an officer bring him up and says
I'ma let him take it with [?] my son says [?]

Growing up in the south getting runs in my blood
There's something in the water mixed with the mud
Get a little wild way out down here
Chase a little shine with a bottle of beer
Looking for a good time and that's about it
It's the way that it is when you live in the sticks
We raise a little hell, we make a lotta noise
And y'all we just some of the good old backwood boys

Man I'm reminiscing wishing I owned me a time machine

Looking at these pictures we sitting sipping that I believe
Memories knee deep that's where y'all likely to find me
I'll be with a cup in my hand like it was my IV

Growing up in the south getting runs in my blood
There's something in the water mixed with the mud
Get a little wild way out down here
Chase a little shine with a bottle of beer
Looking for a good time and that's about it
It's the way that it is when you live in the sticks
We raise a little hell, we make a lotta noise
And y'all we just some of the good old backwood boys

We just some backwood boys, yeah
We just some backwood boys
Some backwood boys, some backwood boys
Some backwood boys, yeah