

Rednecks In The Club

Redneck Souljers

Walked up in the club like what up I'm in my overalls
Shit boots on, man I'm sweatin' can't see non of ya'll
Got a new hair do, and my trooper shades too
When these rednecks hit the club
There ain't no tellin' what we'll do

What we'll do, what we'll do
Cause we don't know just what to do
See we just came up out the woods
We ain't familiar with these roots
What we'll do, what we'll do
See we don't know know just what to do
See we just came up out the woods
A couple roosters flew the coop

Oh boy, hot damn, shit fire, save the matches
Throw these rednecks in the club
There ain't no tellin' what could happen
I am gone with the wind
Jim Beam runnin' through my system
Made a couple new friends
Said they brought the homegrown with em'
Me and big John ate some mushrooms
I can't feel my darn heart
My head spinnin' so damn fast I think I'm Dale Earnheart
Hope I don't crash, gasp
I think I just seen his ghost
Raise that beer can in my hand
Then I give the man a toast
Seein' shit that isn't there
Hell I guess I'm toastin' air
While wonder boys buyin' ladies drinks like he don't even care
Lil Wyte's off in the corner eatin' molly's by the gram
Fat Tarr's in the parkin' lot actin' like Yosemite Sam
Goin ham, oink, oink, hope nobody calls the cops
I think this honey wants to boink
If my girl finds out we both get shot
Better hop outta here
I think we mighta over done, too much fun
Better hit the waffle house and sober up

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What the shit, went to piss

Ran into a glory hole, what kinda club is this
Just got here, now I wanna go
Good thing I got real drunk
Fore' we even left the house
Took a drink of moonshine I had that fire in my mouth!

(WOO! Here I come... there I go...)
Watch me blow a big cloud of stinky diesel smoke
(Here I come... there I go...)
Watch me blow a big cloud of stinky diesel smoke

I been up in here bout a minute, think I feel real drunk
Imma get five shots of jack then I'm gon' see just what is up
Imma get three Jager-bombs and all at once I'll turn em' up
No I will not leave a tip, cause I just spent my last buck
But I will go, get a dip, I will pack it in my lip
And on the way out the door on that floor I might spit
Got the tiller gang ridin' with me
And I'm drunk as cootie brown
Ain't been good with them gloves
But I been great with that Crown...
(Crown, Crown... Crown, Crown... Great with that Crown)

What we'll do! what we'll do!
Cause we don't know just what to do
See we just came up out the woods
We ain't familiar with these rules
What we'll do, what we'll do
See we don't know know just what to do
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