

## Rules

## The Lacs

(I said boy you've got some big old shoes to fill)  
(Kick back a few shots of the jar when you want to)  
(Never leave a good friend to stray)  
(These guns I'm passin' down son, they ain't toys)

I was raised in a place that was known to be rough  
I was washed on the bank, down a decent bluff  
And muddy river water running was a lesson for me  
It taught me about the only way to get to the sea  
That it ain't bout the rage, that was back in the day  
See you can't desecrate them old southern ways  
My great granddaddy always flew confederate flags  
Papa Riley did too, and so did my dad  
So funny I'ma let the lesson live on  
Gotta lay down the law with two boys of my own  
Show 'em how to do it when I'm dead and gone  
I can rest easy knowing that they southern strong

I said boy you've got some big old shoes to fill  
Lotta working like a dog out in them fields  
Kick back a few shots of the jar when you want to  
Never take it too far  
Never leave a good friend to stray  
Gotta mean what you say, a good firm handshake  
These guns I'm passing down son, they ain't toys  
(Oh yeah) A few rules for a Southern boy

I'm rolling through the backwoods sipping on that [?] good  
Thinking bout a time it was just some old flatwood  
Chain gang slings, and breaking them oaks  
And uncle Doodle taught me all about making them roads  
I thought I was tough but not half as damn tough and rough  
As my daddy and my granddaddy was  
Hey, so spread your wings and go act strong  
But eventually your roots'll bring you back home  
We got different ways of coping and moving along  
But me, I ride the same roads I grew up on  
That I blew up on, and now you up on  
And I'll never forget the ones dead and gone

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