

# Shichya

The Lacs

Shichya,  
Damn right,  
Got fans that party all night.  
Might get wild,  
Get loud,  
Just another face in a party car.  
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Got fans that party all night.  
We're goin to the sun so we'll holler when we get there,  
Shichya.

Fire off the night,  
Shotgun a can,  
Blue jeans and boots and all of my friends.  
Take us to the bar,  
Take us to the pub,  
A bunch of rednecks are fightin to get drunk.  
Partyin like a fool,  
Walk around with a wobble,  
Lookin for them bad broads holdin two or three bottles.  
Shake the shots like an animal,  
Threwed off the red up,  
Bump it to a shine mixed up in a red cup.  
Yeah,  
Ridin like a heavy metal song,  
Doppin little blue pills got me rollin like a stone.  
Go to Finland like a champ,  
I ain't never goin home.  
The way the little girl dance is blowin my dome.  
Drink on through the night until we see the sunlight.  
Just another southern boys,  
Gotta get it done right.  
Five days of the week I be gettin my sleep in,  
Cause I'm a stay up and party all damn weekend.

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I'm in a hellraising mood,  
So gimme a light.  
I got a fine batch of cheese,  
Yeah blueberry shine.  
Jim Bean and got me leanin on the whole half a gallon and I never back down  
cause I love a good challenge.  
It's a family tradition,  
Oh yeah I think so.  
I got the jon bow clothes and them old kane post.

Hit ninety-five slidin down a river road gunnin,  
Bumpin Jamie Johnson makin deer meat comin.  
Straight through them curves,  
Just like the general lee.  
Dale Jr.  
Right beside me in the passenger seat.  
And the lawman is out,  
So they makin it hard.  
I got a six shooter and a Willie Nelson guitar.  
Cause there ain't no party like a Lac Boy party,  
Cause a Lac Boy party don't stop.  
And it don't really matter if they let us in cause we gon party in the parki  
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