

# Stomp

The Lacs

Put your boots on, let me see it (let me see it)  
Stomp, stompin' with my boots on (boots on)  
Put your boots on, let me see it (let me see it)  
Let your country hang out (country hang out)

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Stomp, stompin' with my boots on (boots on)  
Put your boots on, let me see it (let me see it)  
Let your country hang out (country hang out)  
Put your boots on, let me see it (let me see it)  
Chevrolet so high, gotta, gotta  
Put your boots on, let me see it (let me see it)  
Southern style with a twist (with a twist)

Coming on in and I stompin' with my boots on  
This ain't for them boys with the suits on  
I ain't playing I just came to get my groove on  
Pulling on up in an old school two tone  
Chevrolet so high I can't see ya  
If the haters give me salt Imma mix it with tequila  
City boys, man I wouldn't wanna to be ya  
Let your country hangout and your redneck will free ya  
Talking shit, shootin shine like it's nothing  
Baby girl, said I gotta show you something  
Dropping that thong to a Steve Earle song  
Little copperhead row, baby got it going on  
This ain't the next best, it's the real thing  
We practice what we preach every time we sing  
Country rap rock southern style with the twist  
That's how it is, so let us live

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Si-sip-sippin a little bit of that sauce  
If there ain't no law, go ahead and show it off  
Put your boots on, let me see if you can stomp  
You gotta be a redneck, listen to 'em talk  
You heading my way shit might get wild  
Gonna have a dirt road ride a few miles  
Looking for the glow from a big burn pile  
Hanging out in the city really ain't my style  
Crooked little smile start feeling that buzz  
Go ahead and make your day outta playing in the mud  
White trash blood running through my veins  
Guess you wouldn't understand it's a country boy thang

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