Bonfiring, moon shining Four wheel drive with the mud inside it Big gunning, no running Won't back up, we just keep it coming

Cut me on loose in the backwoods
Buck knife, shotgun, shine and I'm all good
Riding on some old back roads, getting live
Creek bank, tail dropped with a bonfire
Rebel flag flies high around here
Pretty women with them tanned up thighs round here
We keep a cooler full of ice cold beer
And we like to keep our trucks sitting high around here
We keep it moving slow, we keep it feeling fine
We keep it anyway but living that city life
So if you didn't know I guess you know now
This is how the country folks like to hangout

Bonfiring, moon shining
Four wheel drive with the mud inside it
Big gunning, no running
Won't back up, we just keep it coming
Oh oh oh oh what you know about them country boys
Oh oh oh oh what you know about them country boys

Now where the pavement ends up against the two path road And my family and friends the only ones that should know Take a right at the big lot, go pass the food plot Wrap it on around and then you'll find my spot

Now my pad is just a little shack in the woods
But my gun rack keeps my food stacked and I'm good
I take a swig of the shine, a little backwoods proof
I can't help to ask myself man what would Hank do
He probably laugh a little bit then he'd light up a smoke
And at the end he would finish off his Jimmy and Coke
I'm just a small town country boy, backwoods raised
And at the end of everyday that's how I'm gon' stay (hey)

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you know about them country boys
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