

Aw yeah
I'm bulletproof
I'm bulletproof
Aww
Yeah yeah yeah yeah

I'm bulletproof baby, skin tougher than some Kevlar
Me and my buddies going mudding in a small car
Give a Sawzall and let me make this bitch a drop top
This is how we roll way down here in Rocky top
A bumper sticker how I feel, read it in traffic
Honk your horn and flip a bird then you might get your ass kicked
The whole world's goin' soft, that's why I stay having calluses
I am from where the record is, I'm a honkey with recklessness
Pedal to the medal, gun loaded like it's the apocalypse
Ain't nobody honestly dropping a song that's as hot as this
I'ma drive this Church train till the motor starts knockin' bitch
And I'm built Ford tough but that's one thing that's obvious

Cause I'm bulletproof from my head down to my boots
And if you think I'm messing with you, buddy, you're wrong
I'm bulletproof, I've met a lot of other guys like you
That like to think they got something to prove
And they get proved wrong
I'm bulletproof, oh, yeah
I'm bulletproof

Yeah, I'm one tough hell-raising dirty son of a gun
Proud of what I stand for and where my ass come from
I will never back down, I won't take no shit
Ain't scared to swing first and take a few hard hits
See the outsider got a life its kinda like an old gypsy
I'm a drifter let me tote my guns and travel through these cities
Let me show you how we do it in the land of the hillbillies
Wild west in the south like cowboys and Indians
No gun rack cause my gun's hotter than a wood stove
Driveway long, better drop that shit in four low
No trespassing unless you like dodging that brass, bo
You messing with the man digging graves with a backhoe

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'Shine in the glass, flag in the yard
Guns sitting in the closet, truck's parked in the yard
Dead end street road followed by a creek
One way in, son, don't come starting no shit

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