

Country Stuff

Walker Hayes

I'll tell you right here if I was Shane McAnally, what I'd do
I'll tell you what I'd so, I'd put it right here, I'll put it
(Let's go)

I like beers cheap and cold, I like chairs that rock and fold
I like long cut wintergreen skoal and Redman's what I chew
(yeah, that's all, woo)
Got a yard full of car parts in it (ay), I can dress you a hog in a minute
Yeah, my number one amendment (which one?)
is gonna have to be number two 'cause

I like shooting ducks and bucks (ay)
I like mud tires on my truck (ay)
I like old blue jeans, guitar strings, and dirt roads
(Everybody loves a dirt road) you know
I like girls that like the woods
I like kissing 'em on the hood
I like green tractors, Dukes of Hazzard and grits
You know, country stuff (here we go)

Country stuff, country stuff
I like country stuff
Country stuff, country stuff
I like country stuff (ay)

I sip whiskey from the handle (handle), I got dogs named Jack and Daniel
Yeah, my favorite shirts are flannel (me too, baby) and I tear up some turni
p greens (ay)
Now taxidermy, that's art, favorite movie, you serious, Clark?
You know I love fishing in the dark (yeah), the song and the real thing (her
e we go)

I like shooting ducks and bucks (ay)
I like mud tires on my truck (ay)
I like old blue jeans, guitar strings, and dirt roads
(Everybody loves a dirt road) you know
I like girls that like the woods
I like kissing 'em on the hood
I like green tractors, Dukes of Hazzard and grits (grits, yeah)
You know, country stuff (here we go)

Country stuff, country stuff (cheese grits, man)
I like country stuff (cheese grits?)
(Walker my momma makes the best cheese grits you'll ever put in your mouth)
Country stuff, country stuff
I like country stuff (get you some)

Alright, yeah, I'm talking 'bout (what you talking 'bout?)
Tin roof rains, front porch swings
Back door, front door, both got screens
Calling turkeys, beef jerky, sweet tea (that ain't no turkey call)
Y'all, it's all good

I like shooting ducks and bucks
I like mud tires on my truck
I like old blue jeans, guitar strings, and dirt roads
(Everybody loves a dirt road) you know

I like girls that like the woods
I like kissing 'em on the hood
I like green tractors, Dukes of Hazzard and grits (grits, yeah)
You know, country stuff

Grits dosent rhyme with stuff
Hey, I'm just trying to feed the kids
Just say shit
You can't say that on the radio
Man your a wuss