

If That's Country

Corey Smith

Straight out of Nashville, heres your next big star
He dont write the songs he sings, but he knows the words by heart.
Wears a cowboy hat, and some tight blue jeans,
And he struts around the stage like hes the coolest thing youve ever seen. Oh you gotta love him! He looks like a
super model, knows how to strike a pose
And he dont mind the makeup, as long as no one knows.
And hes got that crooked grin, and talks with a southern drawl,
Acts like Toby Keith, but sounds a lot like Tim McGraw But if hes country Ill kiss your ass,
And throw all my Willie Nelson records in the trash.
Hes the same old shit in a slightly different bag,
But if hes country, well then countrys pretty bad. I dont watch CMT
Naw that shit makes me sick.
And that ole Kenny Chesney,
What a hypocrite. Hell swear hes country,
But he lives in the Caribbean.
Sings all about the islands now,
What happened to the Tennessean Aw if hes country ill kiss your ass
Throw all my Johnny Cash records in the trash
Hes all about image cuz image pays the bucks,
Aw but if hes country, well then country really sucks. What happened to the outlaws,
Who werent afraid to cross the line.
What happened to the workin man,
Who sang the truth about their troubled lives. I was raised in Georgia, in a one red light town.
And my daddy picked guitar in every honky tonk around.
And he taught me all the good stuff,
That solid country gold, but now I love it all from hip-hop to rock and roll And to thank country, well I dont give
a damn
My daddy taught me to be own kinda man
He said Son you dont have to go along with the crowd aw
So if I aint country then Im pretty frickin proud
Oh Well I dont need their labels anyhow

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