

# Country Boes

## Redneck Souljers

I build me up a house of cards  
Just so I can knock em' down  
You lookin' for them city boys  
Won't find them cause they not around  
Not in my town, not in my state  
Not in south, not any-where  
Got four girls on four-wheelers  
Took four shots of whiskey! (Yeah) Chevy trucks we drive um'  
Motorcycles we like um'  
Ask Bigg John, he's in the front lawn  
Them bon-fires we all night um!  
We tilt back till we fall down  
Stay passed out till we get up  
Got 52 girls playin' 52 pick up  
In the sticks with a gallon fulla hiccup  
Country Boes  
I hit you with a chair!  
Goin' buck wild on em'  
Hell-In-a-Cell  
Powerbomb you through the stairs  
We some Country Boes  
Give em the peoples elbow  
We don't tell no, lies  
We just some country boys so you know that we can survive Beer cans off in the yard  
Liquor bottles and southern cars  
Moonshine still in the jar  
Let me tell you what we about  
We getting down under the stars  
Kickin' pigs and startin' fires  
Sittin' around like fools  
Poppin' bras and playin' cards  
Fatt Tarr, in the pines or at the bar  
Goin Jeff Jarrett on um I just broke my damn guitar  
C-Hubb went woooooo - Ric Flair, the powers in his hair  
Not Pusher T but like booker T  
When I'm flying through the air  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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