

# My Kinda Party

Brantley Gilbert

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Worked all week  
Cleaned up, clean cut, and clean shaved  
I got the cover off a '68  
Fire it up, and let them horses sing A little pretty thing  
A little tan-legged Georgia dream  
She's a rockin' them holey jeans  
Baby, what you got goin' on Saturday? You know, word's got it, there's gonna be a party  
Out of town about half a mile  
Four-wheel drives and big mud tires  
Bus kits and wine Oh baby, you can find me  
In the back of a jacked up tailgate  
Sittin' 'round watchin' all these pretty things  
Get down in that Georgia clay And I'll find peace  
At the bottom of a real tall cold drink  
Chillin' to some Skynyrd and some old Hank  
Let's get this thing started, it's my kind of party Well if you're gonna drink  
Go on baby, just do your thing  
Give up your keys  
Hell, why drive when you can stay with me? And then after while we'll sneak away from the bonfire  
Walk by the moonlight and down at the riverside  
Gotcha sippin' on some moonshine Baby, if you're in mood you can settle for a one night rodeo  
If you can be my tan-legged Juliet  
I'll be your Redneck Romeo Oh baby, you can find me  
In the back of a jacked up tailgate  
Sittin' 'round watchin' all these pretty things  
Get down in that Georgia clay And I'll find peace  
At the bottom of a real tall cold drink  
Chillin' to some Skynyrd and some old Hank  
Let's get this thing started, it's my kind of party Oh baby, you can find me  
In the back of a jacked up tailgate  
Sittin' 'round watchin' all these pretty things  
Get down in that Georgia clay And I'll find peace

At the bottom of a real tall cold drink  
Chillin' to some Skynyrd and some old Hank  
Let's get this thing started, it's my kind of party Y'all ready for this?  
Y'all go and turn it on up

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