

City Boy Stuck (feat. Earl Dibbles Jr.)

Granger Smith

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

City Boy Stuck

I burn that dirt, hug that road,
plug my lip with a fist full of skoale.
12 gauge cock, shift down low,
bounce mud tires like a bass on a pole.
Up ahead, something ain't right,
It ain't a deer in my KC lights.
Oh sweet Jesus, a city boy prius
flingin' up mud, so I start a singin'
Hey (Hey) city boy stuck,
he's worthless as a one point buck,
never heard of a four-wheel-drive,
now he's spinnin' spinnin'
spinnin' spinnin' spinnin'
them tires. Hey (Hey) city boy
stuck penny-loafers didn't bring
no luck, should I throw him a rope?
Nope Hell no! Not me!
I'm rollin' on rollin' on by YEE-YEE!!!
Back and forth, the mud got thicker
kick good dirt on his democrat sticker.
Run his mouth, gettin' all pissed,
when you shoulda' bought a car
that you don't bug in. I got a shotgun,
ridin' shotgun no room to give him a lift.
I pull over, crack a cold one on his
shoulder and put in another dip, and yell
Hey (Hey) city boy stuck, he's worthless
as a one point buck, never heard
of a four-wheel drive, now he's spinnin'
spinnin' spinnin'
spinnin' spinnin' them tires.

Hey (Hey) city boy stuck penny-loafers
didn't bring no luck, should I throw him
a rope? Nope Hell no! Not me!
I'm rollin' on rollin' on by YEE-YEE!!!
Hey City boy, I'm Earl Dibbles Jr,
I'm a country boy.

You're a long way from town
to be runnin' your mouth. You see them
tires spinnin' like that, us country boys
use nothin' but mud tires 4X4.

You got your hair slicked back in
your skinny jeans, collar popped
up and your car's itty bitty.

Better turn around and go
back to the city YEE-YEE!!!

You can pop that clutch you can
pop that collar, I'm a pop this top,
while I holler. You can pop that
clutch you can pop that collar, I'm
a pop this top, while I holler.

Hey (Hey) city boy stuck, he's
worthless as a one point buck,
never heard of a four-wheel-drive,
now he's spinnin' spinnin' spinnin'
spinnin' spinnin' them tires.

Hey (Hey) city boy stuck
penny-loafers didn't bring no
luck, should I throw him a rope?
Nope Hell no! Not me! I'm rollin'
on rollin' on by YEE-YEE!!!

He don't put a good dip in
don't crack a cold one, don't fix
the tree, don't rope stuff, don't
shoot the gun, barbed wire tattoo
don't even go all the way around.

YEE-YEE!!!

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