

# Haulin' Ass (feat. Aaron Tippin)

Tony Justice

There's Carolina plates on a trailer load of grapes, fresh off the vine from the sun shine state of California 80  
East on 40

There's old Redman buzzing up a young man dragging a boat to the Southwest coast of Florida, catching  
baracoodas.

There's a semi smoking like stain machine, running hot up a mountain hauling gasoline. Huffin and a puffin,  
Brother's that ain't nothing.

(Chorus)

Cause in a get gone lane there's a mad red head, drinkin double shot black, lipstick on the of edge of that  
Starbucks cup, her shoes in the bed of that truck, ain't a set of tail lights she ain't passed, finger out the window  
bare foot on the gas,  
She's hauling ass ain't nothing says ain't coming back like that.

Feels like I'm sitting still just a spinning my wheels, tucked in a traffic jam behind a red TransAm, dude was  
only doing 80 chasing after my baby.

There goes a licked of beer train, hopper load of sweet grain, Cadillac, shoes, guitars, pantyhose, God knows  
she's driving me crazy.

I phone a 911 or highway patrol before a girl like this goes running out of control tell them to turn around, then  
its 5 streets down

(Chorus again)

I think I see blue lights of those running behind, if they pull over on the shoulder it's over, she'll be way to far  
down them yellow lines.

In the get gone lane  
Yeah, in the get gone lane

Drinking double shot black, lipstick on the edge of that Starbucks cup, her shoes in the bed of my truck, ain't a  
set a tail lights that she ain't passed, finger out the window bare foot on the gas, She's hailin ass, I mean haulin  
ass

Ain't nothing says a ain't coming back like that  
Yeah in the get gone lane

She's haulin ass

Lyrics Submitted by Zachary Horton

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