

My Kind of Country

Moonshine Bandits

I don't mess with the monkey
Let him roll right off my back
I fly like a bee to the honeys
Turn a bar to an all out love shack
Can I get an amen, a hallelujah
A little splash of the Coke in my Black Jack
Don't let this black-tie fool ya
I'm a down home groover, a midnight mover

Give me and my bulldog
Sitting on the front porch
Old man Willie be banging on the G-chord
Little girlfriend cooking up a chicken
Sipping on the liquor, everybody listening
'Round here got the laid back low-down
Little bit of Waylon, whole lot of Motown
Might sound just a little bit funky
But hey ya'll, that's my kind of country

I ain't hearing no lip son, drag ya
In the dirt like Tonka toy, boy
We don't play that where I come from
Hell yeah, I'm a momma's boy

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