Hell Raisin' Heat Of The Summer

Florida Georgia Line

(verse 1)
Well, Daisy Duke, Peek a boo
I might've learned a thing or two
on a friday night joy ride
out there on the county line
drag racing 'til the blue lights chase us
and we scatter like sparks from a black cat fuse
train bridge where we spray paint Skynyrd
and the gold flakes glimmer in the cinnamon booze(Chorus)
We were living every minute of the night
like there might never be another
We were runnin' all the caution lights,
we were learning to fly with a little tail gunner
If there was somethin' to burn, we were burnin' it
Anything with a curve, we were turning it
just wildfires out there under,
the hell raisin' heat of the summer(verse 2)
Alabama on the alpine
bust a cap on a deer sign
a little back seat butterfly
home grown angel that'll get you high(Chorus)Yeah I see it clearer in the rearview mirror
then I ever did lookin' out over the hood,
Yeah man we had some damn good times
and I sure hope everybody's doin' good(Chorus)
The Hell raisin' heat of the summer
The Hell raisin' heat of the summer

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