

50/50

Colt Ford

Fifty-fifty, fifty-fifty, fifty-fifty, fifty-fifty. When you came rolling round, loud and proud,
With your boys talking about all that city slang,
Act like we dont know a thing,
Just like were some backwards rejects, belly ride a bad chick
Last fishing, cousin kissing, nothing but a bunch of rednecks.
Im about to let you know, son, we was raised on these shotguns
And none of us ever gonna back down, were proud of being smacked down.
Reddels too, were closed before you keep running that lip,
cause theres a fifty-fifty chance that you might get your ass whipped. Fifty-fifty, fifty-fifty, fifty-fifty, fifty-
fifty. Let me tell you how its going down, all up in here,
Everybody know just who you is, momma, daddy and your kids,
Seen you at the Walmart, caught you over about the deary queen,
Called your wife about an hour ago, said you sat in a bar with Joeline.
Now youre talking crazy, talk son, drugers in your heart, they walk, son.
Tell em theres you the big cheese, momma gonna knock you to your knees.
If you go home and tell that country girl that bullshit, theres a fifty-fifty chance that you might get your ass
whipped. Fifty-fifty, fifty-fifty, fifty-fifty, fifty-fifty.

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