

Sippin' on Down

Boondox

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Sippin on down
Sippin around
Tippin up a anotha cupa
Sippin' on downSippin on down
Sippin around
Tippin up anotha cupa
And sip it on down12-gauge double barrel
Loaded full of buckshot
Brewin up that mountain dew
It boilin like a crockpot
Deep out in these southern woods and
Far away from everything
Out amongst the tombstones
Cookin up that hurricane
Take a sip for testin then'
Pour a little on the ground
Soak up in that georgia clay
An now i'm waitin for the sound
150 year buried deep in the earths grip
Soon there gonna dancin
When that cool water hits there lips
Made from the meal
Outta field cursed by whoodoo
Water from a well
Straight outta hell
Cursed by voodoo
Stir it up cook it to the point that it evaporates
173 degrees boilin up
The dead awakeSippin on down
Sippin around
Tippin up another cupa
And sip it on downSippin on down

Sippin around
Tippin up another cupa
And sip it on downSippin on down
Sippin around
Tippin up another cupa
And sip it on downSippin on down
Sippin around
Tippin up another cupa
And sip it on down100 gallons of that rock gut top stock
Ready for the shippin
In a heavy chevy small block
Foot to the floor
Ridin mean like an out law
Duckin dogein road blocks
Like boxing with an south paw
These dark and dusty roads
Lit up by the full moon
Comin round the corner
Muffler soundin like a monson
I got the devils meanest demons
Ridin shotgun
Straped with a winchester
Case they have to pop one
We headin for the next county
On the southin trail
G man and revenue hot on me southern tail
Hang out the window
One blast with the buckshot
Need get em my ass so that i don't get gotWhite lightning, sugar whiskey, stump pole, skull cracker, alley
bourbon, city gin, wildcat, block
And tackle
Its how we do it
How we get it to the next level
Have us huntin bitches down
With pick axe and shovel
Gone of that good shit
Hit ya like a mule kick
Pick a hater out the crowd
And hit em with a pool stick
Hallucinations seein shit
Got ya climbin trees
Passed out in a ditch
Like a bitch down on ya knees
Don't even give a fuck
When the spirts hit ya brain

Four shots is all ya need
Certified gone insane
Lets get it crackalackin
One more 'gain for the pimpin
Take the jug
And turn it up chug it down
And start ta sippinSippin on down
Sippin around
Tippin up another cupa
And sip it on downSippin on down
Sippin around
Tippin up another cupa
And sip it on downSippin on down
Sippin around
Tippin up another cupa
And sip it on downSippin on down
Sippin around
Tippin up another cupa
And sip it on down

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