

# Grown Ass Man

[Brantley Gilbert](#)

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

They said I could lose a little lip  
And lose count of hundred dollar bills  
Be that small town boy that finally made it out  
I think that's where they had me wrong  
I want to write my own damn songs  
And I don't want to move to Nashville, man, I've got home  
You what you see is what you get  
And when you look at me, man  
I hope you see  
It's real as it gets  
Cause I'm a grown ass man  
You ain't gonna change my ways  
Hell I ain't set in stone  
I'm set in that red Georgia clay  
Man, I was brought up on that book  
And my grand-daddy's knee  
You can bet your ass that I know who I am  
Yeah I'm a grown ass man  
Well hell I ain't no politician  
Kissing ass just ain't my style  
So if you ask me the wrong questions  
I'll give you more than just my dime  
All you really need to know about where I stand  
Is somewhere between Amazing Grace, Back In Black, and Simple Man  
Yeah I'm a grown ass man  
You ain't gonna change my ways  
Hell I ain't set in stone  
I'm set in that red Georgia clay  
Man, I was brought up on that book  
My grand-daddy's knee  
You can bet your ass that I know who I am  
Yeah I'm a grown ass man  
Some folks say that I'm an outlaw  
Oh, but I ain't earned that yet  
I'll be the first to say I still got dues to pay  
I hope I go out like that  
And yeah I know this world is changing

But I know the King James ain't  
It ain't no secret I'm a sinner  
I never claimed to be no saint Well I'm a grown ass man  
You ain't gonna change my ways  
Hell I ain't set in stone  
I'm set in that red Georgia clay  
Man, I was brought up on that book  
And my grand-daddy's knee  
You can bet your ass I know who I am  
Yeah man you can bet your ass that I know who I am  
I'm a grown ass man

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