

Mississippi Kid

Lynyrd Skynyrd

I've got my pistols in my pockets boys I'm, I'm Alabama bound
I've got my pistols in my pockets boys I'm, I'm Alabama bound
Well, I'm not looking for no trouble but nobody dogs me 'round
Now well, I'm going to fetch my woman, people tri-cities here I come
Oh, well, I'm going to fetch my woman, people tri-cities here I come
'Cause she was raised up on that cornbread
I know the woman give me some
Gimme some, babe
Oh, when the kid hits Alabama, people don't you try to dog him 'round
Ah, when the kid hits Alabama, people don't you try to dog him 'round

'Cause if you people cause me trouble
Lord, I've got to put you in the ground
Well, I was born in Mississippi baby, don't take any stuff from you
Oh, I was born in Mississippi and I don't take any stuff from you
And if I hit you on your head boy, its got to make it black and blue
Oh, well I'm going to Alabama with my pistols out by my side
Well, I ride to Alabama with my pistols out by my side
'Cause down in Alabama you can run, but you sure can't hide

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