

Merica (feat. Earl Dibbles Jr.)

Granger Smith

I got my one strap snapped on my Liberty Bibs
Wad of Levi Garrett packed between my lip and my gum
'Merica Got mud kickin' off of my red wing boots
Sweat stained tank top in my fruit of the looms
Keep it tucked
'Merica We're back to back undefeated world war champs
So take a cup, raise it up for my Uncle Sam
You know we sent a man to the moon
And before we're done
Yeah we'll probably send a man to the sun
'Merica Got a twelve gauge Remington on my gun rack
Stars and stripes flying high off the back of my truck
Course it's four by four
'Merica Buck antlers, Colonel Sanders, General Lee
Home of the brave and land of that Yee Yee
And country girls
'Merica We're back to back undefeated world war champs
So take a cup, raise it up for my Uncle Sam
You know we sent a man to the moon
And before we're done
Yeah we'll probably send a man to the sun
'Merica
Buck, truck, Chuck Norris I pledge allegiance to the flag of 'Merica
I crack a cole one and tip it on back to 'Merica
I got a right to bare arms for my barbed wire tat in 'Merica
I'm gonna warn ya if you try to attack 'Merica That we're back to back undefeated world war champs
So take a cup, raise it up to my Uncle Sam
There's about a zillion reasons to love where I'm from
But all you really gonna need is one
'Merica

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