

# Me and My Gang

## Rascal Flatts

Way on down to Southern Alabama  
With the guitars jamming  
That's where we're headed  
Straight up to Butte, Montana Singin' "Lord, I was born a ramblin' man"  
California to Oregon  
Even New York City  
Got one or two hillbillies  
Ready to hit the road It's a brother and a sister kind of thing  
Raise up your hands if you all wanna hang with  
Me and my gang  
We live to ride, we ride to live Me and my gang  
Jump on that train  
Grab hold of them reins  
We're gonna rock this thing Cock this thing  
Me and my gang, yeah  
Yeah, me and my gang We got hippies, gypsies, freaks and geeks  
High class women in daisy duke denim  
Bangin' on gongs and singing our songs  
Dude named Elrock jammin' on an I-Pod Beer and bonfires  
Wide open throttle, Coors in a bottle  
It's all for one and one for all, y'all It's a brother and a sister kind of thing  
Raise up your hands if you all wanna hang with  
Me and my gang  
We live to ride, we ride to live  
Me and my gang Jump on that train  
Grab hold of them reins  
We're gonna rock this thing  
Cock this thing  
Me and my gang, yeah, woo! It's a brother and a sister kind of thing  
Raise up your hands if you all wanna hang  
With me and my gang  
We live to ride, we ride to live Me and my gang  
Jump on that train  
Grab hold of them reins  
We're gonna rock this thing Cock this thing  
Yeah Yeah, me and my gang  
Jump on that train  
Woo!  
Grab hold of them reins, baby

Lyrics provided by  
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