Country Life

Boondox

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Country Life...[Verse 1:]

Front post livin swiggin wiskey and mescaline
Swining fly swatters catchin trails from that ketmine
We on some otha level country like a Muthafucka
Ask the way I'm living shit they ain't no otha muthafucka
Give me mosquitoes and a moonlit night
Give me a red dirt road and I'll be doin all right
Sittin down by the river bottle of Grits mill
Double fistin evan williams steady climbin heavy hill
This is what it's all about I couldn't ask for nothin betta

Me Myself I'm high and fucked up, light as a feather I hear them crickets chirpin

I think I'll lay back and listen

I got a line off in the water but I ain't thinkin about fishin.[Chorus:]

This... is that country life

This is the life for me

liquor, cars and tittie bars

This is the life for me

Country... till I die...

This is the life for me

liquor, cars and tittie bars

This is the life for me[Verse 2:]

I like them bitches talk that dirty south slang

I like them bitches they be walkin shake that dirty south thang

There be them hoes up on that cornbread chicken and collard greens

ham hockin bitches sweet

potatoes and red beans

where did you get an ass like that pissed off in that baby fat suckin on a dr pepper shirts all in her booty crack they come up speakin slow like "how ya'll doin?"

always sassy, kinda nasty and with somethin ta prove, yeah

ya'll know them ones from kentucky and alabama

dem swamp livin cajun bitches straight out louisiana

the carolinas georgia florida even mississippi country girls with fat 'ol asses askin them can I see them tities[Chorus:]

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Country... till I die...

This is the life for me

liquor, cars and tittie bars

This is the life for me[Verse 3:]

Rusty cars off in the yard

Bitches booze and tittie bars

That's the way we livin drink our liquor straight up out the jar

Rollin wood, we blowin smoke, poppin pills, until we choke

180 proof to wash it down and that's all she wrote and if it kills me bury me in red clay and

let it all be catered by the Ol' Country Buffet

Pass the whiskey bottle and drink it like your Full grown and let them bitches dance here fuckin naked on my

tombstone[Chorus: X2]

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