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, MontanaSingin' "Lord, I was born a ramblin' man"
California to Oregon
Even New York City
Got one or two hillbillies
Ready to hit the roadIt'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 liveMe and my gang
Jump on that train
Grab hold of them reins
We're gonna rock this thingCock this thing
Me and my gang, yeah
Yeah, me and my gangWe 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-PodBeer and bonfires
Wide open throttle, Coors in a bottle
It's all for one and one for all, y'allIt'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 gangJump 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 liveMe and my gang
Jump on that train
Grab hold of them reins
We're gonna rock this thingCock this thing
YeahYeah, me and my gang
Jump on that train
Woo!

Grab hold of them reins, baby

Songwriters
JON STONE, TONY MULLINS, JEFFREY STEELEPublished by
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