Sippin'

Sweater Beats

Sippin on down
sippin around
tippin up a another cupa
sippin' on down

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sippin around
tippin up another cupa
sippin on down

12 gauge double barrel
loaded full of buckshot
brewin up that mountain dew
it boilin like a crockpot
deep out in theese southern woods and
far away from evrything
out amongst the tombstones
cookin up that hurracain
take a sip for testin then'
pour a littlie on the ground
soak up in that goregia clay
and now i'm waitin for the sound
150 year burried deep in the earths grip
soon there gonna dancin
when that cool water hits there lips
made from the mill
out a feild cursed by whodo
water from a well
striaght outta hell
cursed by vodoo
stir it up cook it to the point that it evaporates
173 degrees boilin up
the dead awake

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100 gallons of that rot gut top stock
ready for the shippin
in a heavy chevy small block
foot to the floor
ridin mean like an out law
duckin dodgin road blocks
like boxing with an south paw
these dark and dusty roads
lite up by the full moon
comin round the corner
muffler soundin like a monsoon
i got the devils meanest demons
ridin shotgun
straped with a winchester
case they have to pop one
we headin for the next county
on the southin trail
g man and revenue hot on me southern tail
hang out the window
one blast with the buckshot
needs get em off my ass so that i don't get got

white lighter, sugar wiskey, stump pole, skull cracker, alley bourbon, city gin, wildcat, block and tackle
its how we do it
how we get it to the next level
have us huntin bitches down
with pick axe and shovel
gone of that good shit
hit ya like a mule kick
pick a hater out the crowd
and hit em with a pool stick

hallucinations seein shit
got ya climbin trees
passed out in a ditch
like a bitch down on ya knees
don't even give a fuck
when the spirts hit ya brain
four shots is all ya need
certified gone insane
lets get it crackalackin
one more 'gain for the pimpin
take the jug
and turn it up chug it down
and fuck the sippin

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