

# Country as Fuck

## Shaman's Harvest

If you gotta bad attitude and a graveyard mind.  
Got shitty ink from doin' time.  
Trailer park living is how you think.  
And your welfare check is how you drink.  
You ain't worried when you're down on your luck.  
Son that ain't country.  
That's Country as Fuck.

I like gettin' ass, cold lush beer.  
Takin' names got nothing to fear.  
Been all around the world with a southern grin.  
On hillbilly crank and I'll do it again.  
And I ain't worried when I'm down on my luck.  
Son that ain't country.  
That's Country as Fuck.

Well you know I've been down on my luck.  
I been feelin' country as fuck.  
And when I'm feelin' country as fuck.  
Ya'll better run.

Here she comes. Fried chicken and Gasoline.

Well the cops took us off in the paddy-wagon truck.  
At the end of our rope plum outta luck.  
They gave us life cuz we wouldn't talk.  
Where I come from they call it Re-spect.  
If you don't like it you can Walk.  
And we ain't worried when we're down on our luck.  
Son that ain't country.  
That's Country as Fuck.

---

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnllyrics.com/>