

# Saddle Up (feat. Attitude)

Colt Ford

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

We holler yee-haw and then we saddle up  
Get your money right then you add it up  
We grab the bull by the horns make him back it up  
We holler yee-haw and then we saddle up You thought your boy Colt Ford was just a country clown  
That bails hay all day and don't know how to get down  
Ain't none of ya'll messing with this country sound  
Them boys sent me with some new country  
We rock Fords and lift kits with gun racks and mud on 'em  
Ain't scared of nothing so don't push the button  
Like them long legged girls with curls and tight jeans  
And they love cold beer round here with chicken wings  
Baby this new country is all about me but I love some Johnny Cash, Waylon, and Willie.  
Respect the old school and make room for the new  
Now tell me you don't love what this country boy can do  
Go get the skoal spit with the lighter style  
Big boy so cool I make all them girls smile  
So tell me what you need and old Colt will make it happen  
Thangs is changing we got a country boy rappin' We holler yee-haw and then we saddle up  
Get your money right then you add it up  
We grab the bull by the horns make him back it up  
We holler yee-haw and then we saddle up  
Get your money right then you add it up  
We grab the bull by the horns make him back it up  
We holler yee-haw and then we saddle up When they talk about the south they call it dirty baby  
We was raised on cheese grits biscuits and gravy  
We say sir and ma'am and we don't give a damn  
If you like it or not we gonna hold our spot  
Give me crown and coke or maybe jack and sprite  
A case of Coors light and its on tonight  
We talking about a party down on Johnson's farm  
Late night country trouble we don't mean no harm  
That's just how we do so tell me what you want

Some say they will but still most won't  
Keep it banging till the sun come up hear the rooster crow then its time to go  
Cause there's horses that need breakin' and cows that need pennin'  
I do what it takes to keep them girls grinnin'  
Every girl crazy about a bow legged boy  
In tight jeans and boots that rope rides the chutes  
We holler yee-haw and then we saddle up  
Get your money right then you add it up  
We grab the bull by the horns make him back it up  
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Get your money right then you add it up  
We grab the bull by the horns make him back it up  
We holler yee-haw and then we saddle up Hey it's a party baby get your swerve on  
You wanna come get your boots put your spurs on Its about to go down it's the low down  
Go on and spread the word we about to have a ho down  
It's a party at Colt crib baby come by  
You wanna saddle up I'll give you one try  
And you a cowgirl so I know you know  
How to hold on and ride like the rodeo  
We ain't done yet your pretty silhouette  
I'm hoping me and you can ride off in the sunset  
I wanna get you all alone girl I can't wait to  
Get you to my home I've got 35 acres  
It's not quite 40 but I'm hung like a mule  
And if you got some friends then they can come too  
We do it like they do it on the ponderosa  
With a bunch of alcohol and my guns in holsters We holler yee-haw and then we saddle up  
Get your money right then you add it up  
We grab the bull by the horns make him back it up  
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