

# Kiss My Country Ass

Blake Shelton

Tearin' down a dirt road, rebel flag flyin', coon dog in the back  
Truck bed loaded down with beer and a cold one in my lap  
Earnhart sticker behind my head and my woman by my side  
Tail-pipe's poppin', the radio's rockin', "Country boy can survive"  
If you got a problem with that, ha, ha, you can kiss my country ass Well, I love Turkey calls, overalls, Wrangler  
jeans  
Smoke nothin' but Marlboro reds  
Tattoos up and down my arms  
And deer heads over my bed My Granddaddy fought in World War Two  
But my Daddy went to Vietnam  
And I ain't scared to grab my gun  
And fight for my homeland  
If you don't love the American flag  
You can kiss my country ass If you're a down home, backwoods Redneck  
Hey come on, stand up and raise your glass  
But if you ain't down with my outlaw crowd  
You can kiss my country ass, aw yeah  
Aw, yeah Well, there's a whole lotta high-class people out there  
That's lookin' down on me  
'Cause the country club where I belong  
Is a Honky Tonk till three in the mornin' Don't wear no fancy clothes, no ties or three piece suits  
You can find me in my camouflage cap  
My T-shirt and cowboy boots  
If that don't fit your social class  
You can kiss my country ass If you're a down home, backwoods redneck  
Hey come on, stand up and raise your glass  
But if you ain't down with my outlaw crowd  
You can kiss my country ass Well, I'm a front-porch sittin', guitar pickin', moonshine  
Sippin' backer juice spittin' country boy from the woods  
And I love fried chicken and blue gill fishin'  
And outlaw women and I wouldn't change if I could, no I ain't tryin' to start no fight but I'll finish one every  
time  
So you just mind your own damn business  
Stay the hell outta mine, if you got a problem with that  
You can kiss my country ass I said, "If you got a problem with any of that  
You can kiss my natural born, Redneck to the bone  
Ever lovin' country ass, that's right

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