

# Hit It

## Paul Jackson, Jr.

C'mon, there's a gentleman down in Lynchburg  
On the south side of Tennessee  
He started cookin' that home made whiskey  
Had his own little recipe  
Now, his name's on a million labels  
You can see it on a billboard sign  
Got a lot of good ol' buddies  
But Jack Daniels is a friend of mine  
Got to hit it, get it while the gettin's good  
Kick the tires and pop that hood  
I can't quit it, wouldn't if I could  
Sure beats sittin' around, knock, knock, knockin' on wood  
Get with it, while your bidin' your time  
Playin' that ready or not  
I'm gonna take my shot  
Pop, gonna hit it, hit it  
She was standin' behind the eight ball  
Lookin' like trouble in a short skirt  
Hell on heels about year tall  
Makin' it work, makin' it work  
The money was on the table  
My eyes were out of the socket  
She caught me bent down in front of the ball  
Shot the eight ball in the corner pocket  
  
Hit it, get it while the gettin's good  
Kick the tires and pop that hood  
I can't quit it, wouldn't if I could  
Sure ain't sittin' here, knock, knock, knockin' on wood  
Get with it, while your bidin' your time  
Playin' that ready or not  
I'm gonna take my shot  
Pop, gonna hit it  
Gonna hit it, yeah  
Got a pool shark honey and a pocket full of money  
And a bottle of ole' JD  
You can jump on the bus and party with us  
But if your runnin' with me, runnin' with me  
Hit it, get it while the getting's good

Kick the tires and pop that hood  
I can't quit it, wouldn't if I could  
Sure beats sittin' around, knock, knock, knockin' on wood  
Get with it, while your bidin' your time  
Playin' that ready or not  
I'm gonna take my shot  
Pop, gonna hit it, yeah, I'm gonna hit it, ooh

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