

# Rebelicious

Jamey Johnson

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Hey, kinda like that banjo  
Crank that stuff up a little  
Yeah, that's what I'm talkin' about The way she looks, the way she walks  
That southern twang, that dirty talk  
Rides Harleys, reads Vogue  
She got a tattoo on her ankle, rebel flags on her toes One shake of that hip  
Could make a puppy dog vicious  
Mmm, hmm, mmm  
Rebelicious She'll take Jack over martinis  
Skinny dippin' over bikinis  
That hard body, soft smile  
Could send a big man to his knees and drive them little boys wild She likes them tiny little skirts  
An' the way the preacher's boy blushes  
Mmm, hmm, mmm  
Rebelicious She's a long tall, shopping-mall  
Barbie doll trailer park queen  
Mouthwaterin' 'bout hotter than  
Anything I've ever seen She's an outlaw livin', ready an' willin'  
Sun-tanned redneck, miss hittin'  
You got a mansion, you drive a vet  
You wear a Rolex, hell, she ain't impressed She likes deer stands, beer cans  
Baits are on the hook when she fishes  
Mmm, mmm, mmm, mmm  
Rebelicious Aw, that's what I'm talkin' about man  
Cheap sunglasses, a pick-up truck, convertible  
What is that thing, a sixty-nine?  
Mmm, not a tan line on anything I can see, whoa  
Hey, I bet you she knows David Allen Coe

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