

# Outshine Me

## Colt Ford

I got a copper still hand built up in the hills  
Fill it up with corn mash, heat it up, and chill  
White liquor hits you quicker knock you off your feet  
Lay down your mason jars, you can't outshine me I'mma put it out here let me tell ya something,  
What d'y'all think my still be pumpin?  
90 proof spit the truth  
Stop telling everybody you can do what I do.  
So if you can, you better get like me  
Go sit down and write a hit like me. From where I stand you ain't shoot to me  
Gotta sell a few mill outta your own still  
I won't sugar coat it burn your throat it  
Kids aint scared  
I'm Locked and loaded  
Real is all me they all can feel me  
Dirt road disciple (da-steeple) man of the people  
Mix it, churn it, light it, burn it  
Daylight to dark me and my folks earn it  
Plow it, haul it, hunt it, shoot it, skin it, fry it,  
That's how we do it.  
Sip it, chug it, jar it, jug it  
Do it a little better than anyone does it. Y'all are chasin' a thoroughbred  
Y'all done got lapped I'm miles ahead  
Too late to slow down I'm a runaway train  
Colt Ford remember my name  
Haters, Tweeters, bloggers, bashers  
Watch your mouth cause I run these pastures I got a copper still hand built up in the hills  
Fill it up with corn mash, heat it up, and chill  
White liquor hits you quicker knock you off your feet  
Lay down your mason jars, you can't outshine me I got a copper still hand built up in the hills  
Fill it up with corn mash, heat it up, and chill  
White liquor hits you quicker knock you off your feet  
Lay down your mason jars, you can't outshine me I can't take this,  
I wanna make this real clear  
What d'ya'll think I been doin' here?  
Switchin' gears and changing lanes  
Jackin' up trucks running down Lanes  
Light that flame for America  
Cross that line I'll bury ya  
Gotta shotgun that'll take care of ya

And a mudhole that I'll bury ya  
Gotta bunch of county folks all down to ride  
And a bunch of rednecks aint scared to fight.  
I'mma give it to ya my way dirt road, hi-way,  
Four wheel, Jack it up talk sh\*t back it up. Y'all a trip and I'm out of your league  
Sippin' shine and I'm hard to see  
I'm something that you'll never be  
It's a pipe dream, you can't outshine me  
'Cause I'm dura-coated turbo charged  
Everything about me is large Y'all are chasin a thoroughbred  
Ya'll done got lapped in miles ahead  
Too late to slow down I'm a runaway train  
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