Saddle Up

Colt Ford

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'
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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

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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
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