Ride Through The Country

Colt Ford

(Intro)
Thank Yall, How Yall Doin? Yeh, my names Colt Ford, I jus came here to do a little song for yall, bout where I come from, the way I see it, I brought my buddy, Mr. John Michael Montgomery with me, he's gunna play a lil guitar and sing a lil bit. Im gunna do a lil sumthin for yall called ride through the country, let's go John.
(Verse 1)
Down the road where the black top ends, you can find Colt Ford with all his friends, we're used to gravel roads, and fishin' with cane poles, wasn't no swimmin' pools, jus swimmin' holes.
We was dirt road poor, and cane switched raised, I've been came a long way since back in them days, been ?round the world twice seen all fifty states, ate on thousand dollar china, but love sum paper plates , there aint nuthin wrong with them big city lights, but me, I prefer them slow country nights, where I can see the darkness come in and go
Most folks is honest, and they all speak slow, you can leave your door open, aint nuttin' gunna happen, most country folks sing, but I couldn't, so im rappin, I wanna show yall where I come from, and invite yall all down to any country town
(Chorus)
Now before I pack and things and leave, there's sumthin I need yall to understand, I seen alotta things in my life time, that's why I walk the line, I'm just a simple man, and I aint in the things for cheep thrills, but all my scars heel, so don't you ever cry for me, I aint ashamed where I'm from, you always will come, take a ride through the country.
(Verse 2)
Up, dressed, and gone by 5 am, he's country, and he's rappin' we gotta play him, folks been waitin for some one like me, to give ?em some heart beats and spit that country
My jeans don't sag, they fit, they kinda tight, got on a white t-shirt, no nothin' but work. Daylight til dark, that's how I was bread, and I'll keep bein' country til the day I'm dead
See, country folks eat biscuits called cat heads, bar-b-q, baked beans, sweet tea, and white bread, we like to fish and hunt, aint scared of a fight, love the Good Lord and believe in doin' right,

Got 4-wheel drives, some got mud on ?em, you can keep your rolls roice, cuz baby, we don't want 'em! So now yall all know exactly who I am, and if you aint into that, i don't give a damn!
(Chorus)
Now before I pack and things and leave, there's sumthin I need yall to understand, I seen alotta things in my life time, that's why I walk the line, I'm just a simple man, and I aint in the things for cheep thrills, but all my scars heel, so don't you ever cry for me, I aint ashamed where I'm from, you always will come, take a ride through the country.
(Verse 3)
You might see my on your t.v, but honey, that don't mean a thing, you see, I'm still that same ?ol country boy, and that's all I'll ever be, and sometime, those bright lights blind me, and make it hard for me to see, but when I need to be reminded, I take a ride through the country
(Verse 4)

At about 5 o'clock on Friday afternoon, them country boys head down to the local saloon, you welcome to stop in and have a cold bottle, big city boys and stuck up super models, we don't care where ya from, as long as you polite, cuz push come to shove and every one of us will fight
We mostly easy like Sunday morning, ol' Colt came here to give yall fair warnin', country folks wont be pushed around, and theres some of us livin' in every town, we believe in the Bible, and the U.S.A, work hard for what you want, it's the American way, no body owe you nothin' supposed to earn your keep, but in a hard days work, get a good nights sleep,
I know some of yall think Colt's kinda odd, but I'm loud, proud and country by the grace of God!
(Chorus)
Now before I pack and things and leave, there's sumthin I need yall to understand, I seen alotta things in my life time, that's why I walk the line, I'm just a simple man, and I aint in the things for cheep thrills, but all my scars heel, so don't you ever cry for me, I aint ashamed where I'm from, you always will come, take a ride through the country

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