Drinking Song

Blues Attitude

Start this night out right so I don't fall on my face
I got some red necks wit me ready to get drunk and shot da gauge
They got 6 shots of Tequila and half a bottle of Bacardi
The bottle came from onions coat when we left the bonfire partyThey constantly askin' fo more and tryin' to pour me up a shot
Incredible hulk mixed with vodka and a skotch on the rocks
Crown Royal with coke a bud light my eye balls afloat
So much fuckin' liquid in me, I got to hit da pisser fo shoKeepin' up wit hill billys actin' silly drunker then shit
This might compare to my smokin' song but pimpin' this is not it
This is my drinkin' song so you know wut you got to do
Drink twelve or twenty-one or wut eva you do but don't stop at twoThis is my drinkin' song
And there ain't no rules, wut you waitin' on
Pop a bottle, pour your self a shot or even brew your own
If you're goin' to drink, might as well drink until you hit the floor
Afta you hit the floor, get yo ass up and pour a couple moThis is my drinkin' song
And there ain't no rules, wut you waitin' on
Pop a bottle, pour your self a shot or even brew your own
If you're goin' to drink, might as well drink until you hit the floor
Afta you hit the floor, get yo ass up and pour a couple moAight, I'm alright, listen to my words, I have dranken up half the bar
And still yet a swurl I heard
I looked down at red neck, he look like he was about to hurl
Brother Robby actin' similiar but was spinnin' like the worldNow real rednecks can get drunk like some shit I've neva seen
Ten shots bud lights fo chasin' and ready for round eleventeen
Demolition derbys at the races rodeos and hill streets
When ever legal liqour sold white folks will meetBut we all want to get fucked up and when I say we I'm talkin' about every nationality on this G L O B E
And some do, some don't, some might like it, some won't
I'll tell you wut, I love this so much, I'm fucked up right nowThis is my drinkin' song
And there ain't no rules, wut you waitin' on
Pop a bottle, pour your self a shot or even brew your own
If you're goin' to drink, might as well drink until you hit the floor
Afta you hit the floor, get yo ass up and pour a couple moThis is my drinkin' song
And there ain't no rules, wut you waitin' on
Pop a bottle, pour your self a shot or even brew your own
If you're goin' to drink, might as well drink until you hit the floor
Afta you hit the floor, get yo ass up and pour a couple moWe jump in Slappa's car, don't worry this fool wasn't driven

The outcome would've been ridiculous and we wouldn't've survived
Believe it or not I was the most sober of the five of us
Liquor in me got to piss again I feel like I'm 'bout to bustGood thing we got out the exit fo me to handle my buisness
I jumped out to drain my lizard and God as my witness
I see a truck load of moonshine hiding behind some trees
Wit the keys in it and nobody around, no one but meThis mean, we can get drunker and crunker
And make us some cheese from Mariana, Arkansas
Through the woods back to Tennessee
This event start anotha good ol'boy fraiser drinkin' day
In the back of a chevelle, pick up shootin' of this dazeThis is my drinkin' song
And there ain't no rules, wut you waitin' on
Pop a bottle, pour your self a shot or even brew your own
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