Firewater (feat. Outlaw)

Redneck Souljers

Intro
Tonight on special report
We give you a rare peak into the lives
Of notorious moonshiners the Redneck Souljers and Outlaw
Ride Along with detectives as they build the case
And investigate other Tiller Gang accossiates
In an attempt to uncover their current whereabouts
All this and more on tonights edition of special report
Firewater.Red....Verse 1 - C-Hubb
Kentucky bound
Gallon of that moonshine
Fuck 'em to the 5-0
I'm from a long line
Of country boys that do this shit in their spare time
You can read the pedigree and DNA my bloodline
Jammin' Willie Nelson,
'bout to get my smoke on
You don't want descretion
Me and Hubb are smoked on
'Bout to hit that thump keg
Waltz and nearly break my leg
Break the freakin' walls down
Open bottles, tap the kegsMan, we 'bout go (go)
Wild in this thang
Haulin' like the freaking Cherokee and Meros from the grave
Rain dancin', Pedal Mashin' you can't get this out my system
Hit you with a case boys, split your ass right down the middle (tell 'em)I'll split your ass right down the middle
Told 'em, We play Texas Hold 'em, Bowl 'em
In it to, our cousin told 'em "Poe said he ain't kin to you"
Bobbleton is Winton, got that 'shine and a fish or two
Honkey man about the broth while trynna get a bitch or twoChorus - C-Hubb
Tennesee Legends
Cookin 'shine
In the moon, got the firewater brewin'
Spring water coolin'(water coolin')
Liquor Movin' (liquor Movin')
Crank that fire imma show you how we do it
Got that corn batch pourin'
Draggin' out the chorus

Pedal to the floor 'cause them boys say the be Mortin
Batch to a bottle make an ugly women gorgeous
So much 'shine 'bout to make our ass a fortuneVerse 2 - Fatt Tarr
Up in this motherfucker drunk as hell
Come lit
And I brung a bag of goodies with a skunky smell
'Sum bitch
Ya see the Jim Jam Cider? but I'm feelin' fine
My whip
All the tiller are tillin'
You know the women are willin'
to meet a country boy
baby, i'm here (get it)Cabin in the woods i'm in it
Tree stand in the backyard, i'm in it
Southern in my draw thats the way i'm livin'
Never seen a moonshine still this busy
Got the man sure cook more, never been a crook tho
Trynna get my cash stacked up 'till I hit the roof
Said a country hick will ever rap for shit
but here i am in a straw hat spittin' the truth, like damn (whooo)Headlights, hit the 4-lane
Burnin' rubber like it's soaked in propane
Or know the right to eat girl like Rogain??
Pass opponents, like the shit's my forte
Ain't slowin' down for one minute
I'll paint a picture so vivid
with the shit i sang in these lyrics
My boys back at the hideaway
Got the liquor still a drippin'
If you sniff the fallin'
Yo ass a goner
You gonna come up missin'
Done told ya son, get off my land
Better not catch you slippin'
And you'd probably lose your mind if you see my girl skinny dippinVerse 3 - Outlaw
(Yellow)
O-U-T L-A-Dub
Kentucky's where i be, yeah
Got a jar of firewater
Drop you to your knees fast
Packin' Dips and Grabbin' tits
And kickin' off the trees man
Camo paint up on my face
Can't see me in my tree stand
I'm a big at slingin' nails?
Fillin' up some whiskey barrels

Got a 'shine empire
Run it like a Force Feral
Y'all know we some country fellas
All my boys be hollerin' Yellow
Come and.. Fuck..
Damn, the shot is mellow
Comin' through the woods with my dog Banjo
Runnin' up to Tennesee to see my boys
Tar's in the keg, calluse toes
See Hub with a Crick-Pit, pickn' his nose
'Bout to make a run, drinkin' homemade wine
Boys from the mountain with some dang good 'shine
So we filled up the jars and we dealed in the cars
Drove off and we left a cloud of dust behindBridge - C-Hubb
Yeah we took the 'shine and we drove it to the mountain
Firewater brewin' ,it was flowin' like a fountain
Lazy it was lookin'
They was hatin', we was doubtin'
But they would come around and here the thump keg poundin'Chorus - C-Hubb
Tennesee Legends
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Spring water coolin'(water coolin')
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Pedal to the floor 'cause them boys say the be Mortin
Batch to a bottle make an ugly women gorgeous
So much 'shine 'bout to make our ass a fortune (Fortune.. fortune)
Fortune, Fortune
So much 'shine 'bout to make our ass a fortune (Fortune.. fortune)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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