Country Boy

Tyra B

Excuse me ma'am, I saw you walking
I turned around, I?m not a stalker
Where you going? Maybe I can help you
My tank is full, I?d be obliged to take you
?Cause I?m a country boy, I got a four-wheel drive
Climb in my bed and I?ll take you for a ride
Up city streets, down country roads
I can get you where you need to go
?Cause I?m a country boy
You sure look good sitting in my right seat
Buckle up and I?ll take you through the five speeds
Wind it up or I can slow it way down
In the woods or right up town
I?m a country boy, got a four-wheel drive
Climb in my bed and I?ll take you for a ride
Up city streets, down country roads
Yeah, I can get you where you need to go
?Cause I?m a country boy
Big thirty-fives, winding on the asphalt
Grabbing mud and slinging up some red dirt
?Cause I?m a country boy
My muffler?s loud, dual thrust tubes
Crank the music and the tone gets real good
Let me know when we're getting close
You can slide on out or we can head on down the road
?Cause I?m a country boy, I got a four-wheel drive
Climb in my bed and I?ll take you for a ride
Up city streets, down country roads
Yeah, I can get you where you want to go
?Cause I?m a country boy
Bucket seats, soft as baby?s nude butt
Locking [incomprehensible] to take you through a deep rut
?Cause I?m a country boy, I got a four-wheel drive
Climb in my bed and I?ll take you for a ride
Up city streets, down winding roads
Yeah, I can get you where you need to go
?Cause I?m a country boy
Yeah, I?m a country boy, I got a four-wheel drive
Climb in my bed and I?ll take you for a ride

Up city streets, down country roads
I can get you where you want to go
?Cause I?m a country boy, yeah, I?m a country boy
Ah, I?m just a country boy, a nice little country boy

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