You

Georgia

If you're anything like me
You like jacked up trucks
Four-wheel drives
And loud straight pipes
And a big tool box
You like to ride around town
With the windows down
Singing 'song of the south'
If you're anything like me
You're countryBorn and raised in the south
American and proud
Where the lost get found
Living off the land
And working with our hands
Till the sun goes down
Mama's home cooking
Daddy's ass whipping
And heaven bound
If you're anything like me (yeah)
You're countryIf you're anything like me
You like to cut off your sleeves
Show off your tattoo's and your battle wounds
That you got last week
Brag to your boys
'Bout the buck you killed
And the girl in your backseat
If you're anything like me
You're countryBorn and raised in the south
American and proud
Where the lost get found
Living off the land
And working with our hands
Till the sun goes down
Mama's home cooking
Daddy's ass whipping
And heaven bound
If you're anything like me (yeah)
You're countryIt's all about the moonshine
Midnight campfire

And singing on Saturday night
We go to church
Get right
Baby get baptized
We all see the lightBorn and raised in the south
American and proud
Where the lost get found
Living off of land and working with our hands
Till the sun goes down
Mama's home cooking
Daddy's ass whipping
And heaven bound
If you're anything like me (yeah)
Born and raised in the south
American and proud
Where the lost get found
Living off of land
Working with our hands
Till the sun goes down
Mama's home cooking
Daddy's ass whipping
And heaven boundIf you're anything like me (yeah)
If you play a 6 string (yeah)
If you got a skull ring (yeah)
If you're anything like me (yeah)
You're countryCountry

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Brian Kelley, Reed HubbardPublished by
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