

Honky Tonk Badonkadonk (video Mix)

Trace Adkins

Hustler shootin' 8-ball
Throwin' darts at the wall
Feelin' damn near ten feet tall
Here she comes lord help us all

Ol' T.W. girlfriend done knocked him out his chair
Poor ol' boy it ain't his fault it's so hard not to stare at that

Honky tonk badonkadonk
Keepin' perfect rhythm make you wanna swing along
Got it goin' on like donkey kong
Oohwee shut my mouth, slap your grandma
There ought to be a law get the sheriff on the phone
Lord have mercy how'd she even get them britches on
With that honky tonk badonkadonk

Honey you can't blame her
For what her momma gave her
It ain't right to hate her
For workin' that money maker

Band shuts down at two but we're hangin' out 'til three
We hate to see her go but we love to watch her leave with that

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We don't care about the drinkin', barely listen to the band
ur hands they start a-shaken when she gets the urge to dance
Drivin' everybody crazy, you'll think you fell in love
Boys you better keep your distance you can look but you can't touch

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