

Kiss My Country Ass

Blake Shelton

Tearin' down a dirt road, rebel flag flyin', coon dog in the back
Truck bed loaded down with beer and a cold one in my lap
Earnhart sticker behind my head and my woman by my side
Tail-pipe's poppin', the radio's rockin', "Country boy can survive"
If you got a problem with that, ha, ha, you can kiss my country ass
Well, I love Turkey calls,
overalls, Wrangler jeans
Smoke nothin' but Marlboro reds
Tattoos up and down my arms
And deer heads over my bed
My Granddaddy fought in World War Two
But my Daddy went to Vietnam
And I ain't scared to grab my gun
And fight for my homeland
If you don't love the American flag
You can kiss my country ass
If you're a down home, backwoods Redneck
Hey come on, stand up and raise your glass
But if you ain't down with my outlaw crowd
You can kiss my country ass, aw yeah
Aw, yeah
Well, there's a whole lotta high-class people out there
That's lookin' down on me
'Cause the country club where I belong
Is a Honky Tonk till three in the mornin'
Don't wear no fancy clothes, no ties or three piece suits
You can find me in my camouflage cap
My T-shirt and cowboy boots
If that don't fit your social class
You can kiss my country ass
If you're a down home, backwoods redneck
Hey come on, stand up and raise your glass
But if you ain't down with my outlaw crowd
You can kiss my country ass
Well, I'm a front-porch sittin', guitar pickin', moonshine
Sippin' backer juice spittin' country boy from the woods
And I love fried chicken and blue gill fishin'
And outlaw women and I wouldn't change if I could, no
I ain't tryin' to start no fight but I'll
finish one every time
So you just mind your own damn business
Stay the hell outta mine, if you got a problem with that
You can kiss my country ass
I said, "If you got a problem with any of that
You can kiss my natural born, Redneck to the bone
Ever lovin' country ass, that's right
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>

