

More Middle Fingers (feat. Brantley Gilbert)

Justin Moore

What's going on brotha?
Why don't we stop being politically correct
Just, on this one
Just be correct This one's for the IRS, in bed with the damn politicians
And this one's for the boss, the hoss, who wouldn't let you off to go fishin'
And to the bulls and the bears on Wall Street, takin' you and me to the cleaner's
Man it's stuff like that that makes me wish I had more middle fingers Let 'em fly in the sky, get
'em all up high in the air
Let 'em flip like you don't give a rip, like your mama ain't there
I could use a few for the dude in the suit who cut me off in his brand new Beamer
Man, it's stuff like that that made me wish I had more middle fingers
Hey, gimme one for the haters of The Son, yeah, the one in the hippie sandals
Yeah, and how 'bout one for the lack of respect for Mr. Jack and Charlie Daniels
If you don't like the troops and the red, white, and blue collar cold beer drinkers
Well, it's folks like that that make me wish I had more middle fingers Let 'em fly in the sky, get
'em all up high in the air
Let 'em flip like you don't give a rip, like your mama ain't there
I could use a few for the dude in the suit who cut me off in his brand new Beamer
Man, it's stuff like that that made me wish I had more middle fingers If you hate this song and
you think it's wrong, for what it's worth
My crowd'd be proud to turn you up a little Free Bird
Let 'em fly in the sky, get 'em all up high in the air
Let 'em flip like you don't give a shit, like your mama ain't there
Let 'em fly in the sky, get 'em all up high in the air
Let 'em flip like you don't give a rip, like your mama ain't there
I could use a few for the fat cats blowin' the roof off the bullshit meter
Man, it's stuff like that that makes me wish I had more middle fingers
Yeah, it's stuff like that that makes me wish I had more middle fingers
More middle fingers

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