

## Clear "Hell No"

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They talk way too much  
Spin music way too little  
And what they usually play  
Ain't really all that great  
What's up DJ  
Seems all you play  
Each and every day  
When I turn it on  
It's the same 'ole song  
Nobody wants to hear

Well I'm a product of  
The bocephus generation  
Now what they call country  
Really gets me aggravated  
Well it's a fact  
To many acts  
With a big contract  
Can't sing a note  
That song they wrote  
Ain't music to my ears

I miss old Johnny cash  
When I'm in the car these days  
'Cause when I turn on the radio  
It makes me, makes me wanna say

Hell no  
Turn it off  
Come on  
Hell no  
Sounds bad  
Who sings that song!  
Back to back  
They play it all day long  
Bring back the days of Conway twitty  
When singers were good  
And songs were country

He's got a '64  
Plush lime green impala

He's got a big pimp daddy attitude  
He's got a gold tooth grill  
And some spinnin wheels  
That he had to steel  
It's the boomiest  
It's the bassiest  
And those baggy pants are weird

He's a product  
Of the snoop-dog generation  
I've never seen a white boy  
Use so much activative  
Well my ears are shot  
Cause I bet he's got  
100,000 watts  
And a dozen amps  
Cause it breaks my lamps  
Each time he drives by here

I shout out from the house  
"Keep it down I'm tryin to sleep!"  
Then he pops in dr. drai  
As he flips a bird at me and I yell

Hell no  
Turn it off  
Come on  
Hell no  
Sounds bad  
Who the heck sings that song!  
The kid next door  
He plays it all night long  
Feels like I'm livin in Rap City  
It's way too loud for this here hillbilly

Yeah, yeah,  
Am I tired of doin these parodies  
Of Toby, Kenny, Montgomery Gentry  
Hell, Hell, Hell noooooooooo

(Breakdown)  
Hell no  
Turn it off  
Come on  
Hell no  
Sounds bad  
Who sings that song!  
Back to back  
They play it all day long  
Somethins wrong here in Music City  
Everything it sounds so shhhh

Hell no  
Turn it off  
Come on  
Hell no  
Sounds bad  
Who the heck sings that song!  
Back to back  
They play it all day long  
Bring back the days of Conway Twitty  
When singers were good  
And songs were country

You got that right

Mr. Judd, do you realize you're being charged for taking a perfectly good song and trashing it and demoralizing it for your own devious pleasure and possible financial reward? Do you understand these charges brought against you, sir?

Well hell no!

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