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Colours Run "Ride Through The Country"

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(Intro)

Thank Yall, How Yall Doin? Yeh, my names Colt Ford, I jus came here to do a little song for yall, bout where I come from,

The way I see it, I brought my buddy, Mr. John Michael Montgomery with me, he's gunna play a lil guitar and sing a lil bit.

I'm gunna do a lil sumthin for yall called ride through the country, let's go John.

(Verse 1)

Down the road where the black top ends, you can find Colt Ford with all his friends, we used to gravel roads, and fishin' with cane poles, wasn't no swimmin' pools, just swimmin' holes. We was dirt road poor, and cane switched raised, I done came a long way since back in the day, been around the world twice seen all fifty states, ate on thousand dollar china, but love some paper plates, there aint nuthin wrong with them big city lights, but me, I prefer them slow country nights, where I can see the darkness come and go most folks is honest, and they all speak slow, you can leave your door open, aint nuttin'll happen, most country folks sing, but I couldn't, so I'm rappin, I wanna show yall where I come from, and invite yall all down to any country town

(Chorus)

Now before I pack and things and leave, there's something I need yall to understand, I seen alotta things in my life time, that's why I walk the line I'm just a simple man, and I done did things for cheep thrills, but all my scars heel, so don't you ever cry for me, I aint ashamed where I'm from, you always will come, to take a ride through the country.

(Verse 2)

Up, dressed, and gone by 5 am, he's country, and he's rappin' we gotta play him, folks been waitin for some one like me, to Give 'em some hot beats and spit that country My jeans don't sag, they fit, they kinda tight,

got on a white t-shirt, know nothin' but work. Daylight til dark, that's how I

Was bred, and I'm a keep bein' country til the day I'm dead See, country folks eat biscuits called cat heads, bar-b-q, baked beans, sweet tea, and white bread, we like to fish and Hunt, aint scared of a fight, we love the Good Lord and believe in doin' right, Got 4-wheel drives, some got mud on 'em, you can keep your rolls royce, cuz baby, we don't want 'em! So now yall all know

Exactly who I am, and if you aint into that, I don't give a damn!

(Chorus)

Now before I pack and things and leave, there's something I need yall to understand, I seen alotta things in my life time, that's why I walk the line I'm just a simple man, and I done did things for cheep thrills, but all my scars heel, so don't you ever cry for me, I aint ashamed where I'm from, you always will come, to take a ride through the country.

(Verse 3)

You might see my on your t.v, but honey, that don't mean a thing, you see, I'm still that same 'ol country boy, and that's All I'll ever be, and sometime, those bright lights blind me, and make it hard for me to see, but when I need to be reminded, I take a ride through the country

(Verse 4)

At about 5 o'clock on Friday afternoon, them country boys head down to the local saloon, you welcome to stop in and have a Cold bottle, big city boys or stuck up super models, we don't care where ya from, as long as you polite, cuz push come to Shove and every one of us will fight We mostly easy like Sunday morning, ol' Colt came here to give yall fair warnin', country folks wont be pushed around, and There's some of us livin' in every town, we believe in the Bible, and the U.S.A, work hard for what you want, it's the American way, no body owe you nothin' supposed to earn your keep, but in a hard days work, get a good night sleep, I know some of yall think Colt's kinda odd, but I'm loud, proud and country by the grace of God!

(Chorus)

Now before I pack and things and leave, there's something I need yall to understand, I seen alotta things in my life time, that's why I walk the line I'm just a simple man, and I done did things for cheep thrills,

but all my scars heel, so don't you ever cry for me, I aint ashamed where I'm from, you always will come, to take a ride through the country.

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