

Lynyrd Skynyrd "Mississippi Kid"

Visit "[Mississippi Kid](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Al Kooper, Ronnie Van Zant, Robert Burns)

I've got my pistols in my pockets boys
I'm Alabama bound
I've got my pistols in my pockets boys
I'm Alabama bound
Well, I'm not looking for no trouble
But nobody dogs me 'round
Well, I'm going to fetch my woman, people
Tri-cities here I come
Oh well, I'm going to fetch my woman, people
Tri-cities here I come
'Cause she was raised up on that cornbread
And I know that woman give me some
Give me some baby
Oh, when the kid hits Alabama, people
Don't you try and dog him 'round
Now, when the kid hits Alabama, people

Don't you try and dog him 'round
'Cause if you people cause me trouble
Then I've got to put you in the ground
Well, I was born in Mississippi
Baby, I don't take any stuff from you
Oh, I was born in Mississippi
And I don't take any stuff from you
And if I hit you on your head
Boy, its got to make you black and blue
Well, I'm gone to Alabama
With my pistols out by my side
Yes, I'm ride to Alabama
With my pistols out by my side
'Cause down in Alabama
You can run, but you sure can't hide

Visit [Lynyrd Skynyrd](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.