

Colt Ford "50/50"

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Fifty-fifty, fifty-fifty, fifty-fifty, fifty-fifty.

When you came rolling round, loud and proud,
With your boys talking about all that city slang,
Act like we don't know a thing,
Just like we're some backwards rejects, belly ride a
bad chick
Last fishing, cousin kissing, nothing but a bunch of
rednecks.
I'm about to let you know, son, we was raised on
these shotguns
And none of us ever gonna back down, we're proud
of being smacked down.
Reddels too, we're closed before you keep running
that lip,
'cause there's a fifty-fifty chance that you might
get your ass whipped.

Fifty-fifty, fifty-fifty, fifty-fifty, fifty-fifty.

Let me tell you how it's going down, all up in here,
Everybody know just who you is, mamma, daddy and
your kids,
Seen you at the Walmart, caught you over about the
deary queen,
Called your wife about an hour ago, said you sat in a
bar with Joeline.
Now you're talking crazy, talk son, drugers in your
heart, they walk, son.
Tell 'em there's you the big cheese, mamma
gonna knock you to your knees.
If you go home and tell that country girl that bullshit,
there's a fifty-fifty chance that you might get your
ass whipped.

Fifty-fifty, fifty-fifty, fifty-fifty, fifty-fifty.

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