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Craig Mack "I'm Country"

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There's a plasic stretched across a broken window pane.

You gotta dodge the pots an' pans on the floor when it rains.

There's a ten-point buck on my livin' room wall:

A squirrel and two ducks are hangin' in the hall.

That hole in my yard is a barbecue pit:

A couple times a year, we'll throw a hog in it.

There's a four-wheel drive parked in my driveway:

I'm a proud and active member of the NRA.

Hey, I'm country: I was born and raised in it. I'm country, that's my kind of livin'. White beans, collard greens, sweet tea, chicken and dumplin's.

Well, I get up every mornin' when the rooster crows: I stay out some nights until the cows come home. I'm dog-runnin', deer-huntin', fish-catchin', cow-tippin', Hay-balin', pea-pickin' country.

Well, there's my Mama in the rockin' chair by my screen door:

The red, white, and blue hangs off of my front porch. There's my darlin' in the garden pickin' black eyed peas:

Kids are bouncin' up and down on the trampoline. My truck cost less than my champion 'coon dog: My neck is painted red, by the Grace of God. My kids say: "Please, Sir, Thank you and Ma'am." I ain't what I ain't, but I am what I am.

Hey, I'm country: I was born and raised in it. I'm country, that's my kind of livin'. White beans, collard greens, sweet tea, chicken and dumplin's.

I get up every mornin' when the rooster crows: I stay out some nights until the cows come home. I'm dog-runnin', deer-huntin', fish-catchin', cow-tippin', Hay-balin', pea-pickin' country.

Yeah, I get up every mornin' when the rooster crows:

I stay out some nights until the cows come home. I'm dog-runnin', deer-huntin', fish-catchin', cow-tippin', Hay-balin', pea-pickin' country.

Yeah, I'm a-dog runnin', deer huntin', fish catchin', cow tippin',
Corn-pickin', cider-sippin', fight-startin', kid-raisin',
Wife-lovin', gun-totin', hay-balin', pea-pickin' country.
Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Yeah, I guarantee you, I'm country. I ain't scared to be country neither.

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