

Rebel Son

"What You Think"

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In this day and age, Lifestyles ain't all the same.
Everybody's lookin for somebody else to blame.
But nothing irritates me worse than you hear you rich
folks whine.
You're addicted to wealth and to yourself,
You're addicted to the dollar sign.
You put me down cause I was raised
Just a little bit different from you,
Well I work with my hands and respect my lands,
I'm trustee tried and true.

You get up to go to work, put on your pretty suit and tie,
Well I put on a beat up shirt, work boots, and faded old
levi's.
I grind my fucking knuckles to the bone to make ends
meet.
So I'm glad that you get mad, when I drive fast down
your street.
You get pissed off cause we like being mad all over
town.
Well you can go to hell cause my Rebel Yell volume
don't go down.

We're just backwoods boys, making noise in a new age
society.
And we don't give a shit about the stock market or life
of luxury.
A simple man is what I am, status ain't for me,
I may not have a yacht, but I'm happy as can be.
I can drink a beer and shoot a deer faster than you can
blink.
But you think I'm trash and you're high class and that
your
Shit don't stink.
Well I'm a honky tonkin, rib rompin, shit stompin
redneck and
I don't give a fuck what you think.

You snobby mr. monebags have people you call
friends,
But when it came down to it, you'd probly be to greedy
to help them.

Well I've got more buddies for whom I'd put my life on
the line,
Cause I know they'd do the same for me if I was ever in
a bind.
Well your heart is made from parts that come from a
septic tank,
When you kids don't earn you'll start to burn, you can
take that to the bank.

You read the Wall Street Journal, sippin champagne in
your limosine,
Well I'll be alright with a cold Bud Light and a hot rod
magazine.
You all love your BMW's and Porches that you drive,
Well my gas guzzling '67 Bowtie suits me fine.
So keep in mind you pretty kids that think you're all so
cool,
Just remember we're the ones that beat the shit out of
you in school.

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I don't give a fuck what you think.

You like to play crochet, talk politics and vanity.
Well the grand ol' opry on saturday night on the radio's
fine with me.
I may not have been born with a silver spoon in my
mouth,
But I'm proud to be a no bullshit boy from down south.
I'm 100% workin man that's what I'll always be,
So you upper class can kiss my ass cause you ain't
worth a shit to me.

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Well I'm a honky tonkin, rib rompin, shit stompin
redneck and
I don't give a fuck what you think.

No we don't give a fuck about your big bucks or what
you think.
No weeeee don't give a flyin fuck what you think.
FUCK YOU!

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