

Toby Keith

"Hit It"

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CÂ'mon
ThereÂ's a gentleman down in Lynchburg
On the south side of Tennessee
He started cookin that home made whiskey
Had his own little recipe
Now his nameÂ's on a million labels
And you can see it on a billboard sign
Got a lot of good olÂ' buddies
But Jack Daniels is a friend of mine

You got to hit it
Get it while the gettinÂ's good
Kick the tires and pop that hood
I canÂ't quit it
WouldnÂ't if I could
Sure beats sittin around
Knock, knock, knockin on wood
Get with it
While your bidinÂ' your time
PlayinÂ' that ready or not
IÂ'm gonna take my shot
Pop gotta hit it

She was standin behind the eight ball
Lookin like trouble in a short skirt
Hell on heels about yay tall
Makin it work, makin it work
The money was on the table
My eyes were out of the socket
She caught me bent down in front of the ball
And the eight ball in the corner pocket

HIT IT
Get it while the gettinÂ's good
Kick the tires and pop that hood
I canÂ't quit it
WouldnÂ't if I could
Sure ainÂ't sittin here
Knock, knock, knockin on wood
Get with it
While your bidinÂ' your time
PlayinÂ' that ready or not

Iâ€™m gonna take my shot
Pop gotta hit it

Gotta hit it

Got a pool shark honey
And a pocket full of money
And a bottle of oleâ€™JD
You can jump on the bus
And party with us
But if your runnin with me runnin with me

Hit it
Get it while the gettingâ€™s good
Kick the tires and pop that hood
I canâ€™t quit it
Wouldnâ€™t if I could
Sure beats sittin around
Knock, knock, knockin on wood
Get with it
While your bidinâ€™ your time
Playinâ€™ that ready or not
Iâ€™m gonna take my shot
Pop gotta hit it
Yeah Iâ€™m gonna hit it

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