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Rehab "Bonfire"

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Everybody gather 'round, 'cause you know we'a fin' to do this thang fo' reezy some ser'ous. Put 'cha money in ya shoe and it won't get wet. Come on. Here comes a man across the field, honey Here comes a man across the field, babe Here comes a man across the field, He's kicking up dust like an automobile Honey, oh, baby, mine Get it up, girl down in Daisy Dukes I want ya ass butt naked in a baby suit Gonna keep on drinking till the tummy puke Got a problem with that, well you can get the boot Got shotgun pointed to the sky Got smoke in the eyes, and I'm surely high Waking, baking, till the noggin' fry Naked, rolling round with a hog and I Take from the rich and I give to me One Escalade, two ecstacys Perform on hoes right next to me And I think I found serenity Back up that punk, it's mine again I jacked a truck of Heineken Looks like it's time for a line again And how about five Colonapins? And I start to grin and start to dance I'm speakin' in tongues, takin' off my pants I'm blowing my whole hot damn advance And we ain't gonna stop till the ambulance Slow ride a hundred GMCs Hooked up Crown Vics with DVDs Got people down here you'll want to see Half say there 'cause's, say they're free Start the bonfire Drop the tailgate Pass the Knob Creek And we can drink it straight And if the fire keeps burning And the skies stay orange We gon' be up in this motherfucker real late Start the bonfire Drop the tailgate Pass the Knob Creek

And we can drink it straight And if the fire keeps burning And the skies stay orange We gon' be up in this motherfucker real late Better give me that bag of wacky tobacco Them cracker's ain't takin' a damn thang Drinkin' and smokin', stinkin' and pokin' Bangin' these hoes, we profane Getting' it up in the back of a truck With a bitty with tittys and shakin' da butt Call me retarded But that's how we party But lordy, good almighty y'all Breakin' it down like it ain't been done Straight jacked to the brain till I see the sun You a punk motherfucker if you got a gun Leave that at home and just bring your lungs, weed Pimp swiggin', shindiggin', shit kickin', picknickin' Brick dickin', thick chickens and a sicknin' TMH? and smokin' dope in the open, no chokin', no joke And I'm on a roll, and I'm locin', hopin' to leave a jaw broken Soakin' in your blood, while I'm strokin' your ho in the wide open With my folks scopin' That bastard's crazy as hell! That's how we do it down here in Georgia It's on like a moth when the weather's gorgeous Shit you N'street punks never seen on a TV screen From radios to porches, to patios, let's torch it Some bitch, I pour gas on it Crunk?, Bet your ass on it! Start the bonfire Drop the tailgate Pass the Knob Creek And we can drink it straight And if the fire keeps burning And the skies stay orange We gon' be up in this motherfucker real late Start the bonfire Drop the tailgate Pass the Knob Creek And we can drink it straight And if the fire keeps burning And the skies stay orange We gon' be up in this motherfucker real late That's why at 3:30 I'm seein' shit Screwin' three or four broads like a trail of piss Takin' three or four rolls I ain't feelin' shit Give me three or four mo' 'bout real quick Ain't nothin' down here but 'trailer crank'

Poor man with a meth lab and a bama? stank Man, y'all keep that dyin' shit Motherfucker do I look like I'm tryin' to quit? Moonshine in a Mason jar at noon-time, trippin' Beer is for the guzzelin', this is for the sippin' When the Sun go down, it sho' be goody good In the dirty dirt, speakin' dirty words They might be scarred but them boys ain't skerd I don't know if you heard, you can't polish a turd Yeah, my vision blurred, my speech a little slurred But back off of me cracker 'for your ass get hurt $\tilde{A}f\hat{A}$ ¢â,¬ \tilde{A} ..."Oh my God! What are these blue turtles?Ã*f*¢â,¬Ã,Â∏ $\tilde{A}f\hat{A}$ ¢â, ¬ \tilde{A} ..."I don't know dude, but every time I wave my cigarette around I get the trails $\tilde{A}f\hat{A}$ ¢ \hat{a} , $\neg \tilde{A}$, \hat{A} Start the bonfire Drop the tailgate Pass the Knob Creek And we can drink it straight And if the fire keeps burning And the skies stay orange We gon' be up in this motherfucker real late Start the bonfire Drop the tailgate Pass the Knob Creek And we can drink it straight And if the fire keeps burning And the skies stay orange We gon' be up in this motherfucker real late To the window, to the walls Feel the sweat runnin' off my balls Till the shit runnin' out yo' draws Skeet, skeet motherfuckers, skeet, skeet Skeet, skeet motherfuckers, skeet, skeet To the window, to the walls Feel the sweat runnin' off my balls Till the shit runnin' out yo' draws Skeet, skeet motherfuckers, skeet, skeet Skeet, skeet motherfuckers, skeet, skeet

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