

## Jawga Boyz

### "Rollin Like A Redneck"

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Preppy Girl:

Wow, Christy, do you see that truck?  
I mean gross, that is so tacky,  
That must be one of those rednecks I've heard about!

Hop in the truck,  
Come on lets roll,  
Just bought a case of beer,  
Now we headin for a mud whole,  
County boys and we do it right,  
Got the bill of my hat pointed strait to the sky,  
Carhartt and wranglers on,  
Bass pro hat, camoflauged on my phone,  
Got the browning decal on the back,  
Right next to a G,  
What you know about that!

I'm country and that's how we live,  
If ya got moonshine then I'm takin a sip,  
Some folks call me a redneck,  
I smile and take it as a compliment,  
I live life the only way I know how,  
Walk with a swag and I rep the south,  
And if you see me as I'm riding through the crowd,  
I'm hanging out the window screamin it loud!

Chorus:

Yeah buddy,  
Rollin like a redneck,  
Trucks jacked up I got a smoke stack,  
Nuts hanging off te hitch,  
And a system in the back thatll make your nose itch,  
Yeah I'm living that right(repeat),  
And I'm ridin that tight(repeat),  
Son I'm riding so tight that my tires sound like a damn  
bull dog fight,  
Yea my tires sound like a damn bull dog fight!

Wakein people as I ride through at night,  
And don't forget about the skyjacker lift kit,

How you think I made them 44's fit,  
Don't ya know we aint playin around,  
Six twelves in the back helpin out with the sound,  
And I got a train horn if your to slow,  
Speed up or I'm lettin it blow,  
If your ridin to close from behind,  
I got spotlights thatll turn ya blind,  
So back off you don't want none,  
Hanging on the back glass aint a BB gun food,  
Whod you think you were messin with(repeat)  
These country boys they aint nomyth,  
And if you see me as I'm ridin through the crowd,  
I'm hangin out the window screamin it loud!

(Repeat Chorus)

Ok, we bout to rap it up,  
You know that we country,  
And that we tough,  
You know that we hunt,  
Ya know that we fish,  
You know when we see a buck we don't miss,  
Ya know that we love to play in the mud,  
And when we get trucks we jack em up,  
And when we get stuck we don't get mad,  
We drop the tailgate and have a party in the back,  
That's right,  
We live so tight, open the cooler and grab your  
budlight,  
I'm talkin to err damn body,  
Meet me at the mudhole 5 o'clock Friday,  
If you down to have you a good time,  
You better show up fool I aint lyin,  
And if you see me as I'm ridin through the crowd,  
I'm hangin out the window screamin it loud!

(Repeat Chorus)

Preppy Girl:  
Uhhh, excuse me,  
Can I ride in your truck?

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