

Made On McCosh Mill Road

Bubba Sparxxx

I'm talking 'bout a cold beer, I'm talking 'bout a hot country girl
I'm talking 'bout John Deere, I'm talking 'bout my big cousin Earl
See I was made on McCosh Mill Road
Where the rowdy folks come from
And if they ask you can tell 'em we drinking, we smoking
We'll do pretty much, anything but run

The county line is the family line
I was made of the Georgia side
Venture into them Georgia pines
Find a whole lot more than Pines
Find a shine, find a different type of pine
Find the kind, they'll chop down and compress it
and address it up outta town
McCosh Mill, we that deal
Go on and bend that hat bill
Go on pop that chop and swig that, sit back, chill
Me and momma done turnt up
That wood pile get burnt up
Hot as hell but it's feelin like heaven to me
It sure does
Anybody thats anybody plus no body that's everybody
Knows about that Mill dog
Better ask 'em, they'll tell you bout it
That crowd is very rowdy
The beer is cold and the women hot
We came to have a good time tonight
But disrespect might get you shot

I'm talking 'bout a cold beer, I'm talking 'bout a hot country girl
I'm talking 'bout John Deere, I'm talking 'bout my big cousin Earl
See I was made on McCosh Mill Road
Where the rowdy folks come from
And if they ask you can tell 'em we drinking, we smoking
We'll do pretty much, anything but run

I got my baby, got my beverage, its feelin like another Mill night
Mud hole marauders
That's how we living in real life
Chevrolets sittin 50 inches up above that gravel
Infested with that meth head, but old Bubba does not dabble
Just drink a little drink, smoke a little smoke
Make it do what
Man what did you think, my folk was a joke?
Naw buddy that must be you
Got meet on the grill, the music is loud, we havin an epic event
In case they forgot this is McCosh Mill, tell 'em again
We party like everybody just talk about how they party
Take a swig of that fire water just to get my day started
Born here, was made here, then stayed here, and Imma be buried
Right up on there on top of the hill' in the McCosh Road cemetery

I'm talking 'bout a cold beer, I'm talking 'bout a hot country girl
I'm talking 'bout John Deere, I'm talking 'bout my big cousin Earl
See I was made on McCosh Mill Road
Where the rowdy folks come from
And if they ask you can tell 'em we drinking, we smoking

We'll do pretty much, anything but run

I'm talking 'bout a cold beer, I'm talking 'bout a hot country girl
I'm talking 'bout John Deere, I'm talking 'bout my big cousin Earl
See I was made on McCosh Mill Road
Where the rowdy folks come from
And if they ask you can tell 'em we drinking, we smoking
We'll do pretty much, anything but run