

Way Down South

Bubba Sparxxx

We goin' way down, way down, way down south
We goin' way down, way down, way down
Then we work, work 'til we can't work no more
Then we drink, drink 'til we ain't got no more
Then we lay it down, lay it down, lay it down
We goin' way down

I'm a workaholic, alcoholic, everything-aholic
Hillbilly, bumpkin, whatever name you call it
My mama smokes Winstons and my daddy drinks wine
The Muscadine kind, and I love 'em, they mine
I got a big sister named Ginger that'll whip your ass
Quick, fast, this is something that you should know
We ain't just from down there, we're from out there
No newspaper, we ain't on their route, yeah
Yeah, country, no city water
No pizza, man, we didn't even get the order
But we workin', we ain't afraid of labor
When the works done, we wakin' up the neighbors
And they live a half a mile away from us
We crank it up louder, wishin' they would say somethin'
But, they wouldn't anyway, 'cause they on the way
Will we be alive tomorrow? We can only pray

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We comin' at you live from the bottom
Right-hand corner, 55° weather
But the summer like a sauna, man
You could cut the humidity with a husk of corn
(Country)
Damn skippy, can't wash it off ya
Hard-working daddy, mama mighty bossy
They don't like me runnin' with my buddy, Bubba
We be gettin' saucy
Like some good ole boys know to do 'round these parts
Whiskey sips got us fit to be tied
Pitching more than a hissy fit
Wide open spaces, out in the sticks
I'm in La Grange tryin' to holler at some dixie chicks
Don't get mad at me Natalie, I'm just tipsy as piss

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Way down, like Jones County
We candy cane, doin' it like it ain't

Lemme say it now, the replay on the rounds is Bubba, Danny and me
And we comin' to tear it down, and then we raisin' a banner
And we ain't takin' it down, we crankin' the music louder
We makin' it shake the ground and down and down
Hey, what you know about them loud-ass crackers, the gentlemen of the south
While we hangin' outta windows and ridin' 'round the town
In a black Duramax jacked way up off the ground
Smoke stacks, big grips, hips and bottle lifts
Drink bottles to the bottom 'cause we take big sips
And little bitty hips, but here that's a fact
Move your bottom, better get it together, now bring it back, y'all

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