

Country 'til I'm Dead

Chase Rice

You can take, your high dollar style
Shove it up your ass, ya that'd make me smile
You look real cute with your gelled up hair
C'mon city boy, it's time that you grow a pair
You can't have the keys to that Porsche I see
I'll just sit with pride, right here in my Chevy
Made in the U S A

I got grease on my hands and mud on my boots
Still hold on to my country roots
Got an Earnhardt tat on my left arm
Born and raised on a Florida farm
I love my Garth and old George Strait
Ya I'll fish with real live bait
I'm Southern grown, Southern born and bred
And I'll be country 'till I'm dead

I'll take my girl out in the sticks
Yes I do love Carolina chicks
And I point my gun at a ten point buck
And I throw that hoss right there in the bed of my truck
Hell yes I do love my sweet tea
But every now and then, I need my Jack D
Gotta love the American way

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