I don't like you, and you don't like me
We don't like each other, it's plain to see
I've got a pistol, all you've gots a knife
You'd better move on, cause it ain't worth your life

That girl on the barstool, she ain't your kind She was married to my cousin, but tonight she's mine Go hit on those girls in your big city town You'd better be going, I ain't messing around

CHORUS

What are you doin' down here We don't like your kind boy, do I make myself clear Better take your earing back where you belong We don't like your kind, so you'd better move on

We just don't mingle with the folks from the town You laugh at us rednecks and you put us all down You said you're from college, but you don't seem too bright

Cause you just brought a switchblade to a pistol fight

CHORUS

What are you doin' down here We don't like your kind boy, do I make myself clear Better take your earing back where you belong We don't like your kind, so you'd better move on

Old Joe said to take it to the parking lot He's been a little nervous since the jukebox was shot

I won't pull out my pistol if you put up your knife I keep my woman and you keep your life.