

Mississippi Kid

Lynyrd Skynyrd

I've got my pistols in my pockets boys,
I'm Alabama bound.
I've got my pistols in my pockets boys, I'm
I'm Alabama bound.
Well, I'm not looking for no trouble
But nobody dogs me 'round.

Well, I'm going to fetch my woman, people
Tri-cities here I come.
Well, I'm going to fetch my woman, people
Tri-cities here I come
'Cause she was raised up on that cornbread
And I know she's gonna give me some.

When the kid hits Alabama, people
Don't you try and dog him 'round.
When the kid hits Alabama, people
Don't you try and dog him 'round.
'Cause if you people cause me trouble,
Then I've got to put you in the ground.

Well, I was born in Mississippi
And I don't take any stuff from you
Well, I was born in Mississippi
And I don't take any stuff from you
And if I hit you on your head
Boy, its got to make you black and blue.

Well, I ride to Alabama
With my pistols out by my side
Well, I ride to Alabama
With my pistols out by my side
'Cause down in Alabama
You can run, but you sure can't hide