American Rebelution

I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America And to the Republic for which it stands, One nation, under God, indivisible, With liberty and justice for all. A bunch of rowdy ass rednecks comin' up out them woodworks, Savin' up all our paychecks, pumpin' up on that good herb. Holy jeans and muddy boots, yeah, you can check my footwork, I'm takin' names it's plain to see, I'm kickin' ass 'til my foo t hurts. It's time to ride and I'm on the scene, all the way live I'm on the beam, I'm rollin' up, not holdin' up. I'm hoppin' out, tryin' to scan the scene. Grab your guns, grab your knife. One more move, it's on tonight Back us down, prepare to fight. Country folks, we'll unite. Who y'all think y'all are? Yeah, you know we run this. Hopin' D.C talkin' all that dumb shit. Rich man, get out the way. Wreckin' man, pave the way. Cause we ain't gonna sit around and get pushed down another day And did I mention that we ain't gonna listen to another too big crooked ass politician. Let's take our country back, I think I got the solution. It's the American Rebelution. Get a beatbox in this king's practice, own up, 'bout to get bea t, Hope you don't think you would just come fall, what you think u ntil the crawl. Boy that 30 ounce got a big kick and them crosshairs don't mean shit, Don't take too much for no city slick in his skinny jeans and t hem weird kicks. Mind you, only leave us 'lone that's your best bet, Man, I don't think y'all wanna be messin' 'round with them redn ecks. Pissed off them outlaws, don't play nice, don't mind laws, Sneak around and hunt ya down, y'all get it now? We stand tall. Hey, when the folks don't like my style, I creep on by with a c rooked smile, Take a big boy swig and a homemade shot and lose ya down that c ountry mile. Rebel people, y'all don't mind what we doin', when you see us c

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