

# Field Party

The Lacs

You damn right,  
It's Friday night.  
Grab the Busch and the Budd Light.  
Meet me in the pasture back in the pines.  
We in the spot that the cops can't find.  
Turn up the Jones turn up the Jaw.  
Fire up the smoke,  
Grab that old guitar.  
We're just some good ole boys and girls about to get wild.  
It's goin down field party style.

Rippin up them dirt roads,  
Stirrin up them cattle.  
Show you where to make shine at as long as y'all don't tattle.  
Got big kegs and chub beers.  
Party around that bonfire,  
Horseshoes and corn hoe,  
Roped off with barbed wire.  
Bad broads with tanned legs,  
Raised up on cornbread.  
Dancin with them daisy dukes,

All they do is turn heads.  
Rebel red bikini tops,

Man you know you want it.

They drinkin on that hunch punch,  
Fore long they start to flaunt it.  
So crank up them eighteens as loud as they can get.  
Bout thirty miles from anything,  
The law ain't hearin shit.  
Y'all get drunk and show out,  
Cut lose and go out.  
Here it's goin down,  
Down field party style.

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Let's get it crunk and do it right,  
We gon crank it all night.  
Tell your mom and old man,

They can bring the whole nine.

We got them tailgates down and the shots goin round.  
Hit em up and get em up and tell this whole damn town.

We got the bonfire blowin,  
The crowd is steady growin,  
Five thousand plus will be here before you know it.  
Got the grilled fired up,  
Cookin every kind of meat.  
We got the freaks in bikinis headed down to the creek.  
We got Harleys over here,  
Mud trucks over there,  
Red necks and hill billys bout every damn where.  
Come one,  
Come all,  
That's how we do it in the south.  
All we need is a field and we'll turn the party out.

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