

Let Your Country Hang Out

The Lacs

I ain't never had a pot to piss in
welcome to country livin
I'm taking what is given
fried chicken is finger lickin
I was raised on pabst blue ribbon
front porch pickin and grinnin
and as long as I'm here I'ma drink some beer
and keep my country folks jiggin
then you show the city just what they missin
cooking greens up in the kitchen
asking us just how we did it cornbread with them fixins
man you think we slippin
little shine and some fishin
take your dog running and hog huntin
scared you like the dickins
y'all prolly think we talk silly right
redneck and hillbilly kind of
country's what we really like
never like that ol city life
up at dawn and rest at night
push us around you bet we fight
work day light till dark
and you get it til you get it right

Yeah, now let your country hang out
fly a big rebel flag out in front of your house
I said yeah, now let your country hang out
if you proud of where you from and you a son of the south
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I was raised up in south GA
southern swamp and southern praise
don't make fun of my southern ways

get down get loud drink all day
I'm on my way to my honey hole
big cotton muffin up in my honey hole
stat Jack forty homemade bite
all I need is you to hold the light yeah
one shot bubble or boil backin my truck filled up with blood
tailgait down big right shinin
DUI don't need to be driving
hold up law dog your doin too much
got a night permin in my old ford truck
i lay one down when i want to buddy
that's the way we get down in the country
kin folk way back in the sticks
whip the shine up thirty of fifth
paw paw diggin up mason jars
load the car then burn them tars
make a little noise when you get back home
crank that hank, that cash, that jones
givin his life in the country song in the country he belongs

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co-co-country hang out out, co-country hang out