

Rules

The Lacs

(I said boy you've got some big old shoes to fill)
(Kick back a few shots of the jar when you want to)
(Never leave a good friend to stray)
(These guns I'm passin' down son, they ain't toys)

I was raised in a place that was known to be rough
I was washed on the bank, down a decent bluff
And muddy river water running was a lesson for me
It taught me about the only way to get to the sea
That it ain't bout the rage, that was back in the day
See you can't desecrate them old southern ways
My great granddaddy always flew confederate flags
Papa Riley did too, and so did my dad
So funny I'ma let the lesson live on
Gotta lay down the law with two boys of my own
Show 'em how to do it when I'm dead and gone
I can rest easy knowing that they southern strong

I said boy you've got some big old shoes to fill
Lotta working like a dog out in them fields
Kick back a few shots of the jar when you want to
Never take it too far
Never leave a good friend to stray
Gotta mean what you say, a good firm handshake
These guns I'm passing down son, they ain't toys
(Oh yeah) A few rules for a Southern boy

I'm rolling through the backwoods sipping on that [?] good
Thinking bout a time it was just some old flatwood
Chain gang slings, and breaking them oaks
And uncle Doodle taught me all about making them roads
I thought I was tough but not half as damn tough and rough
As my daddy and my granddaddy was
Hey, so spread your wings and go act strong
But eventually your roots'll bring you back home
We got different ways of coping and moving along
But me, I ride the same roads I grew up on
That I blew up on, and now you up on
And I'll never forget the ones dead and gone

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