

Where My Rednecks At

The Lacs

Folks like me gone get a little sideways
Cold cool cat shotgun over a funnel
And lovin' a bunch of drinkin' buddies just all get smashed
Where my rednecks at
Is anybody else damn glad that it's Friday
Poor white trash lookin' for some trouble
And I'm bettin' there's a hell lot of other folks got my back
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Get it cold like a head like a nitwit
It's just gettin' thick like some Bisquick biscuits
Country folks lose your mind over this shit
City boys man they don't really get this
Day one they thought we was a menace
Now you're hangin' onto every single sentence
You got your lock jaw like you at the dentist
Now the timers up y'all wait let me finish
Major labels now they want to visit
Wipe them tables boy do them dishes
Now they got an interest yeah we gettin' digits
And they heard Dirt Rock was all about the business
You know the deal when hittin' them niches
And being real is more than flippin' switches
That's all good luck best wishes
The haters don't talk all they hear now is crickets

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I cash my check at the liquor store line
And I stop by and pay off a nine hun' fine
Ol' lady wants a six pack of Bud Light Lime
I was too box of pains buy some old pork rinds
The wash board rolls make that ass end slide
But the Chevy can perform better dodge next time
Drink beer shoot shit 'cause my trigger works fine
But there's somethin' I forgot I'm all in a bind
Should of picked me up a box of 22 shell magnum
Cabela's all out and Bass Pro didn't have none
Laughin' 'cause if it weren't for bad luck I wouldn't have none
Found a box at Walmart and ol' fart grabbed them
Law caught me loadin' up my copper in a tin
And my Carolina skiff and an' put cuffs on my wrist

Guess I'm in deep shit like Cracker and Clint
I dread naw now I'm lookin' for friends

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