

Willie Nelson

The Lacs

Good luck trying to get in you'll need some help
Truck so high they call it Willie Nelson
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Got that Whiskey River tucked back
My 30-30 on the gun rack
My Mossberg fun fact
Riding shotgun so run that
My window boy is camouflaged
Them little girls say "damn it's hard"
Them haters say "damn it stop"
But the truck game I am the top
I'm on the road again like Willie say
I'm showing out but in a different way
Ladies smittin' I know right
'Cause I'm sitting that light bo high
Blue eyes cryin' in the rain
Bumpin' on them two 18's
Country boy fresh ain' no thing
Uncle Willie's always sayin'

Like a four-wheel drive like a saturn and a prism
In the sky we ride I think my hood just hit the heavens
Good luck trying to get in
Baby girl you're gonna need some help to get in
Got a truck so high I call it Willie Nelson
(Good luck trying to get in)
Willie Nelson
(Truck so high they call it Willie Nelson)
I call it Willie Nelson
(Good luck trying to get in you need some help)
The truck so high I call it Willie Nelson
(They call it Willie Nelson)

We sittin' high and dry
Up there where them pigeons fly
Shotgun where the misses ride
But I deficate gonna mention
We gonna slip and slide
Stripper style way out
Where the redneck's love to get down
Boys stickin' mud out in the crowd
Gettin' buckwild
Then we all clap down bound
Them late night dimes all gettin' in line
When I hop up outta that four-wheel drive
Like a bull dog I'mma eat my lunch
And a bull frog can't beat my jump
I'm a stick it, hold it, make it a mess
And I tell them boys get the hell out my section
Two chains just in case one snap
So Si told Willie better get that check

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Chevrolet so jacked up
The Silverado's been eatin' Wheaties
Mud stays on my paint job
Until rain falls and the good lord cleans me
Getting out of my ride is like a sky dive you need a parachute
Dress code in this 4 low
Is a pair of boots and them daisy dukes
Cuttin' through the mud holes
Oh no no no stoppin' her
I'll be lookin' down at the crowd waving
You'll all be lookin' up with your binoculars
'Cause we in the clouds no coming down
My trucks a plane
Ain't no thang
Just gotta a little gas to burn
A little mood to swing

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