

American Beer

Wax

God Damn, man
It's about fucking time you got to my song on this fucking mixtape, man
Bunch of bullshit songs, I don't like that shit
I'll show you sissies how to really get down, man
Mic check, Turn my headphones up, sumbitch
I'm a set it off like this man

I don't drive no God damn Subarus
I prefer Chevy's and Fords (Fords preferably)
And you ain't gon' see no fucking moose on my bottle (Fuck Canada)
You gon' see a Clydesdale horse (Damn Right)
Do what you want in your house, but don't bring that shit here
(Don't bring that shit in my house, man I'll whoop your ass)
I'm God fearin', pussy fucking, hunting for deer
And I only drink American Beer

(I ain't saying you can't do what you want
It's America, do whatever the fuck you want, man
Just don't do it in my house, it's my freedom)

I don't like European people
And I don't like the way their beer tastes
And if you bring that shit to my house on football Sunday
I'm a break them bottles on your fucking face (Take that you fucking Frenchie)
Do what you want in your house, but don't bring that shit here
(I don't want to see that shit in my refrigerator either)
Understand me right now, understand me real clear
I only drink American beer

(I don't want none of that shit in my house
I'm offended by that shit, It's fucking disrespectful)

I drink Budweiser when I'm fishing
And Coors while I'm hunting for duck
(Best when it's bow season, man)
And you can prepare your sissy-boy salad
I'm a skin a 12-point buck, fool
Do what you want in your house, don't bring that rabbit food here
(I just don't want to eat it)
My meat freezer stocked for the rest of the year
I only drink American beer

And last Sunday, I was down there at Criarberry Farm, man
Brought my bow and arrow with me, killed me a fucking raccoon
Took that shit back to my house
Fucking smacked my wife in the face with it
She fat, she don't care, she can fucking barely move
She skinned it up, made potato salad, and some raccoon dumplings

I don't want no God damn soy sauce
I like my catfist well done
I tell my wife to cook it and to make me a sandwich
With mayonnaise on my bun (And some ketchup)
Do what you want in your house, but don't bring them sushi rolls here
(Put them back in the sea where they belong, man)
I'm God fearin', pussy fucking, hunting for deer

And I only drink American Beer

Whoooo-wee, That's what I call real music

(See that makes my heart tingle)

Tell it like it is, something that's got a point to say

(Reminds me of the music I listened to growing up)

I write about my life, my experiences

Not all this hootin and hollerin about going to the club and all that

You know what kind of club I go to?

I go to the kind of club where I kick everybody's ass

I do like Mexican beer, I'm lying a little bit