

# City Boy Stuck (feat. Earl Dibbles Jr.)

## Granger Smith

I burn that dirt, hug that road,  
plug my lip with a fist full of skoale.  
12 gauge cock, shift down low,  
bounce mud tires like a bass on a pole.  
Up ahead, something ain't right,  
It ain't a deer in my KC lights.  
Oh sweet Jesus, a city boy prius  
slingin' up mud, so I start a singin'  
Hey (Hey) city boy stuck,  
he's worthless as a one point buck,  
never heard of a four-wheel-drive,  
now he's spinnin' spinnin'  
spinnin' spinnin' spinnin'  
them tires. Hey (Hey) city boy  
stuck penny-loafers didn't bring  
no luck, should I throw him a rope?  
Nope, Hell no! Not me!  
I'm rollin' on rollin' on by YEE-YEE!!!  
Back and forth, the mud got thicker  
kick good dirt on his democrat sticker.  
Run his mouth, gettin' all pissed,  
when you shoulda' bought a car  
that you don't bug in. I got a shotgun,  
ridin' shotgun no room to give him a lift.  
I pull over, crack a cold one on his  
shoulder and put in another dip, and yell  
Hey (Hey) city boy stuck, he's worthless  
as a one point buck, never heard  
of a four-wheel drive, now he's spinnin'  
spinnin' spinnin'  
spinnin' spinnin' them tires.  
Hey (Hey) city boy stuck penny-loafers  
didn't bring no luck, should I throw him  
a rope? Nope, Hell no! Not me!  
I'm rollin' on rollin' on by YEE-YEE!!!  
Hey City boy, I'm Earl Dibbles Jr,  
I'm a country boy.  
You're a long way from town  
to be runnin' your mouth. You see them  
tires spinnin' like that, us country boys  
use nothin' but mud tires 4X4.  
You got your hair slicked back in

your skinny jeans, collar popped  
up and your car's itty bitty.  
Better turn around and go  
back to the city YEE-YEE!!!  
You can pop that clutch you can  
pop that collar, I'm a pop this top,  
while I holler. You can pop that  
clutch you can pop that collar, I'm  
a pop this top, while I holler.  
Hey (Hey) city boy stuck, he's  
worthless as a one point buck,  
never heard of a four-wheel-drive,  
now he's spinnin' spinnin' spinnin'  
spinnin' spinnin' them tires.  
Hey (Hey) city boy stuck  
penny-loafers didn't bring no  
luck, should I throw him a rope?  
Nope Hell no! Not me! I'm rollin'  
on rollin' on by YEE-YEE!!!  
He don't put a good dip in  
don't crack a cold one, don't fix  
the tree, don't rope stuff, don't  
shoot the gun, barbed wire tattoo  
don't even go all the way around.  
YEE-YEE!!!

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>