

Kiss My Country Ass

Rhett Akins

Tearin' down a dirt road, rebel flag flyin',
 'Coon dog in the back.
Truck bed loaded down with beer,
 An' a cold one in my lap.
Earnhart sticker behind my head,
 An' my woman by my side.
Tail-pipe's poppin', the radio's rockin':
 "Country Boy Can Survive".
Well, if you got a problem with that,
 You can kiss my country ass.
Well, I love Turkey calls, overalls,
Wrangler jeans: smoke nothin' but Marlboro reds.
 Tattoos up an' down my arms,
 An' deer heads over my bed.
My Grand-Daddy fought in World War Two,
 An' my Daddy went to Vietnam.
An' I ain't scared to grab my gun,
 An' fight for my homeland.
If you don't love the American flag,
You can kiss my country ass. If you're a down home, backwoods redneck,
 C'mon, stand up an' raise your glass.
But if you ain't down with my outlaw crowd,
You can kiss my country ass. Instrumental break.
Well, there's a whole lotta high-class people out there,
 That's lookin' down on me.
'Cause the country club where I belong,
Is the Honky Tonk till three in the mornin'.
 Don't wear no fancy clothes,
 No ties or three-piece suits.
You can find me in my camouflage hat,
 My tee-shirt an' cowboy boots.
If that don't fit your social class,
You can kiss my country ass. If you're a down home, backwoods redneck,
 Hey, c'mon, stand up an' raise your glass.
But if you ain't down with my outlaw crowd,
You can kiss my country ass. 'Cause I'm a front-porch sittin',
 Guitar pickin', moonshine sippin',
 Bacca juice spittin' country boy from the woods.
 An' I love fried chicken an' blue gill fishin',
An' outlaw women, an' I wouldn't change if I could.
I ain't tryin' to start no fight, but I'll finish one every time.
 So you just mind your own damn business,

And stay the hell outta mine.
If you got a problem with that,
You can kiss my country ass. I said if you got a problem with any of that,
You can kiss my natural born,
Redneck to the bone,
Ever-lovin' country ass.

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