

Me and My Gang

Rascal Flatts

Way on down to southern Alabama
With the guitars jammin' that's where we're headed
Straight up to Butte, Montana
Singin' "Lord, I Was Born a Ramblin' Man"
California to Oregon
Even New York City got one or two hill billies
Ready to hit the road
It's a brother and a sister kind of thang
Raise up your hands if you all wanna hang
With me and my gang
We live to ride, we ride to live
Me and my gang
Jump on that train
Grab hold of them reins
We're gonna rock this thang, cock this thang
Me and my gang, yeah
Me and my gang
We got hippies, gypsies, freaks and geeks
High class women in Daisy Duke denim
Bangin' on gongs and singin' our songs
Dude named Elrod jammin' on an iPod
Beer and bonfires
Wide open throttle, Coors in a bottle
It's all for one and one for all y'all
It's a brother and a sister kind of thang
Raise up your hands if you all wanna hang
With me and my gang
We live to ride, we ride to live
Me and my gang
Jump on that train
Grab hold of them reins
We're gonna rock this thang, cock this thang
Me and my gang, yeah
It's a brother and a sister kind of thang
Raise up your hands if you all wanna hang
With me and my gang
We live to ride, we ride to live
Me and my gang
Jump on that train
Grab hold of them reins
We're gonna rock this thang, cock this thang
Yeah, with me and my gang

Jump on that train, woo
Grab hold of them reins, baby

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