

Toby Keith, Hit It

C'mon

There's a gentleman down in Lynchburg
On the south side of Tennessee
He started cookin that home made whiskey
Had his own little recipe
Now his name's on a million labels
And you can see it on a billboard sign
Got a lot of good ol' buddies
But Jack Daniels is a friend of mine

You got to hit it
Get it while the gettin's good
Kick the tires and pop that hood
I can't quit it
Wouldn't if I could
Sure beats sittin around
Knock, knock, knockin on wood
Get with it
While your bidin' your time
Playin' that ready or not
I'm gonna take my shot
Pop gotta hit it

She was standin behind the eight ball
Lookin like trouble in a short skirt
Hell on heels about yay tall
Makin it work, makin it work
The money was on the table
My eyes were out of the socket
She caught me bent down in front of the ball
And the eight ball in the corner pocket
HIT IT
Get it while the gettin's good
Kick the tires and pop that hood
I can't quit it
Wouldn't if I could
Sure ain't sittin here
Knock, knock, knockin on wood
Get with it
While your bidin' your time
Playin' that ready or not
I'm gonna take my shot
Pop gotta hit it

Gotta hit it

Got a pool shark honey
And a pocket full of money
And a bottle of ole'JD
You can jump on the bus
And party with us
But if your runnin with me runnin with me

Hit it
Get it while the getting's good
Kick the tires and pop that hood
I can't quit it
Wouldn't if I could
Sure beats sittin around
Knock, knock, knockin on wood
Get with it
While your bidin' your time
Playin' that ready or not
I'm gonna take my shot

Pop gotta hit it
Yeah I'm gonna hit it