

Hot Apple Pie, Redneck Revolution

Outta of the woods, outta of the shacks,
From across the tracks in their Pontiacs.
Jump back... the bubbas are comin'.
No more shuck an' jive.

Rebels yell for the honky-tonk life,
Layin' out all night, the neon lights,
The bar fights an' gettin bug-eye wild...
Run but you can't hide.

Hey, hey we gotta say...
Redneck revolution.
A long time comin'.
We are resurrectin' the institution.
So if you want a little more information,
Tune in to your redneck radio station.
Ha aw.

Come on down here, Yankee man, to Dixieland...
We'll stick beer in your hand, join the band,
Let the good times roll,
An' show you outlaw pride.

We don't give a damn what religion or race,
We don't hate.
Grab you a plate, an' get a taste.
We're servin' it up, y'all... hot apple pie.

Hey, hey we gotta say:
Redneck revolution.
A long time comin'.
We are resurrectin' the institution.
So if you want a little more information,
Tune in to your redneck radio station.

We want you.
We want you.
Come on... we want you,
An' you, an' you, an' you, an' you, an' you.

We gotta say:
Redneck revolution.
A long time comin'.
We are resurrectin' the institution.
So if you want a little more information,
Tune in to your redneck radio station.

We gotta say:
The redneck revolution.
The redneck revolution.
Yeah, the redneck revolution.
The redneck revolution.