

Jason Aldean, Hicktown

Oh, you like the way that sounds?
Little Jimmy Jackson is jackin' up his Bronco.
He's gonna lay a little rubber later on at the truck pull.
An' all the girls are getting' pretty... they're sprayin' on the White Rain.
Yeah, they're gonna get a rowdy tonight down at the football game.
Yeah, we let it rip when we got the money...
Let it roll if we got the gas.
It gets wild, yeah, but that's the way we get down,
In a Hicktown.
Well, you can see the neighbors butt crack nailing on his shingles,
An' his woman's smokin' Pall Mall's watchin' Laura Ingalls.
An' Granny's getting' lit, she's headin' out to bingo.
Yeah, my buddies an' me are goin' muddin' down on Blue Hole Road.
You know, you know, we let it rip when we got the money...
Let it roll if we got the gas.
It gets wild, yeah, but that's the way we get down,
In a Hicktown.
[Instrumental Break]
(Oh, stand on it.)
We hear folks in the city party in Martini Bars,
An' they like to show off in their fancy foreign cars.
Out here in the boondocks we buy beer at Amoco,
An' crank our Kraco speakers with that country radio.
We let it rip when we got the money...
Let it roll if we got the gas.
It gets wild, yeah, but that's the way we get down.
Oh, oh we let it rip when we got the money...
Let it roll if we got the gas.
It's buck wild, yeah, but that's the way we get down,
In a Hicktown.
In a Hicktown.
That's the way we get down in a Hicktown.
In Hicktown, yeah, in Hicktown.
Got your country boys and your redneck girls
It's the party heard round the world
Right here in Hicktown
In Hicktown
The whole town's getting down
In Hicktown
Yeah, in Hicktown