

Rhett Akins, Kiss My Country Ass

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.