

# Trace Adkins, Honky Tonk Badonkadonk

Turn it up some  
Alright boys, this is her favorite song  
You know that right  
So, if we play it good and loud  
She might get up and dance again  
Ooh, she put her beer down  
Here she comes  
Here she comes  
Left left left right left  
Whoo  
Husslers shootin' eight ball  
Throwin' darts at the wall  
Feelin' damn near 10 ft. tall  
Here she comes, Lord help us all  
O! T.W.'s girlfriend done slapped him outta his chair  
Poor ole boy, it ain't his fault  
It's so hard not to stare  
At that honky tonk badonkadonk  
Keepin' perfect rhythm  
Make ya wanna swing along  
Got it goin' on  
Like Donkey Kong  
And whoo-wee  
Shut my mouth, slap your grandma  
There outta be a law  
Get the Sheriff on the phone  
Lord have mercy, how'd she even get them britches on  
That honky tonk badonkadonk  
(Aww son)  
Now Honey, you can't blame her  
For what her mama gave her  
It ain't right to hate her  
For workin' that money-maker  
Band shuts down at two  
But we're hangin' out till three  
We hate to see her go  
But love to watch her leave  
With that honky tonk badonkadonk  
Keepin' perfect rhythm  
Make ya wanna swing along  
Got it goin' on  
Like Donkey Kong  
And whoo-wee  
Shut my mouth, slap your grandma  
There outta be a law  
Get the Sheriff on the phone  
Lord have mercy, how'd she even get them britches on  
With that honky tonk badonkadonk  
(Ooh, that's what I'm talkin' bout right there, honey)  
We don't care about the drinkin'  
Barely listen to the band  
Our hands, they start a shakin'  
When she gets the urge to dance  
Drivin' everybody crazy  
You think you fell in love  
Boys, you better keep your distance  
You can look but you can't touch  
That honkey tonk badonkadonk  
Keepin' perfect rhythm  
Make ya wanna swing along  
Got it goin' on  
Like Donkey Kong  
And whoo-wee  
Shut my mouth, slap your grandma

There outta be a law  
Get the Sheriff on the phone  
Lord have mercy, how'd she even get them britches on  
That honky tonk badonkadonk  
That honky tonk badonkadonk  
Yeah, that honky tonk badonkadonk  
(That's it, right there boys, that's why we do what we do  
It ain't for the money, it ain't for the glory, it ain't for the free whiskey  
It's for the badonkadonk)