

I Mow, I Till

Redneck Souljers

I fish, I dip, I flip the script
Mow grass, whoop ass, that's country shit
Got a microphone in my left hand
Jack in my right and I'm raisin it! cuss, I fight I drink a bit
Boots on, hat down, I'll sip a fifth! If that's the shit you don't like
Well tough tits that's how I live! I Mow, I till, got Bud Light on chill
I fish, I grill, boe that's just how I live because
I roll, I ride, got mud on all four tires
Said I roll, I ride, it's goin down tonight, cause. I Mow, I till, this homegrown is killin me, I
fish, I grill
This country girl is feelin' me, and speakin' of killin' things
I'm about to go second degree, and kill the track and eat it up
I'm A blue tick with a pedigree
I'm ridin' through a dirty trail, in daddys old green pickup, its a 96
Still splittin' sticks, I run the farm in this truck. (yeah)
And in the woods C-Hubb will get that buck, I ain't stuck in a rut
I'm about to make it jump, you can call this thing mud cause' I'm bouta kick it up!
Hubb is bringin' chicken and the liquor and the women and it's lookin like we're winnin
So I'm rollin' through the finish Liiiiine. Got my fishin line by my two mile road
Hidden in them piiiines. Till we finally find the bonfire and them country folk
There's plenty beer and a water hole, so we drinkin' swingin' off the rope
We grillin' up some chicken wings, and there's daisy dukes on them pretty things
Ain't everybody met yet but we all reppin' Tiller Gang. (yeah)
Picture that, we in the woods, way off the map
And if we finish off the beer, good thing I brought this fifth of Jack!
I roll, I ride, just got a brand new tiller boe
I can, survive, a country boy with the 4-wheel drive
And the lake, is live, got the catfish jumpin' out that bitch
Now cast, a line, gotta tell ya how I live just one more time.
At the Franklin County small engine, I holler at ole' Joe Owens
Yeah he knows them damn motors, bouta get my mower goin
Like the Tennessee river we flow, plant seed now watch it grow
Turn on the grill and watch it smoke, drink cold beer while chillin' on the boat
(HERE WE GO) One more time, let me see y'all crank them tines
Crack that jack, kick them raps, yeah unwind like a ball of twine!
Now who am I? Fatt Tarr, got the shine in the jar, shoulda been president
Now go get me my damn guitar. Hell, don't make me tell you twice
Cause this buzz got me feelin nice. Got the coolers, got the grill
And Bigg Johns bouta get the ice. Yeah it's goin down tonight
Big ole' fire let's get it right, then we're huntin in the morning
Yeah we love this southern life! Cause.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>