

# 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.

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