

Kiss my ass – Sam Grow

Down home roots, Skull tattoos
Friday night just lettin' loose
1-0-3s, holey jeans,
Fitted hats with biker rings
It's what I'm about,
Ain't from 'round the city
Little roughed up, yeah, I'm poor boy pretty
If you like your longnecks blue, I'm like you
Raisin' hell, that's what we do
Cornbread fed, born and bred
Bust our ass 'til our necks all red
And we stand for that flag
Yeah, if you can't respect that
Then you can kiss my ass
Rolled up smoke, fishin' holes
Country girls on old dirt roads
Muddy grips, dips in lips
Stand our ground, don't take no shit
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Kiss my ass

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Słowa: brak danych

Muzyka: brak danych