

# 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

Yeah, you can kiss my ass



Słowa: brak danych

Muzyka: brak danych