

Son of the south

Molly Hatchet

Racing down the river, crossroads to Lake Shore Drive
Moving on the fire line, keeping it high and dry
Sharp as a straight edge razor
Quick as a switchblade knife

I'll be pushing it to the limit, baby
Till I get to the sweet Southside
Baby, what a ride

(Hell yeah) son of the south, I walk it tall and wear it proud
(Hell yeah) son of the south, let me hear you say it loud
(Hell yeah) son of the south, sweet potato pie and hush my mouth
(Hell yeah) son of the south, I like my women southern style, hell ye
ah

A full moon risin' up in the sky, hot damn, it's Friday night
I got four on the floor and a 357 baby, in a four wheel drive
Let's live till tomorrow mornin'
Then we'll get some rest

Lets running it see what happens, baby
Yes and that will be the test

(Hell yeah) son of the south, I walk it tall and wear it proud
(Hell yeah) son of the south, let me hear you say it loud
(Hell yeah) son of the south, sweet potato pie and hush my mouth
(Hell yeah) son of the south, I like my women southern style, hell ye
ah

Coming into the St. Johns River, coming in out of the fog
Got troubles, damn I'm wide ass open, I'm running like a scalded dog
Tonight is made for living, I ain't dead just yet
If I don't see your face on the Southside, trouble's what you gonna g
et
Sharp as a straight edge razor
Quick as a switchblade knife

I'm proud to be a son of the south
Till the day I die, there ain't no doubt

(Hell yeah) son of the south, I walk it tall and wear it proud
(Hell yeah) son of the south, let me hear you say it loud
(Hell yeah) son of the south, sweet potato pie and hush my mouth
(Hell yeah) son of the south, I like my women southern style
(Hell yeah) son of the south, I walk it tall and wear it proud
(Hell yeah) son of the south, let me hear you say it loud
(Hell yeah) son of the south, sweet potato pie and hush my mouth
(Hell yeah) son of the south, I like my women southern style