Comin' to Your City

Well we're comin to your city Gonna play our guitars and sing you a country song We'll all be flyin higher than a jet air liner And if you want a little bang in your ying yang come along

Well we flew through Cincinnati And we all got really happy Grabbed a bowl of that Skyline Chili along the way Then we rolled on into Canton Scared the hell out of Marilyn Manson And the party started happenin Hey hey

Then in the middle of a Charleston night We ran into Jesco White And a little moonshine got us right plum smacked insane

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Well we broke down in Greenville In the middle of a hayfield But a Bud Light truck pulled up and helped us out

So we then headed up to Philly Partied down like real hillbillies Brought the Music Mafia And rocked it out

And Chippewa's where we go When we're up in Buffalo Don't you know those yankees drink enough to DROWN

Well we're comin to your city Gonna play our guitars and sing you a country song We'll all be flyin higher than a jet air liner And if you want a little bang in your ying yang come along

Listen up Now LA's got the freaks At Pink's and 15 dollar drinks And San Antonio was a wild wild rodeo

And then Phoenix, Arizona We drank way too much Corona And we woke up by the river In Jeff City, MO

Well we're comin to your city Gonna play our guitars and sing you a country song We'll all be flyin higher than a jet air liner And if you want a little bang in your ying yang come along

Yeah, yeah We're comin to your city

Big & Rich

We're gonna play our guitars and sing you a country song We'll all be flyin higher than a jet air liner And if you want a little bang in your ying yang If you wanna little zing in your zang zang If you wanna little ting in your tang tang Come along, come along, come along

Yeah, we're comin to your city