

# Kiss My Country Ass

Blake Shelton

Tearin' down a dirt road  
Rebel flag flyin'  
Coon dog in the back  
Truck bed loaded down with beer  
And a cold one in my lap  
Earnhart sticker behind my head  
And my woman by my side  
Tail-pipe's poppin'  
the radio's rockin' "Country Boy Can Survive"  
If you got a problem with that, ha ha!  
You can kiss my country ass

Well, I love Turkey calls, overalls, Wrangler jeans  
Smoke nothin' but Marlboro reds  
Tattoos up & down my arms,  
And deer heads over my bed.  
My Granddaddy fought in World War Two,  
My Daddy went to Vietnam.  
And I ain't scared to grab my gun,  
And fight for my homeland.  
If you don't love the American flag,  
You can kiss my country ass.

If you're a down home, backwoods redneck,  
Hey come on, stand up and raise your glass.  
But if you ain't down with my outlaw crowd,  
You can kiss my country ass. Aw yeah!

[Instrumental break]

Aw yeah...

Well, there's a whole lotta high-class people out there  
That's lookin' down on me  
Cause the country club where I belong  
Is the Honky Tonk till three in the mornin'  
Don't wear no fancy clothes  
No ties or three piece suits.  
You can find me in my camouflage cap  
My t-shirt and cowboy boots  
If that don't fit your social class  
You can kiss my country ass

If you're a down home, backwoods redneck  
Hey, come on, stand up and raise your glass  
But if you ain't down with my outlaw crowd  
You can kiss my country ass

Well I'm a front-porch sittin',  
Guitar pickin', moonshine sippin',  
Backer juice spittin' country boy from the woods  
And I love fried chicken & blue gill fishin'  
And outlaw women, an' I wouldn't change if I could. NO!  
I ain't tryin' to start no fight, but I'll finish one every time  
So you just mind your own damn business  
Stay the hell outta mine.  
If you got a problem with that

You can kiss my country ass

I said if you got a problem with any of that  
You can kiss my natural born, Redneck to the bone  
Ever-lovin' country ass.