

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.