```
Sippin on down
Sippin around
Tippin up a another cupa
Sippin' on down
Sippin on down
Sippin around
Tippin up another cupa
Sippin on down
12 gauge double barrel
Loaded full of buckshot
Brewin up that mountain dew
It boilin like a crockpot
Deep out in theese southern woods and
Far away from evrything
Out amongest the tombstones
Cookin up that hurracain
Take a sip for testin then'
Pour a littlie on the ground
Soak up in that goregia clay
And now i'm waitin for the sound
150 year burried deep in the earths grip
Soon there gonna dancein
When that cool water hits there lips
Made from the mill
Out a feild cursed by whodo
Water from a well
Striaght outta hell
Cursed by vodoo
Stir it up cook it to the point that it evaporates
173 degrees born again
The dead awake
Sippin on down
Sippin around
Tippin up another cupa
Sippin on down
Sippin on down
Sippin around
Tippin up another cupa
Sippin on down
Sippin on down
Sippin around
Tippin up another cupa
Sippin on down
Sippin on down
Sippin around
Tippin up another cupa
Sippin on down
100 galleons of that right good top stock
Ready for the shippin
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In a heavy chevy small block

Foot to the floor Ridin mean like an out law Duckin dogein road blocks Like boxing with an south paw These dark and dusty roads Lite up by the full moon Comin round the corner Muffler soundin like a moonson I got the devils mean as demons Ridin shotgun Straped with a winchester Case they have to pop one We headin for the next county On the southin trail G man and revenue hot on me southern tail Hang out the window One blast with the buckshot Need get em off my ass so that i don't get got

Wild liter??, sugar wiskey, stump pole, skull cracker, alley bourbon, city g in, wildcat, block And tackle Its how we do it How we get it to the next level Have us huntin bitches down With pick axe and shovel Gone of that good shit Hit ya like a mule kick Pick a hater out the crowd And hit em with a pool stick Hulleonations seein shit Got ya climbin trees Passed out in a ditch Like a bitch down on ya knees Don't even give a fuck When the spirts hit ya brain Four shots is all ya need Certified gone insane Lets get it crackalackin One more 'gain for the pimpin Take the jug And turn it up chug it down And start the sippin

Sippin on down
Sippin around
Tippin up another cupa
Sippin on down

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Sippin on down
Sippin around
Tippin up another cupa
Sippin on down

Sippin on down
Sippin around
Tištěno z Tippin up another cupa
Sippin on down