

Hell On Wheels

Brantley Gilbert

So man, you think you wanna run whiskey
Roll with me, helps you better listen good and clear
And if you got a badge or a big mouth
Brother, you ain't got no business here

Boy this here is a moonshine still
You can smell that whiskey burn
This is how the big dogs run, boy, you're riding shotgun
Buckle up and let's have some fun

Riding 95 down the highway, sideways
Running from old John Law
I got the booze in the boot, move it over Bo Duke
Make room for a real outlaw

A duct tape on that license plate, a 6 gun in the dash
There's thunder in your hood, hidden from steel
Lightning in a jar and brother, I'm hell on wheels
I said, I'm hell on wheels

Just nine more miles until state line
We're on time and we lost Barney's blues
So you can open your eyes, you're done fine
In this dangerous part of what we do

When we make that drop, we're gonna pop a top
You got a lesson left to learn
It ain't wine, don't sip it, make it bubble when you hit it
Let it burn, baby, burn

And we'll be riding 95 down the highway, sideways
Running from old John Law
I got the booze in the boot, move it over Bo Duke
Make room for a real outlaw

There's duct tape on that license plate, a 6 gun in the dash
There's thunder in the hood hidden from steel
Lightning in a jar and brother, I'm hell on wheels, yeah
I said, I'm hell on wheels

And riding 95 down the highway, sideways
Running from old John Law
I got the booze in the boot, move it over Bo Duke
Make room for a real outlaw

There's duct tape on that license plate, a 6 gun in the dash
There's thunder in the hood hidden from steel
Lightning in a jar

Riding 95 down the highway, sideways
Running from old John Law
I got the booze in the boot, move it over Bo Duke
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Duct tape on that license plate, a 6 gun in the dash
There's thunder in the hood hidden from the steel
Lightning in a jar and brother, I'm hell on wheels

Thank you, pretty boy
I said I'm hell on wheels, yeah
Brother, I'm hell on wheels, yeah