

My Baby's Guns N' Roses

Brantley Gilbert

You got your hair down.
I got this top back.
Kissin' on my neck.
Girl, you gotta stop that.

Do you want that fast lane?
Or do you want that back seat?
Girl, you gotta pick one.
You can't expect me
To keep my hands to myself.

She ain't into wine and dining.
She's shooting whiskey singing sweet child of mine, man.
Riding 95 sittin' shot gun pretty,
Turning this town into paradise city.
Runnin' wide ass open.
Just as fast as this thing goes, boy,
Give me some more.
She's my little rock star, man she knows it.
My baby's Guns N' Roses.

She's got a wild side.
Bet trouble's in her blood.
Thinks I'm an outlaw.
That's double trouble son.

She likes to rock hard.
She likes to kiss soft.
Hot as a barrel on a 12 gauge sawed off.
Ain't hard to please, long as you got speed.

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She's shooting whiskey singing sweet child of mine, man.
Ridin' 95 sittin' shot gun pretty.
Turnin' this town into paradise city.
Runnin' wide ass open.
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Yeah, She's dancin' with the devil,
In the cold November Rain.
When she's Knocking On Heaven's Door, son,
You can bet God'll call her name.

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She's shooting whiskey singing sweet child of mine, man.
Ridin' 95 sittin' shot gun pretty.
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