

Fifty-fifty, fifty-fifty, fifty-fifty, fifty-fifty.

When you came rolling round, loud and proud,
With your boys talking about all that city slang,
Act like we don't know a thing,
Just like we're some backwards rejects, belly ride a bad chick
Last fishing, cousin kissing, nothing but a bunch of rednecks.
I'm about to let you know, son, we was raised on these shotguns
And none of us ever gonna back down, we're proud of being smack
ed down.
Reddels too, we're closed before you keep running that lip,
'cause there's a fifty-
fifty chance that you might get your ass whipped.

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Let me tell you how it's going down, all up in here,
Everybody know just who you is, momma, daddy and your kids,
Seen you at the Walmart, caught you over about the deary queen,
Called your wife about an hour ago, said you sat in a bar with
Joeline.
Now you're talking crazy, talk son, drugers in your heart, they
walk, son.
Tell 'em there's you the big cheese, momma gonna knock you to y
our knees.
If you go home and tell that country girl that bullshit, there'
s a fifty-fifty chance that you might get your ass whipped.

Fifty-fifty, fifty-fifty, fifty-fifty, fifty-fifty.