

Dig Your Roots

Florida Georgia Line

Yeah, I grew up ten minutes from the sticks
Ten minutes from the beach
And there ain't a Bible verse, y'all
I ain't heard a preacher preach
Mom and Dad up in the bleachers
Screaming while I pitch

Beating deep on the speakers
Finally riding around the town
With my best friends, ain't life like a whirlwind
One second I'm playing checkers with Grandma
Then my world ends
I used to hear my granddaddy say
Before it's too late

You gotta dig your roots
'For the sun comes down
Show some love back to your hometown
Fall in love, plant some seeds
Carve some names in the family tree
Raise your kids, love your wife
Put God first, just to live your life
Hey, I think I'm gonna go
And get a little more dirt on my boots
You gotta dig your roots

Yeah, I'm a long haired, tattooed, feather in the wind
Yeah, a good ol' boy, just like my old man
Every night when I'm singing
I know he's looking down
Up there next to PawPaw
Got the best seats in the house
When I close my eyes I can still hear him say
The same thing I'm gonna tell my kids

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I'm so of proud of where I came from
This town is who I am
And the way I was raised up
Made me a better man
I'm proud of where I cam from
And damn I love this land
And the way that I was raised up
Made me a better man

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