

# It's Just What We Do

## Florida Georgia Line

(Don't act like ya'll didn't know this wasn't comin')

Alright

You know Tommy gonna trick his truck, jack it up big time,  
lift kit, chrome tips, spit shinin like a diamond.  
Game changed and the rain came and we took it down a back road.  
Georgia clay mudhole, that's how these boys roll

Now it's late night underneath the moonlight.  
Errybody's feelin right, sippin on a bud light.  
Go on drop yo tailgate, turn up your radio.  
Imma build a bonfire, you can make yourself at home

Kick back, relax, you know we're just a bunch o' hillbillies  
Tip back a cup a' Jack and throw your hands up with it.

Hey, we might look a little crazy tonight, hey baby that's alright,  
it's our backwoods, boondocks brew, it's just what we do.  
It's just what we do.

Hey, ain't no way to make this up, when it's runnin through your blood,  
there ain't no hidin the truth, its just what we do.  
It's just what we do.

Yeah, it's just what we do

You see Tommy called Jenny and Jenny gon call the hotties to tell em  
bout the party,  
so don't forget the Bacardi.  
Time to get your buzz on and your love on, all night long,  
and if you play your hand right, you won't have to go home alone.

Six string pickin, solo cup sippin, and when the moments right, grab  
yo phone and get them digits,  
crankin that Bocephus, we all good with Jesus.  
Come Sunday morning that preacher, he bout to preach it

Kick back, relax and pass the good time moonshine.  
Who brought the party? Damn, that was Florida Georgia Line.

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Yeah, it's just what we do

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