

# Son of the south

Molly Hatchet

Racing down the river, crossroads to Lake Shore Drive  
Moving on the fire line, keeping it high and dry  
Sharp as a straight edge razor  
Quick as a switchblade knife

I'll be pushing it to the limit, baby  
Till I get to the sweet Southside  
Baby, what a ride

(Hell yeah) son of the south, I walk it tall and wear it proud  
(Hell yeah) son of the south, let me hear you say it loud  
(Hell yeah) son of the south, sweet potato pie and hush my mouth  
(Hell yeah) son of the south, I like my women southern style, hell ye  
ah

A full moon risin' up in the sky, hot damn, it's Friday night  
I got four on the floor and a 357 baby, in a four wheel drive  
Let's live till tomorrow mornin'  
Then we'll get some rest

Lets running it see what happens, baby  
Yes and that will be the test

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(Hell yeah) son of the south, let me hear you say it loud  
(Hell yeah) son of the south, sweet potato pie and hush my mouth  
(Hell yeah) son of the south, I like my women southern style, hell ye  
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Coming into the St. Johns River, coming in out of the fog  
Got troubles, damn I'm wide ass open, I'm running like a scalded dog  
Tonight is made for living, I ain't dead just yet  
If I don't see your face on the Southside, trouble's what you gonna g  
et  
Sharp as a straight edge razor  
Quick as a switchblade knife

I'm proud to be a son of the south  
Till the day I die, there ain't no doubt

(Hell yeah) son of the south, I walk it tall and wear it proud  
(Hell yeah) son of the south, let me hear you say it loud  
(Hell yeah) son of the south, sweet potato pie and hush my mouth  
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