

Outback

Moonshine Bandits

Everything we do
We do it out back,
Backyard half chared ribs on a rack

Back road running getting dirty on the track
Back woods gunnin
Hittin birdies by the pack
Everywhere we go
We go to the back,
Back yard bars servin jars full of batch
Back under the moon with the tailgate back
In the back of the saloon where the jukebox at

Outback where the forest is thick there's a circle in the middle of field wh ere a bonfires lit cup full of shine copenhagen in my lip now I'm slippin si deways probably wake up in a ditch so crank that music into the night and cr ack that beer and raise it high stacked little blonde want a midnight ride t ake her back to the country for a real good time

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Got me steppin in manure everytime I spit shit feel like cash in the photo w ith the bird getting flipped came from the bottom so they label me a Catfish world wide better grab you an atlas bonfire lit like willie let's smoke rac k full of ribs in a smoker full of oak blackberry brandy off back in a duck blind black lab runnin got huntin in his blood line came from a back but I'm back in the lead back like a rack full of fat double ds back with a barrel on a rack let me squeeze back on the trigger hit her right between the knees back with a tow strap I pull em real heavy ladies gettin dirty out back on the chevy dive bar beauty queen bubba call em bettys pedal to the metal baby girl I'm ready

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Tell em bout a burn pile hand on me and my hunny we can run a game of shoes we can lose a little money might talk a little smack grab a sip of that jack bunch of jacked up trucks all parked round back yeah get loose like ya do i

t up in cali shine so smooth like ya crusin' in a caddy then we rolled us up
a fatty went around to the shed I had to back up off it it was buzzin my he
ad

See I'm back in the mac I'm in the back with the lacs get on these bachelor
sacs now how hackers is that see I'm partyin to death with bacardi on my bre
ath I'm thinkin naughty to myself about this shawty on my left yeah we still
out back its the country outkast thinkin you can out rap yeah bitch I doubt
that meet us all out back and we'll whoop that loud ass cause where bringin
country back quicker then a snap back

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