

Me and My Gang

Rascal Flatts

Way on down to southern Alabama
With the guitars jammin' that's where we're headed
Straight up to Butte, Montana
Singin' 'Lord, I Was Born a Ramblin' Man'

California to Oregon
Even New York City got one or two hillbillies
Ready to hit the road

It's a brother and a sister kind of thang
Raise up your hands if you all wanna hang

With me and my gang
We live to ride
We ride to live
Me and my gang

Jump on that train
Grab hold of them reins
We're gonna rock this thang, cock this thang
Me and my gang, yeah
Me and my gang

We got hippies, gypsies, freaks and geeks
High class women in Daisy Duke denim
Bangin' on gongs and singin' our songs
Dude named Elrod jammin' on an iPod

Beer and bonfires
Wide open throttle, Coors in a bottle
It's all for one and one for all y'all

It's a brother and a sister kind of thang
Raise up your hands if you all wanna hang

With me and my gang
We live to ride
We ride to live
Me and my gang

Jump on that train
Grab hold of them reins
We're gonna rock this thang, cock this thang
Me and my gang, yeah

Na na, na na na na na, na na, na na na
Na na, na na na na na
Na na, na na na na na, na na, na na na

It's a brother and a sister kind of thang
Raise up your hands if you all wanna hang

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We live to ride
We ride to live
Me and my gang

Jump on that train
Grab hold of them reins
We're gonna rock this thang, cock this thang

Na na, na na na na na, na na, na na na
Na na, na na na na na, na na, na na na
Na na, na na na na na, na na, na na na
Na na, na na na na na, na na, na na na

Yeah, with me and my gang
Jump on that train, woo
Grab hold of them reins, baby