

# Bonfire

Rehab

Everybody gather 'round, cuz you know we'a fin' to do this thang fo' reezy s  
ome ser'ous. Put 'cha money in ya shoe and it won't get wet. Come on.  
Here comes a man across the field, honey  
Here comes a man across the field, babe  
Here comes a man across the field,  
He's kicking up dust like an automobile  
Honey, oh, baby, mine  
Get it up, girl down in Daisy Dukes  
I want ya ass butt naked in a baby suit  
Gonna keep on drinking till the tummy puke  
Got a problem with that, well you can get the boot  
Got shotgun pointed to the sky  
Got smoke in the eyes, and I'm surely high  
Waking, baking, till the noggin' fry  
Naked, rolling round with a hog and I  
Take from the rich and I give to me  
One Escalade, two ecstacys  
Perform on hoes right next to me  
And I think I found serenity  
Back up that punk, it's mine again  
I jacked a truck of Heineken  
Looks like it's time for a line again  
And how about five Colonapins?  
And I start to grin and start to dance  
I'm speakin' in tongues, takin' off my pants  
I'm blowing my whole hot damn advance  
And we ain't gonna stop till the ambulance  
Slow ride a hundred GMCs  
Hooked up Crown Vics with DVDs  
Got people down here you'll want to see  
Half say there cuz's, say they're free  
Start the bonfire  
Drop the tailgate  
Pass the Knob Creek  
And we can drink it straight  
And if the fire keeps burning  
And the skies stay orange  
We gon' be up in this motherfucker real late  
Start the bonfire  
Drop the tailgate  
Pass the Knob Creek  
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And if the fire keeps burning  
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We gon' be up in this motherfucker real late  
Better give me that bag of wacky tobacco  
Them cracker's ain't takin' a damn thang  
Drinkin' and smokin', stinkin' and pokin'  
Bangin' these hoes, we profane  
Getting' it up in the back of a truck  
With a bitty with tittys and shakin' da butt  
Call me retarded  
But that's how we party  
But lordy, good almighty y'all  
Breakin' it down like it ain't been done  
Straight jacked to the brain till I see the sun  
You a punk motherfucker if you got a gun

Leave that at home and just bring your lungs, weed  
Pimp swiggin', shindiggin', shit kickin', picknickin'  
Brick dickin', thick chickens and a sicknin'  
TMH? and smokin' dope in the open, no chokin', no joke  
And I'm on a roll, and I'm locin', hopin' to leave a jaw broken  
Soakin' in your blood, while I'm strokin' your ho in the wide open  
With my folks scopin'  
That bastard's crazy as hell!  
That's how we do it down here in Georgia  
It's on like a moth when the weather's gorgeous  
Shit you N'street punks never seen on a TV screen  
From radios to porches, to patios, let's torch it  
Some bitch, I pour gas on it  
Crunk?, Bet your ass on it!  
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That's why at 3:30 I'm seein' shit  
Screwin' three or four broads like a trail of piss  
Takin' three or four rolls I ain't feelin' shit  
Give me three or four mo' 'bout real quick  
Ain't nothin' down here but 'trailer crank'  
Poor man with a meth lab and a bama? stank  
Man, y'all keep that dyin' shit  
Motherfucker do I look like I'm tryin' to quit?  
Moonshine in a Mason jar at noon-time, trippin'  
Beer is for the guzzelin', this is for the sippin'  
When the Sun go down, it sho' be goody good  
In the dirty dirt, speakin' dirty words  
They might be scarred but them boys ain't skerd  
I don't know if you heard, you can't polish a turd  
Yeah, my vision blurred, my speech a little slurred  
But back off of me cracker 'for your ass get hurt  
"Oh my God! What are these blue turtles?"  
"I don't know dude, but every time I wave my cigarette around I get the trails"  
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And the skies stay orange  
We gon' be up in this motherfucker real late  
To the window, to the walls  
Feel the sweat runnin' off my balls

Till the shit runnin' out yo' draws  
Skeet, skeet motherfuckers, skeet, skeet  
Skeet, skeet motherfuckers, skeet, skeet  
To the window, to the walls  
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