

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
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
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
Screw in' 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
Feel the sweat runnin' off my balls
Till the shit runnin' out yo' draws
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