

Raised On It

Sam Hunt

Snap backs and Levi jeans
Pbr and burnt cds
Running for the grass on the hot concrete
Still working on our summer feet

Cheap gas and ready ice
Trunk music and headlight fights
Dodging the smoke from a riverbank fire
A pretty girl and a pickup line like
"Hey what's your name, you know smoke follows beauty, baby"

We stayed up all night long
Made our drinks too strong
Feeling ten feet tall
Ropes swinging into the water
In the middle of the night
Like oh-oh-oh oh oh
Breaking our boots in
Stomping on the ground we grew up on
Yeah, we were raised on it
Worked hard and played on it
We had it made on it
We were born and raised on it

Car wash at the custom tent
Sticky quarters and pine tree scent
The only sign that we ever got stuck
Is the muddy chain in the back of the truck

5-1's with a 20 on top
Three guard at the barber shop
Ducking from your ex at the 4-way stop
Turn the music down when you're passing the cops

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Mama's prayers and daddy's speech
Front porch philosophies
A little too young and dumb to see
Just what it all meant to me

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