

Huntin' the World

Colt Ford

[Chorus]

We hunt the world y'all, southern style
Just some good ole boys
White tail, monster bears
Country boys, makin' noise
Elk, turkey, pronghorn
It's time to get your hunt on
Bows, guns, havin' fun
Let's get some huntin' done

[Verse 1]

Everybody come gather round
Southern boys gon' lay it down
Better bring the kids, we gotta teach 'em
'Cause they're the future, we gotta reach 'em
We came to hunt, and we brought some friends
Like Stone Cold Steve Austin
John Michael Montgomery might come on through
Big grin to hunt, right here for you
We've got the best poor staff around
Doug, Tom, and John coming to your town
With Troy Gentry, Brent, and Wooley
Josh and Heather, there's no one better
Old Mike Beatty, he's the man, the world record, y'all understand
With Greg Zipadelli, Hal and Ken
Come on y'all, let's go huntin' again

[Chorus]

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[Verse 2]

We lock and load, go do our thang
Huntin' the world for all kinds of game

Bears, boars, birds, bucks
Southern boys in camo trucks
Worldwide on the outdoor channel
Y'all tune in and bring a friend
We huntin' baby, grits 'n gravy
Come on y'all let's southern style
Drink sweet tea up in the tree
Drop a 12-Point buck from a quarter mile
We bass fishin', hog huntin', turkey shootin'
Game runnin', mud boggin', camoflagin'
Puttin' it down, so y'all can watch it
Huntin' The World is the name of the show
Better ask somebody if you don't know

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