

# Raised on It

Sam Hunt

[Verse 1]

Snapbacks and Levi jeans  
PBR and burnt CDs  
Running for the grass on the hot concrete  
We're still working on our summer feet  
Cheap gas and Reddy 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"

[Chorus]

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, stompin' on the ground we grew up on  
Yeah, we were raised on it (raised on it)  
Worked hard and played on it  
We had it made on it  
We were born and raised on it

[Verse 2]

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  
Duckin' from your ex at the 4-way stop  
Turn the music down when you're passing the cops

[Chorus]

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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, stompin' on the ground we grew up on  
Yeah, we were raised on it (raised on it)  
Worked hard and played on it

We had it made on it  
We were born and raised on it

[Bridge]  
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

[Chorus]  
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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, stompin' on the ground we grew up on  
Yeah, we were raised on it (raised on it)  
Worked hard and played on it  
We had it made on it  
We were born and raised on it

[Outro]  
Mmm yeah  
When that sun starts sinking  
When they turn those open signs around  
We thought we ran this town  
Running around just  
Breaking hearts and curfew  
Out in the yard with no shoes  
Staying cool in a Nylon pool  
Foul ball headed for the parking lot  
And those Saturday mornings we sleep late  
ATVs and fire breaks  
Worn out jeans, black eyed peas, backroads and blue skies  
I was born and raised on it  
Might have misbehaved on it  
Worked hard and played on it  
We had it made

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>