

Cut 'em All (feat. Willie Robertson)

Colt Ford

You boys are ready to get in them woods?
That's right
We cut them all Jack
Yeah, we're talking shotguns
We cut them all, Jack
Country boys don't never run
We cut them all, Jack
Yeah, If it flies, it dies
We cut them all, Jack
Country how we live our lives
They call me Colt Ford, a red neck boy from down in the South
I thank the good Lord
for giving me a chance, so I run my mouth
I run with country folks
hunty hunt folks drive trucks and live it
Every day we work and pray
Need some help a red neck will give it
I rock that camo fashion
The good old boys I was on the move
We got the world asking
Why it is that we do what we do?
We love the outdoors
We got family, faith and friends
This is the red neck's approval
And you stay that way until the very end
We cut them all Jack
Yeah, we're tote them shotguns
We cut them all, Jack
Country boys don't never run
We cut them all, Jack
Yeah, If it flies, it dies
We cut them all, Jack
Country how we live our lives
They call me Boss Hog
Yeah I do it duck style
You keep your yuppie cars
Son I do it truck style
Aint scared of getting dirty
Love to get a little mud on it
stay close with God and guns
Yeah, thats just the way we want it
It's just a family thing

That's how we get it did
If you don't know
You better ask somebody
This is how country lives
Like bustin them Pin Tails, Wood Ducks, them Mallards too
Red heads, Canvas Backs and fields
We're the Duck Commander, ya'll know the deal
We cut them all Jack
Yeah, we're tote them shotguns
We cut them all, Jack
Country boys don't never run
We cut them all, Jack
Yeah, If it flies, it dies
We cut them all, Jack
Country's how we live our lives
Yeah, we're totin' shot guns
Country boys don't never run
Yeah, If it flies, it dies
We cut em' all Jack
Country how we live our lives

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