

Boondocks

Demun Jones

Pull up my truck, stick it in the mud

Y'all better turn up, show some love

We bring out all sides of town (Boondocks!)

Get your hands up 'cause it's about to go down

Well I pull up my truck, stick it in the mud (Come on!)

Y'all better turn up, show some love

Is any rednecks in the house? (Hell yeah!)

Get your hands up 'cause it's about to go down

Well I pull up my truck (Hey), y'all know what's up

Everybody let me see you throw your hands up

Now where the hell y'all at? (Boondocks)

Get your hands up 'cause it's about to go down

Who needs a wench when my tires are feet deep in the ditch

Drop it in low and I'm pullin' straight out of that bitch

Now you know you can't see city lights from where I'm talkin'

Just the headlights from rides and bonfires sparkin'

And the smell of burnt fuel fills the air

I got trucks and trailers lined up everywhere

Got a lot food cookin', there's plenty to share

Most of the girls ain't wearin' makeup and nobody cares

We got a thousand acre lot and five days to play

Plenty rain done fell on this Georgia red clay

So crank up your buggy, four-wheeler, or Gator

And make sure you got a snorkel on that carburetor

We gettin' muddy, too deep for regular rides

If it ain't a four by don't even come inside

Just park at the entrance on the asphalt and rocks

Don't dare try to ride through these boondocks

Well I pull up my truck, stick it in the mud (Come on!)

Y'all better turn up, show some love

Is any rednecks in the house? (Hell yeah!)

Get your hands up 'cause it's about to go down

Well I pull up my truck (Hey), y'all know whats up

Everybody let me see you throw your hands up

Now where the hell y'all at? (Boondocks)

Get your hands up 'cause it's about to go down

Longhorn Laramie Dodge, thirty-five hund'

Duramax diesel, Z-71

King Ranch F250 with horsepower to kill

CJ with KC lights on the roof and the grill

Jet black Tundra with the PD pack

Red rock, the whole window lets down the back

And pull the tank uphill in two wheel
And if that won't rip the pit then nothin' out of here will
A lot of y'all like to argue over Ford or Chevy
But as long as it sits up high and it's heavy
It don't matter, (Yeah) I repeat it don't matter
Mound up in your big truck and make mud splatter
Don't listen to the chatter, live it if you love it
And jack it up high so nobody can see above it
And don't forget the ladder for the ladies to climb
And turn your crew cab into a club at nighttime
Come on

Well I pull up my truck, stick it in the mud (Come on)
Y'all better turn up, show some love
Is any rednecks in the house? (Hell yeah!)
Get your hands up 'cause it's about to go down
Well I pull up my truck (Hey), y'all know what's up
Everybody let me see you throw your hands up
Now where the hell y'all at (Boondocks)
Get your hands up 'cause it's about to go down

In-between mile markers five and six
Take a left and drive straight back into the sticks
Now a city boy might think he's goin' to hell
But this is redneck heaven if you can't tell

If you scared to get your clothes dirty don't come here

'Cause there ain't nobody lookin' at what you wear

It's the boondocks baby, let me see you put your hands up, up

'Cause its about to go down

Pull up my truck, stick it in the mud

Pull up, pull up my truck, stick it in the mud

P-p-pull up my truck, stick it in the mud

P-p-pull up my truck, stick it in the mud

Redneck

Re-re-redneck

Re-re-redneck

Re-re-redneck

Re-re-redneck

Re-re-redneck

Re-re-redneck

Re-re-redneck

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