

Kiss My Country Ass

Blake Shelton

[Verse 1]

Tearing down a dirt road
Rebel flag flying
Coon dog in the back
Truck bed loaded down with beer
And a cold one in my lap
Earnhardt sticker behind my head
And my woman by my side
Tail-pipe's popping
The radio's rocking "Country Boy Can Survive"
If you got a problem with that, ha ha!
You can kiss my country ass

Well, I love Turkey calls, overalls, Wrangler jeans
Smoke nothing but Marlboro reds
Tattoos up & down my arms
And deer heads over my bed
My Granddaddy fought in World War Two
My Daddy went to Vietnam
And I aren't scared to grab my gun
And fight for my homeland
If you don't love the American flag
You can kiss my country ass

[Chorus]

If you're a down home, backwoods redneck
Hey come on, stand up and raise your glass
But if you aren't down with my outlaw crowd
You can kiss my country ass. Aw yeah!

[Instrumental break]

Aw yeah

[Verse 2]

Well, there's a whole lot of high-class people out there
That's looking down on me
Cause the country club where I belong
Is the Honky Tonk till three in the morning
Don't wear no fancy clothes

No ties or three piece suits
You can find me in my camouflage cap
My t-shirt and cowboy boots
If that don't fit your social class
You can kiss my country ass

[Chorus]

If you're a down home, backwoods redneck
Hey, come on, stand up and raise your glass
But if you aren't down with my outlaw crowd
You can kiss my country ass

[Verse 3]

Well I'm a front-porch sitting
Guitar picking, moonshine sipping
Backer juice spitting country boy from the woods
And I love fried chicken & blue gill fishing
And outlaw women, an' I wouldn't change if I could. NO!
I aren't trying to start no fight, but I'll finish one every time
So you just mind your own damn business
Stay the hell outta mine
If you got a problem with that
You can kiss my country ass

I said if you got a problem with any of that
You can kiss my natural born, Redneck to the bone
Ever-loving country ass

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