

# Hillbilly Bone (feat. Trace Adkins)

[Blake Shelton](#)

Oh man, you've gotta watch where you're stepping around here  
Yeah, I got a friend in New York City

He's never heard of Conway Twitty

Don't know nothing about grits and greens

Never been south of Queens  
But he flew down here on a business trip

I took him honky tonkin' and that was it

He took to it like a pig to mud, like a cow to cud  
We all got a hillbilly bone down deep inside

No matter where you from, you just can't hide it

When the band starts banging and the fiddle saws

You can't help but hollering, "Yee-haw!"  
When you see them pretty little country queens

Man, you gotta admit that's in them genes

Ain't nothing wrong, just getting on your

Hillbilly bone-ba-bone-ba-bone-bone

Nah, you ain't gotta be born out in the sticks

With a F-150 and a 30 aught six

Or have a Bubba in the family tree

To get on down with me  
Yeah Bubba, all you need is an open mind

If it fires you up, you gotta let it shine

When it feels so right that it can't be wrong

Come on, come on, come on, you ain't alone

(You ain't alone)  
We all got a hillbilly bone down deep inside

No matter where you from, you just can't hide it

When the band starts banging and the fiddle saws

You can't help but hollering, "Yee-haw!"  
When you see them pretty little country queens

Man, you gotta admit that's in them genes

Ain't nothing wrong, just getting on your

Hillbilly bone-ba-bone-ba-bone-bone

Come on y'all  
We all got a hillbilly bone down deep inside

No matter where you from, you just can't hide it

When the band starts banging and the fiddle saws

You can't help but hollering, "Yee-haw!"  
When you see them pretty little country queens

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