

Hell Right (feat. Trace Adkins)

Blake Shelton

(Hey)

Yeah?

(Tell 'em that story you were tellin' me)

A couple boys clock out about 5:35
Tryna put a little hammer in their head
Standing in the liquor store, staring at a fifth
But they picked up a handle instead
Hell right (Hell right?)
Hell right (Okay)

Couple girls with their boots on got their Bluetooth on, T-shirts sayin "Go Sooners"
Then the girl from the small town took off the Old Town, put on a little Hank Jr. (Thank God)

Hell right

She got all her rowdy friends comin' over tonight

Hell right, hell right
Everybody's throwin' down on a Friday night
Somewhere in America
There's a bottle to burn and a fire to light
And you ain't done nothin' if you did it half way
If you gonna raise hell, then you better damn raise
Hell right
Hell right
Hell right

There's a guitar on the ground that was making some sound
'Til somebody pulled a hillbilly slip
Now there's fog on the window, she never would've kissed him
If he didn't play a lick like this
Hell right
Hell right

Hell right, hell right
Everybody's throwin' down on a Friday night
Somewhere in America
There's a bottle to burn and a fire to light
And you ain't done nothin' if you did it half way
If you gonna raise hell, then you better damn raise
Hell right
Hell right

Hell right

Now it's 7 AM, damn if there ain't an empty handle on a square hay bale
Everybody's passed out drunk, but when they wake up, they're all gonna hurt like hell right
Yeah boy

Hell right, hell right
Everybody's throwin' down on a Friday night
Somewhere in America
There's a bottle to burn and a fire to light
And you ain't done nothin' if you did it half way
If you gonna raise hell, then you better damn raise
Hell right
Hell right
Hell right

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