

Say About Me

Chris Janson

Rolling Stone called me the most open minded redneck on the block
Yeah, but I ain't the first good old boys to mix country with his rock
See, I grew up in a single while with a poster of Kid Rock
And when you start off on the bottom, son
You scream when you're on top
From a muddy truck to a shiny bus to a twin turbo jet
The odds are always stacked against me
But that ain't never stopped me yet 'Cause I make money, I make music
I got swagger and I use it
Cowboy hat when I feel it
Feather in the back, Zebco reeling
Skip from a Bentley to a 350
I wake up in the morning to see how it hit's me
At the end of the day, I'm just a redneck boy in the hills of Tennessee
And I was raised not to care what people say about me
See I got the hottest woman that this world has ever seen
And I married that girl on a farm in the country underneath a magnolia tree
A couple years went by and a demo of mine hopped on the radio
So we bumped it up to a master track and we took in on the road
And before I knew it there was platinum records up hanging on my wall
And I thank God every day I'm a member of the Grand Old Opry, y'all! 'Cause I make money, I
make music
I got swagger and I use it
Cowboy hat if I feel it
Feather in the back, Zebco reeling
Skip from a Bentley to a 350
I wake up in the morning to see how it hit's me
At the end of the day
I'm just a redneck boy in the hills of Tennessee
And I was raised not to care what people say about me, alright
Now all the people in the front, say "Oh yeah!" (Oh yeah)
Now all the people in the back, say "Alright!" (Alright)
Now put your right hand and your left hand up back and forth
Let me see you all night See I share the wealth and I share the blessings
'Cause the blessings were given to me
And I give my thanks and all my praise to a Guy that I can't see 'Cause I make money, I make
music
I got swagger and I use it
Cowboy hat if I feel it
Feather in the back, Zebco reeling
Skip from a Bentley to a 350
I wake up in the morning to see how it hit's me

At the end of the day
I'm just a redneck boy in the hills of Tennessee
And I was raised not to care what people say about me, alright We raised up on that Hank Junior
'83 , son!
Put your hands in the air, put your hands in the air!
Now somebody scream!

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