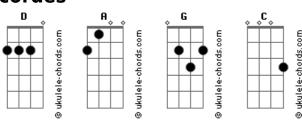


## **Blake Shelton - Kiss My Country Ass**

```
Tom: D
Tearin' down a dirt road, rebel flag flyin',
'Coon dog in the back.
Truck bed loaded down with beer,
An' a cold one in my lap.
Earnhart sticker behind my head,
An' my woman by my side.
Tail-pipe's poppin', the radio's rockin'
Country Boy Can Survive.
Well, if you got a problem with that,
         A G D
You can kiss my country ass.
Well, I love Turkey calls, overalls,
Wrangler jeans: smoke nothin' but Marlboro reds.
Tattoos up an' down my arms,
An' deer heads over my bed.
My Granddaddy fought in World War Two,
An' my Daddy went to Vietnam.
An' I ain't scared to grab my gun,
An' fight for my homeland.
If you don't love the American flag,
You can kiss my country ass.
If you're a down home, backwoods redneck,
                                              D
C'mon, stand up an' raise your glass.
But if you ain't down with my outlaw crowd,
```

## **Acordes**



```
You can kiss my country ass.
Well, there's a whole lotta high-class people out there,
That's lookin' down on me.
'Cause the country club where I belong,
Is the Honky Tonk till three in the mornin'.
I don't wear no fancy clothes,
No ties or three-piece suits.
You can find me in my camouflage hat,
My tee-shirt an' cowboy boots.
If that don't fit your social class,
      C A G D
You can kiss my country ass.
Cause I'm a front-porch sittin',
Guitar pickin', moonshine sippin',
Bacca juice spittin' country boy from the woods.
An' I love fried chicken an' blue gill fishin',
An' outlaw women, an' I wouldn't change if I could.
I ain't tryin' to start no fight, but I'll finish one every
You just mind your own damn business,
And 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-lovin' country ass.
```