

Hell On Wheels

Brantley Gilbert

So man you think you wanna run whiskey
Well roll with me but you better listen good and clear
If you got a badge or a big mouth brother you ain't got no business here
Fool, this here is moonshine still you can smell that whiskey burn
This is how the big dogs run, boy you're ridin shotgun
Buckle up and lets have some funRidin 95 down the highway, sideways, runnin from ol' John
Law
Booze in the boot, move it over Bo Duke make room for a real outlaw
Duct tape on that license plate, a 6 gun in the dash
Thunder in the hood, heaven from a still, lightning in a jar
Brother I'm hell on wheels
Just nine more miles until state line, we're on time, we lost Barney's blues
So you can open your eyes, You're do'in fine in this dangerous part of what we do
When we make that drop we're gonna pop a top, you got a lesson left to learn
It ain't wine, don't sip it, make it bubble when you hit it... let it burn baby burnRidin 95 down
the highway, sideways, runnin from ol' John Law
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Brother I'm hell on wheelsI said I'm hell on wheels...

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>