Outlaw (feat. Luke Combs)

Upchurch

Where have the rebels gone
We don't need another pretty boy singin pretty song
Fake country boys doin country all wrong
Need Another Haggard or a Johnny Cash
Somebody chewin baccer and whippin ass
I need a preacher

I need a savior how bout y'allCan I get a outlawLet me get a outlaw like the man who raised me

These trends got it twisted and they make country a petty style Now Where's all my country folks that could actually go surviveWhen that stock market crashes I'll be somewhere deep off in these pines

Killin shit, kicking ass, and taking what the hell is mine Fake country boys doin country all wrong

Need Another Haggard or a Johnny CashSomebody chewin baccer and whippin ass

I need a preacher

I need a savior, how bout y'all

Can I get a outlawI got scars on my knuckles from a lap out in a parkin lot Knife wounds in my back from so called friends that take _____

There's snakes up in the grass but bubba shit I'm used to walkin tall And if i feel you're talkin shit Won't second guess

Then jack your jaw

Today the world we live in really tends to wash and fade away That's why if you ain't walkin shit then I don't care for shit you say

I met the folks I idolize

And so far there's some white ass lies

Just country fakin

goodness guys

Tell me how that tends to fly

I'm on my southern right twang

Baby come and roll with meBackwoods as it gets And not the shit that you see on tvI'm talkin Chevy ct

e sint that you see on tvi in tarkin cir

Kicking up some round rocks

30 r6 with a seat of stained WoodstockFake country boys doin country all wrong

Need Another Haggard or a Johnny Cash Somebody chewin baccer and whippin ass I need a preacher I need a savior, how bout y'all Can I get a outlaw Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by https://www.songlyrics.band/