

Mississippi Kid

Lynyrd Skynyrd

I got my pistols in my pocket boys I'm
I'm Alabama bound
I got my pistols in my pocket boys I'm
I'm Alabama bound
Well I'm not looking for no trouble
But nobody dogs me 'round Well I'm going to fetch my woman, people
Tri-cities here I come
Oh well I'm going to fetch my woman, people
Tri-cities here I come
'Cause she was raised up on that cornbread
And I know that woman'll give me some
Give me some baby Oh when this kid hits Alabama, people
People, don't you try and dog him 'round
Now when this kid hits Alabama, people
Don't you try and dog him 'round
'Cause if you people cause me trouble
Then I've got to put you in the ground Well I was born in Mississippi
And I don't take any stuff from you
Well I was born in Mississippi
And I don't take any stuff from you
And if I hit you on your head
Boy, it's got to make you black and blue
Well I ride to Alabama
With my pistols out about my side
Well I ride to Alabama
With my pistols out about my side
'Cause down in Alabama
You can run, but you sure can't hide.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>