

Good Times Roll

Jimmie Allen & Nelly

Yeah, yeah, yeah Brand new laces
Fresh pair of Jays, pocket full of blue faces
And I ain't rockin' nothin' basic
Vanilla rollie on my wrist
I be Ice, ice baby
Good times, good vides
Somewhere where I can go crazy
I need a good ride, with some good tires (Yeah)
And I ain't talkin' Mercedes
Yeah crank that truck up, load it up with
A few folks in my four by four
Seat laid back, cold six pack, window cracked
I got the good fire rollin'
Tennessee to Atlanta cross the street to Alabama
Yelling out the window roll tide roll
Cuttin' through to Mississippi, got a lot of people with me
Through the swamps of the 504
(Ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh) Let the good time roll
(Ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh) Let the good time roll Still kinda hazy (Uh)
We still in this truck (Goin' down, down, baby)
We're gettin' small town faded (Uh)
Spinin' mud through the tires of this F150
Yeah crank that truck up, load it up with
A few folks in my four by four
Seat laid back, cold six pack, window cracked
I got the good fire rollin'
Tennessee to Atlanta cross the street to Alabama
Yelling out the window roll tide roll
Cuttin' through to Mississippi, got a lot of people with me
Through the swamps of the 504
(Ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh) Let the good time roll
(Ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh) Let the good time roll [Chorus: Jimmie Allen & Nelly]
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Through the swamps of the 504
(Ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh) Let the good time roll
(Ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh) Let the good time roll (Ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh) Goin' down, down, baby

(Ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh) Let the good time roll

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