

# Hell Raisin' Heat of the Summer

## Florida Georgia Line

Well daisy duke peekaboo  
I might have learned a thing or two  
On a Friday night joy right  
Out there on the county line  
Drag race until the blue lights chase us  
and we scatter like sparks from a black cat fuse  
Train bridge where we sprayed pink skinner  
and the gold flakes glimmer in the cinnamon booze We were living every minute of the night  
Like there might never be another  
We were running all the caution lights  
We were learning to fly with a little tailgunner  
If there was something to burn, we were burning it  
Anything with a curb we were turning it  
Just wildfires out there under  
The hell raising heat of the summer  
Alabama on the Alpine  
Bust a cap on a deer sign  
A little backseat butterfly  
Homegrown angel that'll get you high  
That'll get you high We were living every minute of the night  
Like there might never be another  
We were running all the caution lights  
We were learning to fly with a little tailgunner  
If there was anything to burn, we were burning it  
Anything with a curb, we were turning it  
Just wildfires out there under  
The hell raising heat of the summer Yeah, I see clearer in the rear view mirror  
than I ever did looking out over the hood  
Yeah man we had some damn good times  
and I sure hope everybody's doing good  
We were living every minute of the night  
Like there might never be another  
We were running all the caution lights  
We were learning to fly with a little tailgunner  
If there was anything to burn, we were burning it  
Anything with a curb, we were turning it  
Just wildfires out there under  
The hell raising heat of the summer The hell raising heat of the summer  
The hell raising heat of the summer  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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

