

Fake ID (feat. Gretchen Wilson)

Big & Rich

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Hey, I've been driving all over town
On my cellphone wearin' it out
And I've finally tracked you down Hey, everybody says you're the man
The final piece to my master plan
You got my world in the palm of your hand Well I know that you got it
Come on and just sell it
Got the cash up in my pocket
You know I gotta get it Hey mister won't you sell me a fake ID
There's a band in the bar that I'm dying to see
I got my money and you got what I need
Hey mister won't you sell me a fake ID Hey, don't even think about tellin' me no
It's only twenty minutes till the show
Hey mister turn it over let's go No, I ain't gonna need a receipt
Just make sure that it looks like me
So the bouncer don't call the police And don't tell my daddy
Stole the keys to his caddy
Don't dilly dally
I gotta get the hell out of this alley Hey mister won't you sell me a fake ID
There's a band in the bar that I'm dying to see
I got my money and you got what I need
Hey mister won't you sell me a fake ID Here's my money, now get out of my way
Gonna push my luck right up to the stage Hey mister won't you sell me a fake ID
There's a band in the bar that I'm dying to see
I got my money and you got what I need
Hey mister, hey mister Hey mister won't you sell me a fake ID
There's a band in the bar that I'm dying to see
I got my money and you got what I need
Hey mister won't you sell me a fake ID Hey mister won't you sell me a fake ID
There's a band in the bar that I'm dying to see
I got my money and you got what I need
Hey mister won't you sell me a fake ID
Hey mister, hey mister

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