

# Cowboy (remix)

## Kid Rock

Cowboy, cowboy Well, I'm packin up my game and I'ma head out west  
Where real women come equipped wit' scripts and fake breasts  
Find a nest in the hills, chill like flynt  
Buy an old drop-top, find a spot to pimp Then I'ma Kid Rock-it up and down ya' block  
With a bottle of scotch and watch lotsa crotch  
Buy a yacht with a flag sayin' "chillin' the most"  
Then rock that bitch up and down the coast Give a toast to the sun  
Drink with the stars  
Get thrown in the mix  
And get tossed outta bars Sift to Tiajuana  
I want to roam  
Find Motown telephones and come back home  
Start an escort service for all the right reasons  
And set up shop at the top of four seasons  
Kid Rock, and I'm the Real Mccoy  
And I'm headed out west, sucker 'cause I want to be a Cowboy, baby  
(With the top let down and the sunshine shinin')  
Cowboy, baby  
(West Coast Chillin' while the boone's whinin') I want to be a cowboy, baby  
(Ride at night 'cause I sleep all day) cowboy, baby  
(I can smell a pig from a mile away) I bet you'll hear my whistle blowin' when my train rolls in  
It goes - Like dust in the wind  
(Stoned pimp, stoned brew, stoned out of my mind)  
I once was lost (but now I'm just blind) Palm trees and weed, scabbed knees and rice  
Get a map to the stars, find Heidi Flice  
And if the price is right then I'm gonna make my bid, boy  
And let Californi-A know why they call me Cowboy, baby  
(With the top let down and the sunshine shinin')  
Cowboy, baby  
(West Coast Chillin' while the boone's whinin') I want to be a cowboy, baby  
(Ride at night 'cause I sleep all day) cowboy, baby  
(I can smell a pig from a mile away) Yeah, Kid Rock, you can call me Tex  
Rollin' sunset women with a bootle of becks  
See a slimy in a 'Vette, roll down my glass  
And said "yeah this dick fits right in yo' ass"  
No kiddin', gun slingin', spurs hittin' the floor  
Call me hoss, I'm the boss, with the sauce, and the horse  
No remorse for the sheriff and his eye ain't right  
I'ma paint his town red then paint his wife white, uh!

'Cause chaos rock like Amedeus  
Got west-coast pussy for my Detroit playas  
Mack like mayors, ball like Lakers  
They told us to leave but bet they can't make us Why they want to pick on me?  
Lock me up and throw away my key  
I ain't no cheat, I'm just a regular failure  
I'm not straight outta Compton, I'm straight out the trailer  
Cuss like a sailor, drink like a mick  
My only words of wisdom are just "suck my dick"  
I'm takin' my pick up and down that coast and  
Keep on truckin' 'til I fall in the ocean (Cowboy) with the top let back and the sunshine shining  
(Cowboy) spend all my time at Hollywood and Vine  
(Cowboy) riding at night 'cause I sleep all day  
(Cowboy) I can smell a pig from a mile away  
(Cowboy) with the top let back and the sunshine shining  
(Cowboy) with the top let back and the sunshine shining  
(Cowboy) Hollywood and Vine-in'

Songwriters

JAMES TROMBLY, JOHN TRAVIS, ROBERT RITCHIE, MATTHEW SHAFER Published by  
Lyrics © Roba Music, Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc. Song Discussions is  
protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>