

Fake I.D. (feat. Gretchen Wilson)

Big & Rich

Hey, I've been driving all over the town
On my cellphone wearin' it out
And I 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

Songwriters

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