# Born To Ride

## Blackjack Billy

I was born to the outlaw branch of my hillbilly family tree
4 walls rules and the law naw they never took a likin to me
Give me a wolf pack howling on an open road yeah livin' out on the edge
This leather and crome ain't coming home till I'm down to my last breathFly like a bullet fast and free I'm a rolling stone come roll with me
Keep on diggin up danger
Keep one sittin in the chamber
State to state and town to town keep your shiny side up and your dirty side down
All you black top hammer down rebels
Don't stop running with the devil
Rip it up country wide
Till the good Lord takes me
Baby I was born to rideSweet mama she prays all day I'll slow down
But here's the deal.
You know I do what I can Mr. Preacher man but I'm damned to hell on wheels
Give me a 2 lane highway any day and some redneck rock and roll
They say 4 wheels they move the body baby
But 2 wheels move the soulFly like a bullet fast and free I'm a rolling stone come roll with me
Keep on diggin up danger
Keep one sittin in the chamber
State to state and town to town keep your shiny side up and your dirty side down
All you black top hammer down rebels
Don't stop running with the devil
Rip it up country wide
Till the good Lord takes me
Baby I was born to ride

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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