

Cowboy

Kid Rock

Cowboy

Cowboy Well, I'm packin' up my game an' I'm a head out west
Where real women come equipped with scripts an' fake breasts
Find a nest in the hills, chill like Flint
Buy an old drop top, find a spot to pimp An' I'm a Kid Rock it up an' down your block
With a bottle of scotch an' watch lots of crotch
Buy yacht with a flag sayin' 'Chillin' the most'
Then rock that bitch up an' down the coast Give a toast to the sun, drink with the stars
Get thrown in the mix an' tossed out of bars
Zip to Tijuana, I wanna roam
Find Motown an' tell them fools to come back home Start an escort service for all the right reasons
An' set up shop at the top of Four Seasons
Kid Rock an' I'm the 'Real McCoy'
An' I'm headin' out west, sucker because I wanna be a Cowboy, baby
With the top let back an' the sunshine shinin'
Cowboy, baby
West coast chillin' with the Boone's Wine I wanna be a cowboy, baby
Ridin' 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 freak, stoned out of my mind
I once was lost but now I'm just blind Palm trees an' weeds, scabbed knees an' rice
Get a map to the stars, find Heidi Fleiss
An' if the price is right then I'm gonna make my bid, boy
An' let Californ I A know why they call me Cowboy, baby
With the top let back an' the sunshine shinin'
Cowboy, baby
West coast chillin' with the Boone's Wine I wanna be a cowboy, baby
Ridin' 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 woman with a bottle of Becks
Seen a slimy in a 'Vette, rolled down my glass
An' said, Yeah, this dick fits right in your ass No kiddin', gun slingin', spurs hittin' the floor
Call me 'Hoss', I'm the Boss with the sauce in the horse
No remorse for the Sherrif, in his eye I ain't right
I'm gonna paint his town red an' paint his wife white Cause chaos, rock like Amadeus
Find West Coast pussy for my Detroit players

Mack like mayors, ball like Lakers
They told us to leave but bet they can't make us Why they wanna pick on me?
Lock me up an' snort away my key
I ain't no G, I'm just a regular failure
I ain't straight outta Compton, I'm straight out the trailer Cuss like a sailor, drink like a Mick
My only words of wisdom are just, Radio edit
I'm flickin' my Bic up an' down that coast
An' keep on truckin' until it falls into motion Cowboy
With the top let back an' the sunshine shinin'
Cowboy
Spend all my time at Hollywood an' Vine Cowboy
Ridin' at night 'cause I sleep all day
Cowboy
I can smell a pig from a mile away Cowboy
With the top let back an' the sunshine shinin'
Cowboy
With the top let back an' the sunshine shinin' Cowboy
Hollywood an' Vine

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