

Kid Rock

"Born 2 Be A Hick"

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Nineteen ninety-two

See, I was born a little pie-eyed motherfucker
Mama, she left me and my papa was a hard trucker
Out on the highway, we loved to roll
He never made me go to school, I never begged to go
I was a low class livin', raised out in the sticks

I was born 2 be a hick

See, I love to spend my days just a squirrel huntin'
Go see my cousin Ellie May and get some good lovin'
Kissin' and huggin' on some distant lands
People always tell me, I'm a twisted man
Jim Beam in my hand, boones keged in shit

And I was born 2 be a hick
Oh, I was born 2 be a hick, man

See, I love to spend my days just a squirrel huntin'
Go, see my cousin Ellie May and get some good lovin'
Kissin' and huggin' on some distant lands
People always tell me, I'm a twisted man
Jim Beam in my hand, boones keged in shit

I was born 2 be a hick, hick
See I was born 2 be a hick, man
Yeah, I was born 2 be a hick, man
Yeah, yeah, yeah

I'm a shotgun tokin'
I'm a John Deere drivin'
I'm a hick

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