

Kid Rock

"I Wanna Be A Cowboy"

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Cowboy, cowboy

Well, I'm packing up my game and I'm a head out west
Where real women come equipped with scripts and
fake breasts

Find a nest in the hills, chill like Flynt
Buy an old drop top, find a spot to pimp

And I'm a Kid Rock it up and down your block
With a bottle of scotch and watch lots of crotch
Buy 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 tossed out of bars
Sip the teajuna, I wanna roam
Find the old town chillin' fools then 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 headin' out West sucker because I wanna be a

Cowboy, baby, with the top let back and the sunshine
shining
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 and weeds, scabbed knees and rice
Get a map to the stars, find Heidi Fleiss
And if the price is right I'm gonna make my bid boy
And let California know why they call me

Cowboy, baby, with the top let back and the sunshine

shining
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 slimmy in a 'vette, rolled down my glass
And 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 and paint his wife
white,huh

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 and 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, "Suck my dick"
I'm flickin' my Bic up and down that coast and
Keep on truckin' until it falls into motion

Cowboy, with the top let back and the sunshine shining
Cowboy, spendin' all my time at Hollywood and 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 and the sunshine shining
Cowboy, with the top let back and the sunshine shining
Cowboy, Hollywood and Vine

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