

**Leo Reisman % Harold Arlen****"Cowboy"**

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[Kid Rock]

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

find a nest in the hills chill like flynt  
buy an old drop-top find a spot to pimp  
Then I'm a' Kid Rock it up and down ya' block  
with a bottle of scotch and watch lots a crotch  
buy a yacht with a flag that say's "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 get tossed outta bars

Sift to Tiajuana

I wanna rome

find motown telephones and 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 headed out west sucker cuz I wanna be a

Chorus: Kid Rock

Cowboy!!Baby!

With the top let down and the sunshine shinin'  
West Coast Chillin' while the boone's whinen  
I wanna be a Cowboy!Baby!  
Ride At night cause I sleep all day!  
Cowboy!Baby/I can smell a pig from a mile away

[Kid Rock]

I bet you'll hear my whistle blowin when my train rolls in  
It goes "hooy-hooy-hooy" Like dust in the wind  
Stoned pimp, stoned brew, stoned out of my mind  
I once was lost but now I'm just blind  
Palm trees and weed  
Scabbed knees and rice  
get a map to the stars  
find heidi flice  
and if the price is right

then i'm gonna make my bid  
and let Californi-A  
Know why they call me

Chorus

[Kid Rock]

Yeahhhhhhhhh!!!!!!!

Kid Rock You can call me Tex

Rollin' sunset women with a bootle of becks

See a slimy in a vette Roll down my glass

And said "Yeah this dick fits right in yo ass"

No kiddin', gun slingin', spurs hittin' the floor

call me hoss, I'm the boss, with the sauce, and the horse

no remorse for the sheriff and his eye aint right

I'm a paint his town red Then I'm a' paint his wife white

Cause chaos Rock like Amedeus

Got west coast pussy for my Detroit playas

mack like mayors ball like lakers

they told us to leave but bet they couldn't make us

why they wanna pick on me

lock me up and throw away my key

I ain't no cheat I'm just a regular failure

I'm not straight out a' 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 takin' my pick

up and down that and keep on truckin'

till' I fall in the ocean

Chorus

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