

Kid Rock, Cowboy

[Daft Punk:]
Cowboy...Cowboy.

[Kid Rock:]
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 a 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
Slip to Tiajuana... 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 a shop at the top of 4 seasons
Kid Rock and I'm the real McCoy
And I'm headin' out west sucker... because I wanna be a...

[Daft Punk:]
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 hear a pig from a mile away.

[Kid Rock:]
I bet you'll hear my whistle blowin when my train rolls in
It goes [whistle] like dust in the wind.

[Daft Punk:]
Stoned pimp, stoned freak, stoned out of my mind.

[Kid Rock:]
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 Cali-forn-I.A. know why they call me...

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[Kid Rock:]
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 and the whore's
No remorse for the sheriff, in his eye I ain't right
I'm gonna paint his town red, and paint his wife...

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
Like a sailor... drink like a Mick
My only words of wisdom are just "Radio Edit"
I'm flickin' my Bic up and down that coast and
Keep on truckin' till I fall in the ocean

[Daft Punk:]

Cowboy
With the top let back and the sunshine shining
Cowboy
Spend all my time at Hollywood and Vine
Cowboy
Ridin' at night cause I sleep all day
Cowboy
I can hear 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.