

# Kid Rock, Born 2 Be A Hick

See I was born a little pie-eyed motherf\*\*ker  
Mamma she left me and my pappa 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 to 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 the biskit lands  
People always tell me I'm a twisted man  
Jim beam in my hand boones kegged in shit  
And I was born to be a hick  
Ohhh I was born to be a hick man

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And I was born to be a hick  
See I was born to be a hick man  
Yeah I was born to be a hick man  
Yeah yeah yeah  
I'm a shot gun tokin I'm a john deer drivin  
I'm a hiiiiiiick  
Ahhh har