

Kid Rock, Born To 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