

Kid Rock, Country Boy Can Survive

The preacher man say's it's the end of time
The Mississippi river, she's goin dry
The intrest is up, and the stock market's down
You only get mugged if you go down town
I live back in the woods you see,
My woman, my kids, and my dogs, and me
I got a shoutgun, and a rifle, and a 4 wheel drive
A Country boy can survive
And a Country boy can survive
See, i can plow a field all day long
I can catch catfish, from dusk till dawn
We make our own whisky, and our own smoke too
Aint too many things these ole boys cant do, no
We grow good ole tomatoes, make homemade wine
A Country boy can survive
And a Country boy can survive
Cause you cant starve us out, cant make me run
Hey there boy, i got a big shotgun
We say grace, and we say Mam
If you aint into that, we dont give a God damn
I had a good friend in N.Y. city
He never called me Kid Rock, he called me hillbilly
My grandpa taught me how to live off this land
His taught him to be a businessman
He used to send me pictures of the broadway night
I'd send him some of that homemade wine
But he was killed by a man with a switchblade knife
For 43 dollars, my friend lost his life
I wanna spit some beachnut in the dudes eyes
Shoot him with my mother fuckin 45
A country boy can survive
Cause you cant starve us out, cant make us run
Hey there boy, i got a big shotgun
We say grace, and we say Mam
If you aint into that, we dont give a God damn
Were from North California, and South Alabam
And little towns all around this land
Well i can skin a buck, and run a trout line
A Country boy can survive
Well a Country boy can survive
Survive