

# 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