

Born 2 B a Hick

Kid Rock

See I was born a little pie-eyed motherfucker
Mama she left me and my papa 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 some distant 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
Ohh I was born to be a hick

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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 shotgun tokin'
I'm a John Deere drivin'
I'm a hick
Ah har