

# Cowboy Troy, Mama's Boy

I was born in a Texas land,  
To a texacattle woman and a Red River man.  
Named after my daddy,  
They taught me right from wrong.  
Taught me to be honest as the day was long.  
Mama didn't take no sass,  
Daddy didn't take no layer.  
Had to be at school each day,  
Got trouble if I skipped.  
When the bad times came,  
They always held my hand.  
To this day I'm a mama's boy,  
And daddy's little man. yeah

Work hard soon. (son)  
Don't give up. (up)  
Keep that nose in them books,  
And keep that room picked up. (up)  
Don't skew my word boy,  
'Cause don't nothin' come easy.  
Hard heads make for soft behinds,  
Believe me that means breazy.

Heavier than daddy.  
Six inches tall-er.  
'F I stepped outta line, he had me by the col-lar.  
&quot;Gotta be careful, son! Don' wind up on the news!&quot;  
&quot;Live in my house, boy, you abide by my rules.&quot;  
&quot;Gotta have discipline. Can't do just whatchou want.&quot;  
&quot;Such things as rules and laws. Such things as dos and don'ts.&quot;  
&quot;Mind yo mama, boy. Grip hard when you shake hands.&quot;  
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