

# Kid Rock, American Bad Ass

Yeah

And I've set up and tore down this stage with my own two hands  
We've traveled this land packed tight in mini vans  
And all this for the fans, girls, money and fame  
I played their game  
And as they scream my name  
I will show no shame  
I live and die for this  
And if I come off soft  
Then chew on this!  
(Are you scared?)

Devil without a cause, and I'm back  
With the beaver hats and Ben Davis slacks  
30 packs of Stroh's, 30 pack of hoes  
No Rogaine in the propane flow  
The chosen one, I'm the living proof  
With the gift of gab from the city of truth  
I jabbed and stabbed and knocked critics backs  
And I did not stutter when I said that

I'm going platinum (Sellin' rhymes)  
I went platinum (Seven times)  
And still they ill, and wanna see us fry  
I guess because of "Only God Knows Why"

They call me cowboy, I'm the singer in black  
So throw a finger in the air and let me see where you're at  
Say (hey hey)  
Let me hear where you're at  
And say (hey hey)  
I'm givin it back  
So say (hey hey)  
Show me some metal  
And say (hey, hey, hey, hey)

I like AC/DC and ZZ Top  
Bocephus, Beasties and the Kings of Rock  
Skynyrd, Seger, Limp, Korn, the Stones  
David Allen Coe and no show Jones (Yeah!)  
Pass that bottle around  
I got the rock from Detroit  
The soul from Motown  
The underground stoned fuckin' pimp  
With tracks that mack and slap back the wack  
Never gay, no way, I don't play with ass  
But watch me rock with Liberace flash  
Punk Rock, the Clash, boy bands are trash  
I like Johnny Cash and Grandmaster Flash  
Flash, flash, flash, flash

They call me cowboy  
I'm the singer in black  
So throw a finger in the air and let me see where you're at  
Say (hey hey)  
Let me hear where your at  
And say (hey hey)  
I'm givin it back  
So say (hey hey)  
Show me some metal and say (hey hey hey hey)

["Spoken"]

Yeah, I saw your band  
Jumpin around on stage like a bunch of wounded ducks

When you gonna learn sucker?  
You just can't fuck with  
TWISTED BRBRBR BROWN BROWN TRuuuuuccckeeeeeerrrr

I'm an American bad ass, watch me kick  
You can roll with rock or you can suck my dick  
I'm a porno flick, I'm like amazing grace  
I'm gonna fuck some hoe's after I rock this place  
Super fly, livin' double wide  
Side car my glide so Joe C can ride  
Full sack to share, bringin flash and flare  
I got the long hair swingin', middle finger in the air  
Snakeskin suits, 65 Chevelle's  
See me ride in sin, hear the rebel yell  
I won't live to tell so if you do  
Give the next generation a big "Fuck you"  
Who knew I'd blow up like Oklahoma  
I said "Fuck high school," pissed on my diploma  
Smell the aroma, check my hits  
I know it stinks in here, 'cause I'm the shit

They call me cowboy, I'm the singer in black  
So throw a finger in the air, let me see where you're at  
Say (hey hey)  
Let me hear where you're at  
Say (hey hey)  
I'm givin' it back so say (hey hey)  
Show me some metal and say (hey hey hey hey)

I'm a cowboy, bad ass in black  
Singin' (hey hey hey hey)  
From side to side, from front to back  
Say (hey hey hey hey)  
I put Detroit city back on the map  
And singin' (hey hey hey hey)  
Kid Rock's in the house, and thats where I'm at