

Kid Rock, Blow Me

A bottle of jack's got my manager grinnin'
yeah that's me that keeps the turntables spinniN'
I'm countin cards and I keep on winnin'
I know God hates me cuz I'm always sinnin'
U don't know me blow me ho you wanna get hot
you'll get your ass blown out fuckin with the Kid Rock
Eatin up ya suckers just the same way a beast could
tearin thru your town like muther fuckin Clint Eastwood
Cuz I be fakin the rhymes that keep ya shakin'
makin a lotta money but don't let me be mistaken
I never thought about climbin up the pop chart
and I don't give a fuck u can't buy my tape in K-Mart
Give me a choice between soundin like an ass wipe
or sittin in an alley smokin crack from a glass pipe
I'd be as skinny as a junkie with the AIDS plague
but still I'd look better than a puppet tryin to get paid
Now check the rhyme as i climb and I co get rude
and send ya runnin' playin' pussy like Shaggy and Scoob
Cuz I'm the wrong dude to fuck with my mouth is mental
and I'm a tear shit up like they did in South Central
Son of a bitch I'm the son of a bitch
nobody ever loved u so you're the son of a dick
I'm a product of a young girl top in her class
you're a product of a hooker who was sellin that ass
And your styles in the past it's old and dusty
so from now on I'm callin u M.C. Crusty
Cuz to face me u must be blitzed or blasted
so now I'm gonna drop ya like a hit of acid
And when I rip ya people they might stare
cuz I got more rhymes than Donahue's got white hair
An yo buck won't you please be a friend
And tell your mom I wanna fuck and I'll pick her up at 10