

# Kid Rock, Cramp Ya Style

Everything I do gonna be funny

New Player on the field so yield and get back  
To the wall  
Cause I'm playin ya all  
Like a game  
K-I-D is the name  
Some complain  
And they got a little fame  
And it's a shame  
For what its worth  
I'm down with earth  
Pourin it on like Ms. Butterworth  
Rich and thick  
Kinda quick not slow  
The rhymes I fit into flow  
All in a row, from the intro  
To the end so, ho  
Put down the microphone and go  
Step a side as I make room to bloom  
Any opposing goo gets placed in a tomb  
As soon as I grip the mic to get loose  
Don't dispute cuz ya got no juice  
Meanwhile I kick a rhyme from the pile  
Huh, As I Cramp your style (style...style)

Cramp your style (Cramp your style...cramp your style)

Get down on your knees and pray when I break you  
Down with a sound  
Comin down with a pound  
Or a bang  
If you can't hang with the slang  
That I exploit  
Comin straight from Detroit  
Rough without a doubt or a question  
Kid Rock here in the flesh  
And addressin and definin certain issues  
To diss you (he diss me..aheo)  
So wipe the tears from your eyes  
You cant hide so don't be surprised  
When I dismiss you from your throne  
And send you home  
As a Kid Rock clone  
Cause I can hold my own  
Like ya hold a milkbone  
Simple as this with a grip that won't quit  
So when I hit the skit  
That's it  
So don't come in face with the base  
And remember your just an imitation  
Don't get buckwhile  
In fact don't smile  
Cause I'll pull your file  
As I Cramp your style (style...style)

Cramp your style (cramp your style...cramp your style)  
I'll claim the boundries of my domain  
Detroit...Detroit  
Fresh, I'm from the Midwest  
From MoTown...From MoTown

I'm like steel or concrete yo cause I'm the hardest  
Down with a label known to be the largest

Not bein modest don't even think of tryin to hang  
Cause yo Kid Rock rolls like a Stop O  
I roll thick  
I roll heavy  
D-Nice justs keeps the pace steady  
So get ready to feel the pain  
I'm Kid Rock drivin girls insane  
So listen rappers and get to the program  
Breakin ya down is the Kid rock slogan  
And any rapper who thinks about dissin  
You know what I'll say?  
I got a great big dick  
So anyone who can't adjust  
Gets rust  
And then bites the dust  
Be ready to walk a mile  
Cause I'll smack that Kool-Aid smile  
As I Cramp your style (style...style)  
Cramp your style (cramp your style...cramp your style)