

# Kid Rock, Early Mornin' Stoned Pimp

This is the true story about mackin

Check it  
Times are changin  
Talk about it  
More so each year  
But the Early Mornin, Stoned Pimp is here  
Yeah  
So let it rain, and let the guitar rock  
And if ya here me yaaaawwwwn  
Just drop that top  
Come on, girl  
Hey hey hey  
Well well well well  
Hey hey hey  
Well well well well, well  
Come on, girl, Yeeaaaahhh

And I be catchin them northern pike  
Like on a ten pound test  
Posess, never fess, take a guess  
I be the early mornin stoned pimp  
Straight limp in,  
Boone's Farm drinkin  
At the party big booty pinchin  
Chillin, like a villian, balloon fillin  
Whack MC killin, the fine hoe drillin  
With the million dollar talent and the ten cent brain  
Been gone too long, too much cocaine  
But now that I'm back, on the block  
I'm ready to rock  
Left to right, all night  
My game's tight, I wish you might  
Take a bite  
Out of this here toxic, melodic, neurotic product  
Fresh from the harvest  
Who'll be the largest, hardest, smartest, label in town  
Top Dog get down, Uh  
Radio won't play me  
But still I got the kids around the world goin Kid Rock crazyin  
Wicked witches be flyin on broomsticks  
Kid Rock be comin with the boom boom boom biatch  
I from the sticks biatch  
Straight from the RO  
Kid Rock I aint's no bitch  
Ah, yes you are hoe  
So quit frontin like y'all don't know  
When I step straight into the party with my homeboy Tino  
What's up?  
So get a good look bro, get a good gander  
I'm made in Detroit, but my name aint Stanzler  
Spreadin' like a cancer, a virus  
While you're lookin really gay like fuckin Billy Ray Cyrus  
I'm the highest MC of all time  
Got my mind on the D  
And the D on my mind  
And the line gets drawn when my eyes can't see  
Hit me twice with the Tussin and the morphine IV  
I be  
What they call an O-G bitch  
I'm the motherfuckin Early Mornin Stoned Pimp  
Say what?

One time for you

Now throw your hands in the air and let's rock y'all  
Just throw your hands up high, hip hop y'all  
Just throw your hands in the air and let's rock y'all  
Because a Detroit party don't stop y'all

Just throw your hands up high, let's rock y'all  
Just throw your hands side to side, hip hop y'all  
Just throw your hands up high, let's rock y'all  
Because a Kid Rock party don't stop y'all

Now I'm the self made mack on a mountain on Mars  
Got the money green, cut it with the high roll gloss  
A Lincoln Continental and a Grand Marquis  
Rag top, drop down, rollin on chrome D's biatch  
The purple furs and the gold trim glasses  
I only bust the fat asses  
And I don't be givin a fuck who da hell can rap better than me  
Cause I'm a true fuckin' player and I mack like a real G  
H-I-J-K, L-M-N-O-P is for pimpin  
Early mornin stoned pimpin  
I been down, been around  
From the bottom to the top  
Partyin down with the slimmies in the cities that I rock  
So ah, ooh baby, baby, baby let me love ya  
Or if you wanna get your freak on, I'll just fuck ya  
With the ooh, ahh, ooh, ooh, ooh ahhh, biatch, shit  
I'm the Early Morning Stoned Pimp  
Hahaha

Hey hey hey  
Come on yo

Now throw your hands in the air and let's rock y'all  
Just throw your hands up high, hip hop y'all  
Just throw your hands in the air and let's rock y'all  
Because a Detroit party don't stop y'all

Just throw your hands up high, let's rock y'all  
Just throw your hands side to side, hip hop y'all  
Just throw your hands up high, let's rock y'all  
Because a Kid Rock party don't stop y'all

[Joe C]  
I'm Joe C bitch  
Let me get them digits  
I might be a little small hoe  
But I ain't no God damn midget  
So stick it up your ass where the sun don't shine  
I'm vertically challenged, your vertically blind  
I'm three foot nine, it's ten foot long  
I'm gonna smack that ass after I pack this bong  
I can flow on like all night long  
Till the break of dawn  
Till the early morn  
I'm a thorn in your side  
Can you feel me stickin  
Eighty pills a day bitch, I ain't bullshittin  
So groove baby groove baby call your momma  
I'm like Charlie Hooker girl

I got the boogie drama  
With the boogie drama, what  
With the boogie drama, yeah  
With the boogie drama, oh yeah

Ridin around the neighborhood  
Me and Kid Rock were up to no good  
With the boogie drama, yeah  
With your leather miniskirt and we got some wine  
Playin the radio, ya look so fine  
With the boogie drama, yeah  
Well, Well, Well, boogie drama, oh baby  
Let's get funky, that's my job  
With the boogie drama, oh yeah  
Punchin nine to five, seven times, times twenty-four, times twelve  
With the boogie drama, oh yeah  
Day in and day out  
With the boogie drama, oh yeah  
Let's get funky  
Come on everybody  
Well, with the boogie drama  
With the boogie drama