

# Kid Rock, Krack Rocks

Who are you, who are you  
Well i'm the punk with the pump in the back of my pack  
How you step rock  
I step in stride  
I step across stage with my nuts in my hand  
The punks wanna front cause i got my own band  
Goddamn i'm the man with the helly buzz  
And my shit don't stink, like eli's does  
I'm a pleasure girls man from what i heard  
Nah man, i kicked that bitch to the curb  
I don't really need to be tied down  
I'm a ramblin man, and i'm platinum bound  
Me too, rolled my crew, i'm not too new  
.16 is what i blew  
I bet that set you straight, that illegal action  
Fuck that, i still roll with a 40 in my lap  
Back in 2nd grade, i carried a lunch box  
Turned 21 started smokin crack pots  
Snortin that D by the dime  
Wish i could slow down, i'm ahead of my time  
I'm the Krack, i'm the Krack  
Krack, Krack, Krack  
I'm the Krack bitch, my last dimes what i'm bettin  
I'm up in the casino with a flash like stetson  
Girls all stare, they gauck, they sneer  
So i grab me a bitch and i slapped her in the rear  
My livingroom is the place i'm hangin out  
Uptight pussy's is the shit i'm bangin out  
I'm sick of livin in these perplex times  
That's why i kick these motherfuckin sex rhymes

I'm headin down south  
I'm headin down south  
I'm headin down, headin down

Hip hip hip hip diggin exactly where you go  
I'm headin down south on a dusty path  
I got a cool ass buzz and an empty flask  
Ass on the wagon and they think i'm all soft  
But i don't give a fuck, i'm trippin my balls off  
Up in the crack house tunin them rocks off  
Hoe's come around an we be knockin the box top  
Knocked out, knocked up and all that shit  
Hot wax, sweaty spot, lickin spit from your clit  
Everything that gets old  
It get's over rated  
Old to me, just means out dated  
I'm the Kid Rock, fuck all that 60's shit  
Take Woodstock and shove it up your momma's clit  
Oh shit, and there it is  
I get a lot of pussy cause i'm in show biz  
Twas the night before Christmas and all through the house  
I wished for a kiss and your mom popped out.  
Put her hands on her flop and started eyein me  
So i smacked the ole bitch with my flyin D  
That's when i said "man i gotta get a grip"  
Looked at the TV realized i was trippin

It aint no party like a Detroit party  
Cause a Detroit party don't stop  
I said It aint no party like a Detroit party  
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