

# Kid Rock, Ya Keep On

Shit god damn mother fucker I'm back  
My name aint Jack Tripper, but I'm a day tripper  
So watch me whip another funky rhyme  
Black hoes sayin that honky's fine  
Gettin mine, just like I'm supposed to  
And if you fuck with the Rock, I'll roast you  
A little toast to the real MC's  
Aint no love for the wannabe's  
So, hey ho dont call me Joe  
Cause the Joe's I know, cant even flow  
I can battle rap, and all that other crap  
So if ya don't want none, better step to the back  
I'm from the motherfuckin old school  
Basement party's in the Clem fool  
Talkin that trash, I wish you would  
Come step to Rock, it's all good  
Ya keep on  
Rock the house  
Rock...rock the house  
Ya keep on  
Rock the house  
Rock...rock the house  
Rock...rock the house  
Rock...rock the house  
Rock...rock the house  
Now it's the Marlboro smokin, fine hoe pokin  
Kind bud, be the bud's I'm tokin  
Hittin you straight with the fresh shit  
Mid western funk, and I'm the best bitch  
The K to the I to the chrome D's  
In the Grand Marquees sippin O-E  
Pimpin Rock, it's my name, my game  
Servin you hoe's like it ain't no thang  
I'm a kid when I rap, rock when I'm singin  
I dont care who comes, but what the fuck you bringin  
Shit, one time, one rhyme  
Cause I'm, that motherfuckin ill one, with a steel dick  
Hittin you hoe's with the real shit  
Ya keep on  
Rock the house  
Rock...rock the house  
Ya keep on  
Ya keep  
Rock...rock the house  
Rock...rock the house  
Ya Keep On  
Rock...rock the house  
Rock...rock the house  
Now if you dont know hoe, I'm the man in the dark  
I got more riffs than Stanley Clark  
Or George Duke, shoot, I'm the kid with the funky loot  
So if ya want some, get some  
If ya need some, here's some  
If ya don't, just step to the rear son  
Cause I'm commin with the quickness  
If you dis this bitch, you'll wind up on my hit list  
I'll put a bounty on your head  
Macomb County bitch, aint a good place to wind up dead  
Cause I'm a real relavent, elevent, type menace  
But it ain't Rocky Dennis  
Watch me bend this rhyme in half  
I'm like Moses, with the mic as my staff  
Layin down them 10 comandments  
Thow shall not dis the Rock god damnit  
Rock the house

Rock...rock the house  
Ya keep on  
Ya keep on  
Rock the house  
Rock...rock the house  
Ya keep on  
Rock...rock the house  
Rock...rock the house  
You keep  
Rock the house  
Stop it's a party  
Rock, rock, rock, rock, rock the house  
Ya keep on  
Rock the house  
Rock...rock the house  
Ya keep on  
Jam...uh...jam  
Ya keep on  
Rock the house  
Rock...rock the house  
Ya keep on  
Rock...rock the house  
Rock...rock the house  
You keep