Kid Rock, Black Bob

They used to call me names
Said I was just a wanna be
But now they all pay to see
What they were gettin for free
How about them days and now
You don't know what to say
Ain't it funny how the sun can shine
And hide away

And its a long way on a they say highway
I'm still runnin
A lonesome highway of uncut my way
Can you feel me comin
In a 59 drop top blood red Cadillac

Knock knockin
Black bob at your door
Still rockin
Everybody say that
Knock knockin

They used to say ritchie boy
He got no sense
But now they say oh bobby man
He was my best friend
Ain't it funny how the glory and the stories
And the times can change
And no sense ritchie just
But himself a big fuckin airplane

I grew up in the back woods
Hung in the crack hoods
Learned to pimp
Like a mack should
I could have been a rich man like pops
I never kissed ass
And those days since passed
Here I stand like Jesus
I don't need this
Fuck you ho's can squeeze this
I cant believe this
I'm so wasted
From all the fruits of life
That I've tasted
Never a clone on the microphone
I got shit built up
Cause I never felt loved at home
And all alones how I spend my free time
Writin real rhymes
Drinkin cheap wine
Easy whips
And a cracker
I'm the master blaster
No one cuts faster
The king of disaster
Is who I am ho
And I'll be rippin the fuckin rhymes
And ill make you mother shit her pants bro
So so
You better watch your back
Watch for me comin
Watch for me comin
In a 59 drop top blood red Cadillac