

Kid Rock, Blast

Awwwwwww shit!!!!

(Chorus)

Kid Rock back in this motherfucking house
Feel the effects of my shotgun blast
Mothers crying from these shotgun blasts
Feel the effects of my shotgun blast
People dying from these shotgun blasts

'Cause I'm rippin', flippin', crippin', like a real one does
So if your rap's wrapped in jack, sweep it under the rug
'Cause I'ma go above that, beyond the calls of my fuckin' duty
'Cause all these corney, phony emcee's now a days don't move me
So I'm a show it proof G, so make waves
I got a full time pay, start to dig graves
Because I'm burryin' emcee's, and sharin' their ladies
Now you rolled hoes are carrying my babies
Grab me it never hurt no one
A broken home always hurts someone
Grab me it never hurt no one
I saw kids get shot, don't sell guns
And still I rip it, flip it, grip it like a real one does
Rockin', shockin' on the stage, with a hell a steady buzz
From a 5th of ol' Jimmy Beam
We fryin' emcees up just like some motherfucking Jimmy Dean
Sausage pattys, and smoking cabbies like it's no thing
Drinkin' more Colt's then the 45 king
Swingin' emcees like a cow hands rope
And if the guns too loud, oh boy, I'm straight slittin' throats
'Cause that's the way I like to do shit holmes
Every time I get my gamble on
Yeah that's the way I like to do shit holmes
I never stay in one spot, i was born to roam
Feel like I got bank, but it's not enough friend
'Cause I want more bank see, than my grandkids could ever spend
So if ya need some cheep slut, then speak up
Most hoe's know not to ask for cash, 'cause I'm a cheap fuck

(Chorus)

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