

# Kid Rock, I Got One For Ya'

Lit up like the 4th  
I'ma happy drunk  
Come to papa big mama  
Cause your daddys drunk  
I wanna pump, pump it up like the Good Year blimp  
Make ya holla for a dolla  
Thats the way I pimp  
Gold links and minks and shrimp dinners on the Bayou  
Thems are the things that I ain't gonna buy you  
Its like one of them freak thangs  
Hit it once - maybe every couple weeks thangs  
I got no love  
I got no riches  
I don't roll vouges  
And I ain't got switches  
I got no game, I can't reward ya  
But if you wanna long one baby...

Chorus x2  
I got 1 for ya  
This is your shot  
(Uh-huh check it)

People always talkin' what they gonna do  
They must want their face to maybe taste my shoe  
I can't understand all the push and shove  
And what the fuck to the peace and love  
Who planted that glove man - I don't care  
I'm too busy running my fingers thru your mama's hair  
I got no time for the fakes and the phonies  
The crooks and the creeps and the cops and the cronies  
Am I the only one on my side  
Test my pride I betcha run and hide  
You think I'm weak so you looking for the kill  
But theres sixteen shots in my ninemilly...

Chorus x2

Jimmy Jimmy Ji-Jimmy Jimmy  
Yeah... Yeah, lay it down brotha  
(Lay it down wit it baby)

Record companies stressing cause they all want hits  
And yeah I'm bout it bout it so I make 'em like this  
They say hey there boy all we need is one song  
Shorten up that hook we don't need it that long  
Don't wanna hear me cuss don't wanna hear me brag  
So I'm grabbing on my thingy while I let my pants sag  
Never been what I've written  
Just writing what I'm doing  
They say they like my records but they're still boo-hooing  
My choice always tight  
My rhymes will floor ya  
Hey fly you wanna hear money? Ha ha ha...

Chorus to fade