

Kid Rock, Is That You?

By ICP & Kid Rock

Violent J, Violent J, is that you?
I'm on the microphone, so what'cha wanna do?
Violent J, Violent J, is that you?
A wicked, wicked clown, just for you
I drink Faygo it's only a buck-ten
I'm a pour it on your tits when we f**king
'cause I'm with that kinky shit, ho
I can see you butt-naked in your window
Shimmy up the house side dash
Knock and I press my nuts on the glass
Let me in, ho, don't ya know
I'm Violent J of the ICP, yo
I got me a check let's cash it
If I could spend it with the hoes on grass shit
But don't get all geek slut
'cause I'm a buy ya some lava to wash your butt
"Uhh what's this clown shit about?"
A knife to your neck and your throats hanging out
With a do-mi-ray
Now it's about time I say:

[Chorus]

Kid Rock, Kid Rock, is that you?
Yeah, let me tell ya what I wanna do
Kid Rock, Kid Rock, is that you?
Yo lay, yo lay, yo lay *y hooooo!

Frontin', they frontin', everybody's frontin'
Violent Violent J is gonna tell ya something
If ya know a bitch who got grits
Kid Rock, Kid Rock will probably eat that shit

[-Kid Rock-]

Boohoo motherf**ker what'cha cryin' for?
I'm that nigger that your bitch would die for
The whore showed up at my front door
So I f**ked her in her ass and I threw her out the back door
The bitch thought it was a cake drive
She said: "Drive me to the city", so I dropped her off at lakeside
"Aren't you driving me home?", well I meant ta
But plans have changed so get your ass on the center
Ho, this ain't no taxi
I be mackin' hoes, they don't mack me
Never slacking, hoes I be macking
Yeah...Kid Rock, Kid Rock
Never slacking, hoes I be macking
Violent J serving ghetto hard street shit
The funk, the funk from the old days
Violent J serving ghetto hard street shit
The funk from the old days
Well, I'm up for the shot in a minute
Show me a valley, I might doal in it
Like somebody else I know
I been to Mount Clemens as I've been to Romeomeomeo
Wicked clowns gonna flow for ya some
Three for the treble, eight for the drum
Five for the homies that I run with
Bitch, call your mother cause you're done with
Toe tip-toe, I snuck in your house
And fell asleep butt-naked on the front couch
So, excuse me, pops, I'm napping
So could ya shut the f**k up with that yapping

And your wife's all worked up for nothing
She act like she ain't never seen a wang or something
'cause it really don't matter
I'm a show my nuts to innocent bystander
Every f**king day
'cause it's about time I say

[Chorus]
Kid Rock, Kid Rock, is that you?
Yeah, let me tell you what I wanna do
Kid Rock, Kid Rock, is that you?
I just said it was motherf**ker

[-Kid Rock-]
Skinny dipping in the pool, you know I drown hoes
F**k 'em doggie style and play that ass like the bongo
Hit it, hit hi-hit it
Hitting homeruns and never whiff, ho
Smoke my dick like it's a big spliff
This ain't a blooper and I'm no joker
But I can shoot a nut 50 foot like the super soaker
But yo, I'm not gonna pull it out for a cheap joke
Instead I play John Holmes in a sequel to Deep Throat
Taste the nut in your mouth, just to school ya
But ho, don't let the smooth taste fool ya
Don't let the smooth taste fool ya...[´3]
...f**kin' fool ya
Don't let the smooth taste fool ya...
...word