

# Kid Rock, Lay It On Me

Lay it on me

Cowboy baby  
You know my credits  
Don't ask if it's true  
Fuck it I said it  
Regret It  
Never  
Pimpin'  
Forever  
Pull more hoe's than a free cash lever  
So you better never  
Question the clever clever  
I'll sever whatever go getter and turn em' redder than ever  
You bet I'll wet her  
And leaving her making' to miss me  
Cause that's how we do it up in Detroit City  
71 supercharged big block hemi  
Your El DeBarge  
I'm livin' more like Lemmy  
Benny and The Jets is Hot  
But you ain't never met a muthafucker like Kid Rock  
And Twisted Brown Trucker's like a loaded gun  
We're the band  
That other bands run from  
Doing the backstage boogie  
Is were you'll find me  
If you want some of that  
Flash a pass come back  
And lay it on me

Lay it on me  
Baby you've got to  
Lay it on me  
Just lay it on me  
You gots to  
Lay it on me

Now, people always saying I ain't living right  
But it ain't my fault you misplaced your life  
Replaced your wife  
With some two bit missy  
Now she's getting fucked-up in Detroit City  
Tripping' with the hippies  
Bikers, Thugs  
Hit me with a Mickey  
Fast women and drugs  
1 love for 2 minutes  
The third minute I'm gone  
Wake me up to eat  
Around the crack of dawn  
I'm making pancakes baby  
If you crack the eggs  
You'll feel the Irish tornado  
If you spread your legs  
No need to beg  
And don't trail behind me  
Just step up front  
A little lady

Lay it on me  
Baby you've got to lay it on me  
Just lay it on me  
You've gots to lay it on me

Hey, hey, hey

(Here we go... let's jam)

We're coming, we're coming, we're coming  
Live from Detroit  
It's Saturday night  
Got the funky fresh rhymes  
No need to bite  
And to ya'll ye haws  
Who thought I'd never rank  
I'm going (ha-ha-ha-ha)  
All the way to the bank bitch  
I got rich off of keeping it real  
While you Radioheads  
Are reinventing the wheel  
Got critics all tripping off of I don't know what  
While I'm sippin' King Louis  
Not giving a fuck  
Trash me in the news  
Give me wack reviews  
But you'll never find another  
Who can fill my shoes  
Who can moan the blues  
Who can rock the rap  
Who can rock  
Who can roll  
Who can flow like that  
Black rim and a pocket full of phone numbers  
From Pam Anderson  
To Susan Summers  
Understand I want peace like Gandhi

But until that day I'm a walk this way  
So lay it on me  
I'm talking all night long  
Lay it on me  
Like a bang a gong  
Lay it on me  
With AC/DC on  
From Hells Bells  
To the next 9 songs  
Lay it on  
I can love you like that  
Lay it on me  
I'd rather fuck to Foghat  
Lay it on me  
I can make you shake  
Slow ride it baby  
Through the piano break  
Come on  
So step up front a little lady  
(Lay it on me)  
Come on, lay it on  
(Lay it on me)  
Got to lay it on  
(Lay it on me)  
Yeah, yeah...

You gotta 1, 2, 3... give it up!