

Kid Rock, Live

Let me hear you say "Kid Rocks up on the stage"

Hey slick, check it

I'm the Rock you know, i'm gonna smoke it up

So i can rock it through old school disco cuts

I'm the crisco slick, checkin sisco's shit

I'm the ultimate

Yes the K, to the I to the D-D-D, R-O-C-C-K all motherfuckin day

While i'm strong, let me steal your rhyme

Got the matches, tank, and the 4 foot bong

Uh, and i aint bullshittin

Suckin motherfuckers with the game i'm spittin

And aint a damn thing changed

Come on y'all and tell me, whats my name?

(Kid Rock, Rock)

I'm the boy fucked up with the hip and hop

And on the seven sea's they call me Daddy Rock

I had to coochie watch, back in the day

But i pawned that shit for a rock, last May

And now i'm back on track

I don't smoke the crack, don't shoot the smack

I told y'all once, i don't bang

But i lick more coochie than Katie Lang

Uh, and you don't stop

Rock the rythem that'll make your body pop

That somebody, anybody, all y'all scream

(Kid Rock, Rock)

Check it out yo

What i wanna do is break it down

And show y'all a little somthin about where i come from

Show you some skills of how i used to rock basement party's

On the wheels of steel, back in the day in the klem yo

Check it

(Kid Rock, Rock)

Some of that yo

It aint nothin but a motherfuckin party yo

Break it down on the 1st like this

It aint no party like a Detroit party

Cause a Detroit party don't stop

It aint no party like a Detroit party

When your in the fuckin house with Kid Rock