

Kid Rock, New York's Not My Home

Burnin

Oh no, oh no, here we go now
Oh no, oh no, here we go now
Oh no, oh no, here we go now
Oh no...

Went to New York to cut my first LP
Ridin down Broadway in a taxi
Hang a right at 25th
Just a little too swift, jo'
Let me out, I'm gonna walk from here on
Heres four bucks you drive like a moron
Lost in the apple and I'm all alone

Cause New York's Not My Home

In the village just illin with a forty in a brown bag
I'm seein freaks, and also fags
I see a set of nice legs within in my site
But it's a fuckin transvestite
Walkin in the daylight
Now I'm trippin and I'm like blown
But I take another sip and say to each his own
He'd get dissed in Detroit, but I'll leave him alone

Cause New York's Not My Home

Now if your sounds are knockin to the cool Kid Rockin
Has got your girl jockin
Take a chill pill young man, close your flap
Cause like the Piston Joe, I'm goin back to back
With a track, uh, thats just too clean
I got my pistol packed and a fifth of Jim Beam
Only 19, and my name ain't Wilbur
But I pull more hoes then Long Jon Silver
I don't dress up, or try to look pretty
Instead I rock the house in every major city
From the tip of Maine to the coast of Cali
I get down and I yodle in the valley
Can't say I'm from the Bronx or Brookland zones

Cause New Yorks Not My Home

Eigth ave in the 40 deuce, it's like a freak show
A lot of hookers try to pop that weak, so
I walk with a limp when I pimp through
Or co-mack those hoes if I'm illin with the Beast Crew
It's pickin up, ill check this fact
These Mother Fuckers pay over 2.50 for a big mac
Conjested, overcrowded, cya I'm gone

Cause New York's Not My Home