

# Kid Rock, New York's Not My Home

Burnin

Oh no, oh no, here we go now  
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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