

Kid Rock, Paid

Oooooooooooooo ooooooooo...Yeahhhhhh
And while your out gang bangin
Trying to catch a murder case
Your hoes on my couch gettin fucked in the face
Bumpin to the bass of some old school rap jam
Say what?
This aint tennis, but yo I'll use my backhand
On any grown man that tries to check rock
I wanna head bang, I gotta hip hop
Cause I'm gonna stick with what got me paid
Lickin that coochie with the high top fade
I'm self made like Henry Ford
I'm on this mic, but it feels like I been here before
I want more than the next man
Respect, plus the cash big checks
And mack on hoes like Rudy Ray
Cause the reach around just sounds so gay
I don't even swing that way
I told you hoes before I'm the K
I to the D R O C K'n, rhymes sayin, guitar playin
Turntable spinnin at a basement jam
No fame, no money, but you wouldn't understand
What it's like to be so real
You got the beats and the rhymes, but you ain't got no feel
I don't need the fancy music to make mine
Just the beat and the funky ass bass line
Drop a couple cuts on the track
A tracks to the mother fuckin wax
So while your making record that don't recoup, huh
I'm in the house gettin paid like Snoop

Yeah, Yeah, Yeah
Kid Rock an' I got all the hoes sayin
Fuck me baby, Kid Rock come fuck me baby
Fuck me baby, fuck me baby all night long
Fuck me baby, Kid Rock come fuck me baby
Fuck me baby, fuck me till the break of dawn
Oooooooooooooo ooooooooo...Yeaaaaaahhhhhh
All night long

I want my khakis washed, starched, and creased
I want an order of fries with a side of grease
I wish for peace throughout this land
I want the whole fuckin world in my hands
I want a band like the US Funk Mob
See I can rap I don't hafta lay sod
Just to make ends meet
October thirty-first yellin Trick or Treat
Boy aren't you a little old to be trickin
You see my mask and bag bitch, I aint bullshittin
Hittin homeruns like Rusty Staub
I'm kinda anal, cause I ain't no fuckin slob
I'm the cradle that's able to rock any format
But still I'm labeled and treated like a doormat
Where's the whores at?
Westside hoes like cars, so I ride em for a test drive
I'm like a pringle, I wont go soft
I got a new jingle, I'm about to go off
Hey hoe, check it out
I really like to turn you out
And if you be good to me
I'll yoodle in your valley
Kid Rock ain't nothing nice
Got the salt and pork boomin with the beans and rice

Got a head full of lice cause I'm such a scum
Got a pocket full of money, but I'm dressed like a bum
Got a business mind, so if I lose the funk,
I'll still be in the house gettin paid like trump

Hehe

Yeeeeeaaah, Uh

Yeeeeeaaah, Uh, Uh, Uh

Yeeeeeaaah

Kid Rock and I got all the hoes sayin

Fuck me baby, Kid Rock come fuck me baby

Fuck me baby, fuck me baby all night long

Fuck me baby, Kid Rock come fuck me baby

Fuck me baby, fuck me till the break of dawn

Come on, come on

Oooooooooohhhhhh Yeahhhh

Hahaha

Come on, come on baby, all night long

Fuck me baby, let it ride, let it ride

Fuck me baby, oh yeah

Come on, come on, come on, oh yeah

Somebody

Fuck me baby, oh yeah

Love me baby, oh yeah

Come on baby, (Oh Yeah), all night long, (Oh Yeah)

Baby, come on, (Oh Yeah), fuck me baby, (Oh Yeah)

Come on and do me daddy all night long, (Oh Yeah)

Come on and do me daddy, (Oh Yeah)

Come on and do me daddy, (Oh Yeah)

Come on and do me daddy, (Oh Yeah), All night long