

Kid Rock, Super Rhyme Maker

Come on, yeah

Kid rock
Kid rock
Kid rock
Kid rock

The rock is def and it went this way
Sway to the groove that no one tops
And move to the kid in black reebox
Not a teen heart throb, but I rock the set
So f**k corey high and johnny depp
And lets goto the authority of jive
New school in the house and I'm on the way live
We black man
No you get into
'cause he cuts just like a mother f**kin ginsu blade
Sway, but he's okay
Emces please step'n out of my way
Or I'll become your undertaker, huh
'cause I'm the

(chorus 7x)super rhyme maker
Come on, yeah

Bonnie shades
And a high top fade
So low you know on the mic with no aid
You didn't think I make the grade
But now you say I use to go to school with him
I use to go to dot dot (?)
I use to know his older brother
I use to be his eighth grade lover
Talk is cheap and the speech is weak
He use to go with me, wrong you were my freak
I never gave a hoot
If a girl was cute
All I wanted was a piece and knock the boots
And then they get dissed
Crossed off my list
Though a bend in my behind would get kissed
Just like so world the girls will go
Just like jock custoe
And blow
Up come my drawers, see ya I gotta go
Its to plain

Kid rock's the name
And I run my game
From frisco to maine
Never fell in love
'cause I'm a girl heartbreaker
But still I built my skills and I'm the

(chorus 7x)super rhyme maker
Come on yeah

Stop the madness
You never had this
Wild style of my b-boy badness
Runnin the show
Clockin the dough
And juliet get f**ked if I was romeo, but I'm not

I'm kid rock
Flat top and all
Not michael jackson spinnin singing off the wall
But making everyone how I thump like thunder
Got over like a mother
While you went straight under
And now you can't stand
The way I jam
Hold the mic in my hand
And rock the whole land
Man get jealous if you want to
But either way I'm gonna do what I have to do
'cause I work to hard to make ends match
Started from scrath
And to a lot of crap
But now I'm like a wild horse no one can catch
And I'm a bad mother f**ker
Believe that
I'll pop on top more flop no stop
Makin every girl in the house want a piece of the rock
And then I'll bring a new swing
To make it understand the kid's running thing
Mostly because I'm not an emcee faker
And the rest because I'm the

Microphone master super rhyme maker
Yeah
Cut it
Super rhyme maker
Come on yeah (chorus fades to back)