

Kid Rock, The Cramper

Have you ever known a free lancer
Thinks that he's a camper
Known around my way as the cramper
Like P.M.S. always pokin'
But he won't go away with a little Motrin
Now if u ever heard the term cramper and u wonder
The worms kinda like i guess a modern day Felix Unger
When ya first meet em ya think he's O.K.
But then you learn a little bit of the cramper goes a long way
Hear say here I say thru the grapevine
He squawks and he gawks and he walks a thin line
Just like a little fuckin fag
He always wants to get high but never has a bag
Never works says he can't find the right job
Ain't got a dime and when he does he's a tightwad
He's the dampest there's no one damp
Huh huh.... he's the muther fuckin cramper
Now the crampers red, there's no one redder,
He rides ya wrong like a really tight sweater
He's sorta like a mouse a pest of a peer
U come home he's at your house drinkin your last beer
Pokin and strokin he makes you wanna belt him
always wearin out his mother fuckin welcome
And then sporty's never that cautious
he sips from your forty and he always backwashes
Talk about a certain subject, he'll jinx it
let him borrow a shirt, the stooge always shrinks it
He's the dampest, there's no one damper
Huh huh.... he's the mother fuckin cramper