

# Black Chick, White Guy

Kid Rock

Black chick white guy  
Does it mean shit maybe  
I don't know but yo it never phased me  
But either way heres one tail  
Of two like that and what prevailed  
It started way back in the 8th grade  
In the small old town where the two both stayed  
He came from a family of middle class  
Where everything he did he always had to ask  
She came from a place that was so alone  
You know the same old tail of a broken home  
Her momma was an alkie and more like a friend  
Had three different kids from three different men  
And that's just the way shit was  
Couldn't change it couldn't rearrange it so there it was  
Anyway the two kept on  
With the phone calls notes and so on and so on  
And after the bullshit and whatten  
That day came the two started fuckin'  
All the time you know kids habit's  
Every single day fuckin' like rabbits  
Sneakin out the car when he was 15  
Climbin' in the window and fuckin' all night see  
Fuckin' during lunch in the junior high bathrooms  
Drinking champagne and trippin' on mushrooms  
His dick was metal her pussy was a magnet  
9th grade came, I'm pregnant  
Shit got frantic and man oh Lord it was a tuff decision  
But they decided to abort it  
It might have been right it might have been wrong  
But one thing's for sure it really fucked his head up  
Where is it who is it how is it was it right  
These are the things he thought in bed at night  
A lot of people might laugh at this  
But fuck 'em they don't know the half of it

Ain't no sunshine when you're low  
I'm low  
People tell me life's a game I'm not playin'  
Bitches don't mean shit to me anymore  
I have taken my blows I'm still standin'

Now as time went on the the two kept on  
They kept seeing each other off and on  
See she moved to the city and you know what happened  
Black chic with a real white accent  
Pretty girl in the ghetto go figure  
Yeah she got macked by some dope dealin' nigger  
Still seein' that other kid on the side  
She kept most of her thoughts inside  
See all the first guy did was just love her  
While that punk mother fucker used to beat her and punch her  
She was livin' all wild  
I think all she ever wanted was the love of her own child  
She asked the first guy to have his baby  
He looked at her like she must be crazy  
He was makin' records and goin' on tour

20,000 people hip hoppin on the floor  
And all that while she sat at home and got macked  
If she stepped out of line she got slapped  
And then one day she prayed to the Lord to take that guy away  
And he did he got caught with a loaded gun  
And went to jail but first she had his son  
Ooohh and now what to do  
She had no man no money and no clue  
Now the other guy came back from tourin'  
And she called him up early one mornin'  
They hooked up her mind was blown  
As he began to raise her son as his own  
And that's a lot of shit to deal with man  
And if you ain't been there you wouldn't understand  
And people still laugh at this shit  
Fuck 'em they don't know the half of it

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Now for the next year there was some good times  
A few bad times mostly good times  
See he was a ramblin' man to the bone  
He liked women and wine and he loved to roam  
Not like she was any kind of Saint  
See in this story there's a lot of red paint  
But time kept slippin' and made her crazy  
And she talked about havin' another baby  
The guy was like Oooh Lord  
We got one now that we can't afford  
But she convinced she could handle two  
Said I want your child or I'm leavin you  
I can't figure out why then he didn't run  
I guess he was attached to her and her son  
All confused about what to do  
That girl met another guy and was fuckin' him too  
Slut  
Could barely pay her rent  
And then the same old shit, I'm pregrant  
And if that ain't some shit cuz  
The girl didn't even know who the father was  
And still by her side the first guy stayed  
Head gettin' more fucked by the day  
He stuck it out for nine months I don't know why  
And then a little girl on the Fourth of July  
Was born in the front seat of his car  
It was amazing  
Kinda like a shooting star  
He was happy told his family and friends  
Only to realize later his little girl wasn't his  
And that crushed him quick  
Suicidal thoughts were in his head real thick  
But before he found all that out  
From the same chic another kid popped out  
And that shit's real ill  
Girl told him that she was takin' the fuckin' pill  
She must have known all along  
The little girl wasn't his and she was tryin' to latch on  
Three different kids from three different men  
History repeats itself again

And after some more shit got stirred  
He kicked that bitch to the curb  
And now from her he's got a little boy that makes him laugh a bit  
And he loves him  
But still you don't know the fuckin' half of it

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