

Cramp Ya Style

Kid Rock

Everything I do gonna be funny

New Player on the field so yield and get back
To the wall
Cause I'm playin ya all
Like a game
K-I-D is the name
Some complain
And they got a little fame
And it's a shame
For what its worth
I'm down with earth
Pourin it on like Ms. Butterworth
Rich and thick
Kinda quick not slow
The rhymes I fit into flow
All in a row, from the intro
To the end so, ho
Put down the microphone and go
Step a side as I make room to bloom
Any opposing goo gets placed in a tomb
As soon as I grip the mic to get loose
Don't dispute cuz ya got no juice
Meanwhile I kick a rhyme from the pile
Huh, As I Cramp your style (style...style)

Cramp your style (Cramp your style...cramp your style)

Get down on your knees and pray when I break you
Down with a sound
Comin down with a pound
Or a bang
If you can't hang with the slang
That I exploit
Comin straight from Detroit
Rough without a doubt or a question
Kid Rock here in the flesh
And addressin and defining certain issues
To diss you (he diss me..aheo)
So wipe the tears from your eyes
You cant hide so don't be surprised
When I dismiss you from your throne
And send you home
As a Kid Rock clone
Cause I can hold my own
Like ya hold a milkbone
Simple as this with a grip that won't quit
So when I hit the skit
That's it
So don't come in face with the base
And remember your just an imitation
Don't get buckwhile
In fact don't smile
Cause I'll pull your file
As I Cramp your style (style...style)

Cramp your style (cramp your style...cramp your style)

I'll claim the boundries of my domain
Detroit...Detroit
Fresh, I'm from the Midwest
From MoTown...From MoTown

I'm like steel or concrete yo cause I'm the hardest
Down with a label known to be the largest
Not bein modest don't even think of tryin to hang
Cause yo Kid Rock rolls like a Stop O
I roll thick
I roll heavy
D-Nice justs keeps the pace steady
So get ready to feel the pain
I'm Kid Rock drivin girls insane
So listen rappers and get to the program
Breakin ya down is the Kid rock slogan
And any rapper who thinks about dissin
You know what I'll say?
I got a great big dick
So anyone who can't adjust
Gets rust
And then bites the dust
Be ready to walk a mile
Cause I'll smack that Kool-Aid smile
As I Cramp your style (style...style)
Cramp your style (cramp your style...cramp your style)