

Early Mornin' Stoned Pimp

Kid Rock

A ha ha, that's right motherfuckers
I'm Back.
This is the true story about mackin
Check it
Times are changin'
Talk about it
More so each year,
But the Early Mornin'
Stoned Pimp is here.
So let it rain, and let the guitar rock
And if ya me yawn
Just drop that top
Come on...
Hey hey hey
Well well well well
Hey hey hey
Well well well well

And I be catchin' them northern pike
Like on a ten pound test
Success, never fess, take a guess
I be the early mornin' stoned pimp,
Straight limpkin,
Boone's Farm drinkin,
At the party big booty pinchin'
Chillin, like a villian, balloon fillin Whack MC killin, the fine ho drillin
With the million dollar talent
And the ten cent brain,
Been gone too long, too much cocaine,
But now that I'm back, on the block
I'm ready to rock
Left to right, all night
My game's tight, I wish you might
Take a bite
Out of this here toxic, melodic, neurotic product
Fresh from the harvest
Who'll be the largest, hardest smartest label in town
Top Dog get down

Radio won't play me, but still I got the kids around
the world goin' Kid Rock crazy
Wicked witches be flyin' on broomsticks,
Kid Rock be comin' with the boom boom boom biatch
I from the sticks biatch
Straight from the RO

"Kid Rock I ain'ts no bitch"
Ah, yes you are ho
So quit frontin' like ya don't know,
when I step straight into the party with my homeboy
Tino
"What's up?"
So get a good look bro
Get a good gander
I'm made in Detroit
but my name aint Stanzler
Spreadin' like a cancer, a virus

While you're lookin' really gay like fuckin' Billy Ray Cyrus
I'm the highest MC of all time
Got my mind on the D
And the D on my mind And the line gets drawn when my eyes can't see
Hit me twice with the Tussin and the morphine IV
I be
What they call an O-G bitch
I'm the motherfuckin' Early Mornin' Stoned Pimp

Now throw your hands in the air and let's rock y'all
Just throw your hands up high, hip hop y'all
Just throw your hands in the air and let's rock y'all
Because the Detroit party don't stop y'all

Just throw your hands up high, let's rock y'all
Just throw your hands side to side, hip hop y'all
Just throw your hands up high, let's rock y'all
Because the Kid Rock party don't stop y'all

Now I'm the self made mack on a mountain on Mars
Got the money green cut it with the high roll clause
A Lincoln Continental and a Gran Marquis
Rag top, drop down, rollin' on chrome D's bitch
The purple furs and the gold trim glasses
I only bust the fat asses
And I don't be givin a fuck who da hell can rap better than me
Cause I'm a true fuckin' player and I mack like a real G H-I-J-K, L-M-N-O-
P is for pimpin,
Early mornin' stoned pimpin
I been down, been around,
From the bottom to the top
Partyin' down with the slimmies in the cities that I rock

Ooh baby, baby, baby let me love ya
Or if you wanna get your freak on, I'll just fuck ya
With the Ooh, ahh, ooh, ooh, ooh ahhh, biatch, shit
Im the Early Morning Stoned Pi-imp

Hey hey hey
Come on yo.

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Just throw your hands up high, let's rock y'all
Because the Kid Rock party don't stop y'all

My name is Tino, you know
Baby let's get funky,
I'm like Lenny Bruce girl but I ain't no goddamn junkie
Cruisin' with the Kid in my '71
To the crib of love
Gonna get us some, ladies
We keep em on a string ah
Midgets in the house wanna smell my finger
Comin' for ya baby cause your so sure bumpin'
How do ya like me now in my brand new Turban
I'm a natural born hoodlum
Not George Raft

One of these days you kids will pay for my autograph
So groove baby, groove baby call your mama
I'm like John Lee Hooker baby
I got the boogie drama
With the boogie drama
With the boogie drama
With the boogie drama

Ridin' around the neighborhood
Me and Kid Rock were up to no good
With the boogie drama
With your leather miniskirt and we got some wine
Playin' the radio ya look so fine
With the boogie drama
With the boogie drama
Let's get funky, that's my job
Punchin' 9 ta 5, 7 times, times 24, times 12
Day in and day out
Let's get funky
Come on everybody
With the boogie drama
With the boogie drama
With the boogie drama