

Genuine Article

Kid Rock

Do what you have to
I do what I had to
To break through a pick a style that sticks like glue
And as I rank I wanna thank no one
Cause I worked like a bitch to get the job done
You helped me around
My parents put me down
I never skipped town
I stood my ground
We kept showin up
Drinkin and throwin up
Rap was my life
As I was growin up
Actin a fool in school no one topped us
Smart ass in class at times abnoxious
Drivin a bronco
Runnin my own show
And pullin the look a like Marilyn Monroe hoes
And me and Bo got together
Made sense
Spent many nights in Mt. Clemens basements
I scratched records and performed a few tricks
KDC mix let the Black man talk shit
Pumpin the new sounds town to town
Who holds it down like Bad Leroy Brown
Now I won't stop cause yo I'm Kid Rock
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They don't want me
Cause I worked like a bitch to get the job done

F-F-Fames a costin the price ain't nice
Its like the roll of the dice
For a whole new life
But don't get my song wrong
I enjoy it alot
Walkin around like a big shot
Cause I'm Kid Rock
Smooth as an ice cube
Cool as an igloo
And more complex, than a rubix cube
A healthy wealthy young one with a quick tongue
Smart from the start and from the heart my rhymes run
And as I incline thru time to get mine
I try not to slide, but walk a straight line
Though it's hard when the climb gets steep
The one who finds is the one who seeks
So I sought and fought
And alot I got taught
And although I left those who stole got caught
Many shows I rocked
Many suckers I laughed at
And those who snapped back usually got slapped
The cat if I was strap
Cause I was a sun of a gun
Livin life on the run
Now I pleaded 18 and outdone by none

Bold, Young, Handsome, Bad like Bronson
Pumpin the new sounds town to town
And when in motown I cool out in Greektown
On the upside with nuthin too high
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They don't want me
Cause I worked like a bitch to get the job done
Chuck nice break that beat down
Uh huh...Uh huh..Uh huh
KDC...huh

Six Generations of rap and I'm first
Ready to burst, the style is rehearsed
I worked and worked and worked and I worked
When many thought I was just gettin jerked
Used, abused, but I paid my dues
And now no one out there could fill my shoes
And my pants and do this dance
This shit didn't happen by chance
It went slow not quick, but now I'm your pick
Ain't that a trip when I started from zip
And now up and up and up I wont stop
The flop just pop the flat top the Kid Rock
Yes me the low key MC
With the ability to rock a party
Anywhere and make people stare
I'm lookin while I'm cookin with no care
Pumpin the new sound town to town
Who holds it down like bad Leroy Brown
And still I wont stop growin this flat top
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They don't want me
Cause I worked like a bitch to get the job done