

Let me hear you say "Kid Rocks up on the stage"
Hey slick, check it
I'm the Rock you know, i'm gonna smoke it up
So i can rock it through old school disco cuts
I'm the crisco slick, checkin sisco's shit
I'm the ultimate
Yes the K, to the I to the D-D-D, R-O-C-C-
K all motherfuckin day
While i'm strong, let me steal your rhyme
Got the matches, tank, and the 4 foot bong
Uh, and i aint bullshittin
Suckin motherfuckers with the game i'm spittin
And aint a damn thing changed
Come on y'all and tell me, whats my name?
(Kid Rock, Rock)
I'm the boy fucked up with the hip and hop
And on the seven sea's they call me Daddy Rock
I had to coochie watch, back in the day
But i pawned that shit for a rock, last May
And now i'm back on track
I don't smoke the crack, don't shoot the smack
I told y'all once, i don't bang
But i lick more coochie than Katie Lang
Uh, and you don't stop
Rock the rythem that'll make your body pop
That somebody, anybody, all y'all scream
(Kid Rock, Rock)
Check it out yo
What i wanna do is break it down
And show y'all a little somthin about where i come from
Show you some skills of how i used to rock basement party's
On the wheels of steel, back in the day in the klem yo
Check it
(Kid Rock, Rock)
Some of that yo
It aint nothin but a motherfuckin party yo
Break it down on the lst like this
It aint no party like a Detroit party
Cause a Detroit party don't stop
It aint no party like a Detroit party
When your in the fuckin house with Kid Rock