

New York's Not My Home

Kid Rock

Burnin

Oh no, oh no, here we go now

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Oh no...

Went to New York to cut my first LP

Ridin down Broadway in a taxi

Hang a right at 25th

Just a little too swift, jo'

Let me out, I'm gonna walk from here on

Heres four bucks you drive like a moron

Lost in the apple and I'm all alone

Cause New York's Not My Home

In the village just illin with a forty in a brown bag

I'm seein freaks, and also fags

I see a set of nice legs within in my site

But it's a fuckin transvestite

Walkin in the daylight

Now I'm trippin and I'm like blown

But I take another sip and say to each his own

He'd get dissed in Detroit, but I'll leave him alone

Cause New York's Not My Home

Now if your sounds are knockin to the cool Kid Rockin

Has got your girl jockin

Take a chill pill young man, close your flap

Cause like the Piston Joe, I'm goin back to back

With a track, uh, thats just too clean

I got my pistol packed and a fifth of Jim Beam

Only 19, and my name ain't Wilbur

But I pull more hoes then Long Jon Silver

I don't dress up, or try to look pretty

Instead I rock the house in every major city

From the tip of Maine to the coast of Cali

I get down and I yodle in the valley

Can't say I'm from the Bronx or Brookland zones

Cause New Yorks Not My Home

Eigth ave in the 40 deuce, it's like a freak show

A lot of hookers try to pop that weak, so

I walk with a limp when I pimp through

Or co-mack those hoes if I'm illin with the Beast Crew

It's pickin up, ill check this fact

These Mother Fuckers pay over 2.50 for a big mac

Conjested, overcrowded, cya I'm gone

Cause New York's Not My Home