

# Trucker Anthem

Kid Rock

Oh-e-o ohhhh oh  
Oh-e-o ohhhh oh  
Oh-e-o ohhhh oh  
Oh-e-o ohhhh oh

Who's in the house?  
Truckerrrrrrr  
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Who's in the house?

Oh-e-o ohhhh oh  
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Oh-e-o ohhhh oh  
Oh-e-o ohhhh oh

Singin, hey now people here we come  
Here we come motherfuckers  
Here we, kinny come come  
You know what we do and where we're from  
Detroit baby  
You got 15 seconds to get this seat now  
We're gonna start this show and blow your mind now  
Yeahhhhhhhhhhhhhhh

(Who's your Uncle?)

Uncle Krackerrrrrrr  
I'm double wide on the side, in the back of the bus  
I'm your Uncle Kracker sittin' platnum plus  
Double platnum (what?) Tripple platnum (fuck)  
You'd be a calm motherfucker if you add that up.  
Can you back that up?  
Yeah, but what for?  
I got a big brick house with 2 gold doors.  
Was born in that, you need to shut my mouth  
I'm the same motherfucker you been hearin' about  
Kracker went pop?  
Naw, I did the pop bash  
Floatin' through the air waves, pickin' up cash  
I dropped bottom D, people thought i went soft, shit  
I'm still very difficult to fuck with

Straight outta the sticks of Romeo Michigan  
The early morning stoned motherfucking pimp  
of the God damn nationnnnnnn  
Ye haw motherfuckers lets rock  
With the Kid, that's all, ya dig, ya dont stop  
Got rifs to rock, brought boones to slam  
Now who's the man? Kid Rock God damn  
Back on the scene like a fiend for beats

Aint slept in weeks  
Got too many freaks  
Seen too many geeks  
Try to rock the rap, so I'm back with heat  
To unseat the wack  
I'ma unpack, and set up shop  
I'ma step back and watch you rock  
I'ma rock track, so stop the pop  
Then I'ma master blastin through the aftershock  
I got, dug ditches to burry you bitches  
Who roll the flow and wanna stop the show  
So I'ma roll and flow another encore seven  
From north of Detroit, way south of Heaven  
Heaven, heaven, heaven  
Yeahhhh  
Turn it up, turn it up turn it up  
Ughh Come onnnnnn  
Kid Rock motherfucker with the TBT  
Rollin' through your city like the General Lee  
You wanna fuck with me? Don't test the odds  
Cause your arms are too short to box with God  
But if ya, send me your address, I'll swing by  
Call up your friends, I'll get your whole fuckin' crew high  
Say bye, bye, bye to the wack  
And let it be known Kid Rock is back  
Yeahhhh rollin' with the TBT  
Were gonna rock the house for my man Joe C.  
Yeahh, we wanna start this show, come on  
Come on, yeahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh