

# Where U at Rock

Kid Rock

HUH I grew a hurding cattle  
I got more rhymes than heroin in Seattle  
You wanna battle with the Rock quite frontin'  
I'll spit on your ass and then tell you that you ain't nothin'  
Grab your honey and your beer and I'll break South  
Take your money then I'll tell ya get the hell out  
I'll put your head out this is my night  
How ya gonna step with Rock when I got the mic  
I shot the sheriff and the deputy too  
Paid off the Feds now its all about my crew  
What you hoes wanna do  
One at a time or all at once I'll still roll through your whole crew  
Like a south bound trucker  
Hoss and mother fuckers take shorts mother fuckers take a loss  
And when you step with your anger  
I'm like the robot from lost in space (Danger Danger)  
I give a warning but if you don't take it  
I'll put my arm around your neck like we're cool then I'll break it  
It's all real cop a feel from my steel  
Here's the deal when I say clap your hands like a seal  
Or better yet give respect where it's earned  
You eat me up I'm like a hot pepper and you might get burned  
You took a turn for the worst  
Walked up in my face rode away in a hurse  
Now how you gonna front on that  
Kid Rock's in the house that's where I'm at

Where you at rock where you at  
Over here in the rear with your girl the fourties of beer  
Where you at rock where you at  
Over there with the bad attitude cause I just don't care  
Where you at rock where you at  
Where you at rock where you at

1 2 and it don't stop  
3 4 and it don't quit  
1 2 and it don't stop

From the depths of hell to God's right hand side  
I'm what's left of the get paid, self made pride  
I'll step in stride I'm raw as cow hide  
My first LP is still sellin' that ain't no Jive  
Am I the chosen one  
Some people ain't getttin' where I'm comin' from  
Or where I'm goin' to stand back  
Kid Rock's in the house that's where I'm at

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Where you at rock where you at  
Rock the house Yo

And I'll be the long haired wizard with the lazy eye  
Ask the ladies and they'll tell ya that im crazy fly

I'm steppin' to the mic like a soldier bro  
I hate to sound like a dick but I told ya so hoe  
Old Crow and a soul full of desperation  
I'm rockin' up on the mic with no consideration  
For you're church or you're family  
Ayn Rand couldn't stand me so she banned me  
I'm like a dandy lion Jack  
You can cut me down and then I'll pop right back  
And attack from the back like a great white  
I'm not down with the scrappin' but I'm down for the gun fight  
Behind my back talkin' shit  
But when I front your ass you wanna act like a little bitch  
Keep on and you get your ass macked  
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