

Ya Keep On

Kid Rock

Pass that dang coat boy I'm back
My name aint Jack Tripper, but i'm a day tripper
So watch me whip another funky rhyme
East side swingin with the Boones wine
Gettin mine, just like i'm supposed to
And if you fuck with the Rock, i'll roast you
A little toast to the real emcee's
Aint no love for the wanna be's
So, hey ho don't call me Joe
Cause the Joe's i know, cant even flow
I can battle rap, and all that other crap
So if ya don't want none, better step to the back
I'm from the motherfuckin ole school
Basement party's and the Klem fool
Talkin that trash, i wish you would
Come step to Rock, it's all good

Ya keep on, ya keep on
Ya keep on, ya keep on

Now it's the Marlboro smokin, fine hoe pokin
Kind bud, be the bud's i'm tokin
Hittin you straight with the fresh shit
Wid western funk, and i'm the best biatch
The K to the I to the chrome D's
I'm the Grand Marquees sippin O-E
Pimpin Rock, it's my name, my game
Servin you hoe's like it aint no thing
Like a kid when i rap, rock when i'm singin
I don't care who comes, but what the fuck you bringin
Shit, one time, one rhyme
Cause i'm that motherfuckin ill one, with a steel dick
Hittin you hoe's with the real shit

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Now if you don't know hoe, i'm the man in the dark
I got more ripps than Stanly Clark
Or George Clint, shoot, i'm the kid with the funky loot
So if ya want some, get some
If ya need some, here's some
If ya don't just step to the rear son
I'm commin with the quickness
If you dis this biatch, you'll wind up on my hit list
I'll put a bounty on your head
Macomb County bitch, aint a good place to wind up dead
Cause i'm a real relevent, elevent, type menace
But it aint Rocky Dennis
Watch me bang this rhyme in half
I'm like Moses, with the mic. as my staph
Layin down them 10 comandments
Tho shall not dis the Rock God damnit

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