

Early Mornin' Stoned Pimp

Kid Rock

This is the true story about Mackin
Check it, times are changin'
Talk about it, more so each year
But the early mornin', stoned pimp is here, yeah
So let it rain, and let the guitar rock
And if ya hear me yawn, just drop that top
Come on, girl, hey, hey, hey
Well, well, well, well, hey, hey, hey
Well well well well, well, come on, girl, yeah
And I be catchin' them northern pike, like on a ten pound test
Possess, never fess, take a guess, I be the early mornin'
Stoned pimp, straight limp'in', Boone's farm drinkin'
At the party big booty pinchin', chillin', like a villain, balloon fillin'
Whack MC killin', the fine hoe drillin' with
the million dollar talent
And the ten cent brain, been gone too long, too much cocaine
But now that I'm back, on the block, I'm ready to rock
Left to right, all night, my game's tight, I wish you might
Take a bite, out of this here toxic, melodic, neurotic
product
Fresh from the harvest, who'll be the largest, hardest, smartest
Label in town, top dog get down, uhh, radio won't play me
But still I got the kids around the world goin' Kid Rock crazyin'
Wicked witches be flyin' on broomsticks, Kid
Rock be comin'
With the boom, boom, boom biatch, I from the sticks biatch
Straight from the RO, Kid Rock I ain't s no bitch
Ahh, yes you are hoe, so quit frontin' like y'all don't know
When I step straight into the party with my homeboy
Tino
What's up? so get a good look bro, get a good gander
I'm made in Detroit, but my name ain't Stanzler
Spreadin' like a cancer, a virus, while you're lookin' really gay
Like fuckin' Billy Ray Cyrus, I'm the highest
MC of all time
Got my mind on the D and the D on my mind
And the line gets drawn when my eyes can't see
Hit me twice with the tussin' and the morphine
IVI be, what they call an OG bitch
I'm the motherfuckin' early mornin' stoned pimp
Say what? One time for you
Now throw your hands in the air and let's rock y'all
Just throw your hands up high, hip hop y'all
Just throw your hands in the air and let's rock y'all
Because a Detroit party don't stop y'all
Just throw your hands up high, let's rock y'all
Just throw your hands side to side, hip hop y'all
Just throw your hands up high, let's rock y'all
Because a Kid Rock party don't stop y'all
Now I'm the self made mack on a mountain on Mars

Got the money green, cut it with the high roll gloss
A Lincoln Continental and a grand Marquis
Rag top, drop down, rollin' on chrome D's biatchThe purple furs and the gold trim glasses
I only bust the fat asses, and I don't be givin' a fuck
Who da hell can rap better than me, 'cause I'm a true
Fuckin' player and I mack like a real G H I J K L M N O PIs for pimpin', early mornin' stoned pimpin'
I been down, been around
From the bottom to the top
Partyin' down with the slimmies in the cities that I rockSo ahh, ooh baby, baby, baby let me love ya
Or if you wanna get your freak on, I'll just fuck ya
With the ooh, ahh, ooh, ooh, ooh ahh, biatch, shit
I'm the early mornin' stoned pimpHey, hey, hey come on yo
Now throw your hands in the air and let's rock y'all
Just throw your hands up high, hip hop y'all
Just throw your hands in the air and let's rock y'all
Because a Detroit party don't stop y'allJust throw your hands up high, let's rock y'all
Just throw your hands side to side, hip hop y'all
Just throw your hands in the air, let's rock y'all
Because a Kid Rock party don't stop y'allI'm Joe C bitch, let me get them damn tits
I might be a little small hoe but I ain't no goddamn midget
So stick it up your ass where the sun don't shine
I'm vertically challenged, you're vertically blindI'm three foot nine, it's ten foot long
I'm gonna smack that ass after I pack this bong
I can flow on like all night long
Till the break of dawn, till the early mornI'm a thorn in your side, can you feel me stickin'
Eighty pills a day bitch, I ain't bullshittin'
So groove baby, groove baby call your momma
I'm like Charlie hooker girlI got the boogie drama
With the boogie drama, what?
With the boogie drama, yeah
With the boogie drama, ohh, yeahRidin' around the neighborhood
Me and Kid Rock were up to no good
With the boogie drama, yeah
With your leather miniskirt and we got some winePlayin' the radio, ya look so fine
With the boogie drama, yeah
Well, well, well ohh, baby
Let's get funky, that's my jobPunchin nine to five, seven times, times twenty four, times twelve
Day in and day out
Well, with the boogie drama
With the boogie drama

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