# Forever

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Oh, I'm back the fog is lifted
The earth is shifted and raised the gifted
You knew I'd be back so pack your bone
And hit the road jack 'cuz daddy's home
With the funky hot riffs, tick like Al Rocker
Pumpin' out hits, gettin' chips like Oprah
Bitch, I told ya, do not hate
Or question the music I make
I make punk rock and I mix it with the hip hop
I get you higher than a tree top
You wanna roll with the Kid Rock
I make southern rock and I mix it with the hip hop
I got money like Fort Knox
I'll forever be the Kid Rock
Forever
The junkies are still cigar puffin'
Still the same 'cuz I ain't changed nothin'
Huffin' and puffin' I got you rookie
All in check doin' the redneck boogie
The king is back to retract the whack
Repacked my sack with a double back pack
Forget all that I'm still singing
And like kids on monkey bars I'm still swingin'
Thought I got dusty, thought I'd get rusty
Thought I'd get rich and quit oh, he must be fat and ugly
Broke black and blue
But I'm trim fit rich and I'm back for round two
Red white and the Pabst blue ribbon
Dead right that's how I'm livin'
Givin' you more than the frauds and fakes
They can't make the kind of music I make
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The black hat is back in original form

The legible, credible, inevitable storm
Way past the norm still misbehavin'
Finger in the air and the flag still wavin'
Young crones don't test the boss
'Cuz I got this sewn like Betsy Ross
You can floss and front, you can taunt and tease
But you can't fuck with rhymes like these
Thumpin' like a drum kit with riffs that split picks
Pumpin' for the kids who twist spliffs and sip fifths
I got the gift I'm about to unwrap it
8 ball side pocket, 8 ball in my jacket
Pussy and blow you now how I live
Can't say that kid, fuck off I just did
Watch me twirl like Earl the Pearl
Or just keep on Kid Rocking in the free world
I make punk rock and I mix it with the hip hop
I get you higher than a tree top
You wanna roll with the Kid Rock
I make southern rock and I mix it with the hip hop
I got money like Fort Knox
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