

New York's Not My Home

Kid Rock

Burnin'

Oh no, oh no, here we go now

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Oh noWent to New York to cut my first LP

Ridin' down Broadway in a taxi

Hang a right at 25th

Just a little too swift, Jo

Let me out, I'm gonna walk from here on

Here's four bucks, you drive like a moron

Lost in the apple and I'm all alone'Cause New York's not my homeIf the, in the village just illin with a forty in
a brown bag

I'm seein' freaks and also fags

I see a set of nice legs within my site

But it's a fuckin' transvestite

Walkin' in the daylight

Now I'm trippin' and I'm like blown

But I take another sip and say to each his own

He'd get distant Detroit but I'll leave him alone'Cause New York's not my homeNow, but now if your sounds
are knockin' to the cool Kid Rockin'

Has got your girl jockin'

Take a chill pill young man, close your flap

'Cause like the Piston Joe, I'm goin' back to back

With a track, uh, that's just too clean

I got my pistol packed and a fifth of Jim Beam

Only nineteen and my name ain't Wilbur

But I pull more hoes then Long Jon SilverI don't dress up or try to look pretty

Instead I rock the house in every major city

From the tip of Maine to the coast of Cali

I get down and I yodel in the valley

Can't say I'm from the Bronx or Brookland zones'Cause New York's not my homeAfter Eighth Ave in the
forty deuce, it's like a freak show

A lot of hookers try to pop that weak

So I walk with a limp when I pimp through

Or co-mack those hoes if I'm illin with the Beast Crew

It's pickin' up, ill check this fact

These mother fuckers pay over two fifty for a big mac

Congested, overcrowded, cya, I'm gone'Cause New York's not my home

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