

# Fist of Rage

## Kid Rock

Gotta make this money and I make this money  
This money is me, this money is everything I do and see  
Who are you to judge me?  
Just let me be and let me breathe I see this whole world headin' for damn nation and I'm ready to leave  
I can't believe, this whole world twisted me  
You fuckin' biggots, you fakes, you wannabes  
I see the future and it's lookin' grim  
A lake of fire lookin' looking like a long swim I'm a fist of rage, one foot in the grave  
I'm a fist of rage, far from saved  
I'm a fist of rage, in a broken state  
I'm a razor blade slittin' through a wrist of hate I'm a fist of rage  
I'm a fist of rage  
I'm a fist of rage  
Now crack another bottle and let me knock one back Slim Jim's and a Tin Man grins, deadhead's with dreads  
And now the Feds growin' shark fins  
My girl's knocked up we're in love  
But she's young and yo, I think I'm gonna get locked up I couldn't cut the mustard with a Ginsue  
And I'm twisted brown from all of the bullshit that I've been through  
I'm lookin' for love, but it's got too many damn faces  
I can't win even with these four aces My place is here in the mix with tricks  
And the sickos, I spend G's but only make nickels  
My soul tickles, but this ain't even fun and games  
My heart bleeds from the pleasure of the pain My fuse is short and it's lit  
Like me, I should have fought' sketchy, it's gettin' hard to see  
My heart bleeds, believe in every dying breath  
These people they take and they take until there's nothing left I'm a fist of rage  
I'm a fist of rage  
I'm a fist of rage  
I'm a fist of rage, one foot in the grave I'm a fist of rage, far from saved  
I'm a fist of rage in a broken state  
I'm a razor blade slittin' through a wrist of hate  
Come on You're feeling old with me, you're up a creek and you don't know it  
Finger on the trigger but your punk ass is scared to pull it  
And I know it's 'cause the fear you hide your eyes showin' it  
Payback on your ass 'cause you're overdue and I know I owe it And when you're going down, bet I'll be  
blowing up  
With the sound of a shotgun cocked and realized you're fucked  
I hope you see my middle finger from the stage  
Feel me coming, feel me coming, feel me coming I'm a fist of rage, one foot in the grave

I'm a fist of rage, far from saved  
I'm a fist of rage, in a broken state  
I'm a razor blade slittin' through a wrist of hate I'm a fist of rage  
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