

# Killin' Brain Cells

## Kid Rock

Kid rock that's right you know I'm back ho  
From the dead where I had to lay low  
Seems strange but I ain't changed nothing  
Pot smokin' beer drinkin' motherfucker that's me In the flesh and I guess I'm the best  
In the motherfuckin' midwest 'cause there's no contest  
For the pimp, I'm the pimp of the nation  
So fuck college and a good education All we need to learn is how to hold hands  
Then we could live in peace in my homeland  
God damn the way my pain swells  
I spend all my time killin' brain cells The light shed on me was a dim gleam  
So I live life in a bottle of Jim Beam  
Droppin' dots or sniffin' that blow black,  
I go to sleep at night watchin' Kojak Fuck hoes 'cause I'm no big fag  
Roll with Zig Zags like to read skin mags  
When I shoot I never miss  
And if I played the bass I'd probably pluck it like this... People want to know what I'm thinkin' but I don't care  
So I keep my thoughts in a bottle of Cuervo  
Just a wild young buck  
Got banned from the shelter but I really don't give a fuck 'cause I still be clownin' suckers be frownin'  
Forties of Busch I be poundin'  
I ain't dead in the head like Manson  
I'm more laid back than motherfuckin' Ted Danson Hanson brother style when I'm rumblin'  
Couple of shots of Don Q and I be stumblin'  
Fumblin' footballs hangin' in the pool halls  
Out late night with my crew stealin' you-hauls I'm not into havin' clean fun  
I step into the party strapped with a machine gun  
But I'm no gangster like Gotti  
"I'm just an M.C. to put the boogie in the party" Back in black plus a new track  
And I won't quit till your ears blow from feedback  
When I shoot I never miss  
And if I played the guitar I'd probably strum it like this... So give it up bitch 'cause I'm the kid rock  
And today I know you don't want to get shot  
You look gay you're too cliché  
So fuck all y'all hoes and yo Chuck pass the jay Sellin' me out like bitches to make a quick buck  
But motherfuckers like y'all just have no luck  
Your little plan was a flop  
Tryin' to get em on by sellin' out the Kid Rock A part of me was with you but yo he died,  
And I'm glad you stepped off 'cause I ain't givin' no free rides  
You little bald headed peon

And fuck it motherfucker if you want it lets get the beef on'cause I'm sure I'm sure ya  
Are gonna try to come back around but I'll ignore ya  
It only takes one shot to floor ya  
'cause I'm Kid Rock bitch and I'm real mutha for ya Better jet so 'cause I won't let no hoes from the metro  
Take mine "what up doe"  
Come look son I'm number one...  
"'cause I worked like a bitch to get the job done" In the twilight zone with Rod Serling  
I ain't goin' bald so fuck Sy Sperling  
When I shoot I never miss  
And if I played the harmonica I'd probably blow it like this...

Songwriters

RITCHIE Published by

Lyrics Â© Royalty Network Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>