

Devil Without a Cause

Kid Rock

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

You knew that I was coming 'cause you heard my name
But you don't know my game and never felt my pain
Can't read my brain but you read my lips
And got scared when you heard that I was coming with hits
Now don't even trip, be a man instead
Give thanks I'm alive when I should be dead
Uh, I'm in the red cause my mind's distortin'
People claimin' that they know me, but they only know a portion
I'ma move mountains and touch the sun
Don't get scared now, you knew this day would come
So hold your bids, all bets are closed
And fuck all you hoes 'Cause it's been a long time comin' but I finally broke
Like an egg yolk, I ain't no joke
Like some uncut dope motherfucker, Kid Rock's to blame
Same game, same name, ain't a damn thing changed
No sell-out, I ain't no ho, fuck the radio, comin' from the R-O-M-E-O
Watch me throw like a fist of rage
Self-made and paid and sold off twelve gauges
Up that ass for the nine-eight, nine-eight
Never fake, shake, straight from the Great Lakes
Seven years on wax comin' correct
Flat-out, you diss me punk, that's when I pull the strap out
And I get to buck-buck-bucking, I'm fuck-fuck-fucking your hoes
Cause they know who's runnin' this shit, Top-Dog I'm the CEO
Role model, your mother-fucking H-E-R-O
My motto, "be cool, keep pimpin'"
Don't sleep, we roll deep in a Lincoln
Four Vogues on a hundred spokes
We bust Biltmore Beavers in Top Dog coats
We float like butterflies, sting like queen bees
Strapped with AKs straight from the Chinese
What the fuck's goin' on in the D

Bunch of white boys pimpin' like the K-I-D
And it's all good, I got love for my honkeys
We roll thick, kick ass like donkeys
Anybody fucks with you and I'm gonna mack 'em Devil without a cause, I'm going platinum
I'm going platinum, I'm going platinum
I'm going platinum, devil without a cause, I'm going platinum Yeah, we come to party, so get down everybody
(come on)
Yeah, we come to party I went from St. Claire shores and drink specials at Winners
To New York City and seven hundred-dollar dinners
From hangin' with sinners and secondhand cheap sex
To gettin' much respect from top record execs
The cool Kid's claimin' up to call you out
So shut up now or put my balls in your mouth
Bet that ass, hoss, I ain't forgot
When I was tossed in the dime bin and left to rot
Used to call me funny when my nose was fucking runny
Now my fuckin' bunnies gettin' fuckin' Matchbox 20 money
Motherfuckers want to claim they're down
But when I was broke and down I never seen 'em around
All the shit we talked, all the shit we dreamed
I did it without you, I got a brand new team
No triple beams, it seems like a movie
Bought two cribs, drop-top, and jacuzzi
No more floozies, only high-class hoes
A couple when it rains and a few when it snows
A brand new nose to go along with my habit
And a garden hose made out of twenty-four karat
Bought a couple parots that like to squak
And they sound like you and all the shit you talk
Step inside my shoes, you couldn't fill em' doc
You're too old to kid, too soft to rock
I already did what most love to shout
Seven years on wax and I still ain't sold out
And there ain't no doubt in my mind
That I'm gonna stomp all over your test of time I'm going platinum, I'm going platinum
Oh, I'm going platinum, we're going platinum
Devil without a cause, I'm going platinum
Devil, devil, devil, devil Straight out of the streets of Taylor
Three-foot high, ready to get fly
Joe C I'm the J-O-E to the C, ho
Call me Joe C, got more game than Coleco
I'm a freak, ho, call me sick
Three-foot-nine with a ten-foot dick
The ladies' pick, I'm a crazy hick
And rake through kind like a bum through wine

It's my time so I'm gonna shine like glass
Old as piss, but small as ass
Watch me cash, smoke some hash
You're raking grass while I'm raking cash
High-ass voice, like Aaron Neville
And I'm down with The Devil
Say we like to party, rock the party
(We like to party, rock the party)
We like to party, rock the party
(We like to party, rock the party)
You like to party, rock the party
(We like to party, rock the party)
You like to party, rock the party
Devil without a cause, I'm going platinum

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>