

Bawitdaba

Kid Rock & The Twisted Brown Trucker Band

Bawitdaba da bang a dang diggy diggy
?Diggy?, said the boogy, said, up jump the boogy
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My name is Kid, Kid Rock
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An' this is for the questions that don't have any answers
The midnight glancers an' the topless dancers
The candid freaks, cars packed with speakers
The G's with the forties an' the chicks with beepers
The Northern Lights an' the Southern Comfort
An' it don't even matter if the veins are punctured
All the crackheads, the critics, the cynics
An' all my heroes in the Methadone Clinic
All you bastards at the I.R.S.
For the crooked cops an' the cluttered desks
For the shots of Jack an' the caps of Meth
Half pints of love an' the fifths of stress
For the hookers all trickin' out in Hollywood
An' for my hoods of the world misunderstood
I said, it's all good an' it's all in fun
Now get in the pit an' try to love someone

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For the time bombs tickin' an' the heads that hang
All the gangs gettin' money an' the heads that bang bang
Wild mustangs, the porno flicks
All my homies in the county, in cell block six
The grits when there ain't enough eggs to cook
An' for DB Cooper an' money he took
You can look for answers but that ain't fun
Now get in the pit an' try to love someone
What?
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Love and for the hate
An' for the peace, war
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