

New York's Not My Home

Kid Rock

Burnin'
Oh no, oh no, here we go now
Oh no, oh no, here we go now
Oh no, oh no, here we go now
Oh no
Went 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 home
If 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 home
Now, 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 than Long Jon Silver
I 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 home
After 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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