

Black Chick, White Guy

Kid Rock

Black chick white guy, does it mean shit, maybe?
I don't know but yo, it never fazed me
But either way here's one tale
Of two like that and what prevailed
It started way back in the eighth grade
In the small old town where the two both stayed
He came from a family of middle class
Where everything he did he always had to ask
She came from a place that was so alone
You know the same old tale of a broken home
Her momma was an alkie and more like a friend
Had three different kids from three different men
And that's just the way shit was
Couldn't change it, couldn't rearrange it, so there it was
Anyway the two kept on
With the phone calls notes and so on and so on
And after the bullshit and whattn'
That day came the two started fuckin'
All the time, you know kids' habits
Every single day fuckin' like rabbits
Sneakin' out the car when he was fifteen
Climbin' in the window and fuckin' all night, see
Fuckin' during lunch in the junior high bathrooms
Drinking champagne and trippin' on mushrooms
His dick was metal her pussy was a magnet
Ninth grade came, I'm pregnant
Shit got frantic and man, oh, Lord
It was a tuff decision, but they decided to abort it
It might have been right it might have been wrong
But one thing's for sure it really fucked his head up
Where is it, who is it, how is it, was it right?
These are the things he thought in bed at night
A lot of people might laugh at this
But fuck, 'em they don't know the half of it
Ain't no sunshine when you're low, I'm low
People tell me life's a game I'm not playin'
Bitches don't mean shit to me anymore
I have taken my blows, I'm still standin'
Now as time went on the the two kept on
They kept seeing each other off and on
See she moved to the city and you know what happened

Black chick with a real white accent
Pretty girl in the ghetto, go figure
Yeah, she got macked by some dope-dealin' nigga
Still seein' that other kid on the side
She kept most of her thoughts inside
See all the first guy did was just love her
While that punk mother fucker used to beat her and punch her
She was livin' all wild
I think all she ever wanted was the love of her own child
She asked the first guy to have his baby
He looked at her like she must be crazy
He was makin' records and goin' on tour
Twenty thousand people hip hoppin on the floor
And all that while she sat at home and got macked
If she stepped out of line, she got slapped
And then one day she prayed to the Lord to take that guy away
And he did he got caught with a loaded gun
And went to jail but first she had his son
Oooh, and now what to do?
She had no man, no money and no clue
Now the other guy came back from tourin'
And she called him up early one mornin'
They hooked up her mind was blown
As he began to raise her son as his own
And that's a lot of shit to deal with, man
And if you ain't been there you wouldn't understand
And people still laugh at this shit
Fuck 'em, they don't know the half of it
Ain't no sunshine when you're low, I'm low
People tell me life's a game I'm not playin'
Bitches don't mean shit to me anymore
I have taken my blows, I'm still standin'
Now for the next year there was some good times
A few bad times mostly good times
See, he was a ramblin' man to the bone
He liked women and wine and he loved to roam
Not like she was any kind of saint
See in this story there's a lot of red paint
But time kept slippin' and made her crazy
And she talked about havin' another baby
The guy was like, "oh Lord"
We got one now that we can't afford
But she convinced she could handle even two
Said "I want your child or I'm leavin you"
I can't figure out why then he didn't run
I guess he was attached to her and her son
All confused about what to do

That girl met another guy and was fuckin' him too, slut
Could barely pay her rent
And then the same old shit, I'm pregrant
And if that ain't some shit 'cause
The girl didn't even know who the father was
And still by her side the first guy stayed
Head gettin' more fucked by the day
He stuck it out for nine months I don't know why
And then a little girl on the Fourth of July
Was born in the front seat of his car
It was amazing, kinda like a shooting star
He was happy, told his family and friends
Only to realize later his little girl wasn't his
And that crushed him quick
Suicidal thoughts were in his head real thick
But before he found all that out
From the same chick, another kid popped out
And that shit's real ill
Girl told him that she was takin' the fuckin' pill
She must have known all along
The little girl wasn't his and she was tryin' to latch on
Three different kids from three different men
History repeats itself again
And after some more shit got stirred
He kicked that bitch to the curb
And now from her he's got a little boy that makes him laugh a bit, huh
Huh, and he loves him
But still you don't know the fuckin' half of it
Ain't no sunshine when you're low, I'm low
People tell me life's a game I'm not playin'
Bitches don't mean shit to me anymore
I have taken my blows, I'm still standin'
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