

# Forever

## Ar2

Oh, I'm back the fog is lifted  
The earth is shifted and raised the gifted  
You knew I'd be back so pack your bone  
And hit the road jack 'cuz daddy's home  
With the funky hot riffs, tick like Al Rocker  
Pumpin' out hits, gettin' chips like Oprah  
Bitch, I told ya, do not hate  
Or question the music I make  
I make punk rock and I mix it with the hip hop  
I get you higher than a tree top  
You wanna roll with the Kid Rock  
I make southern rock and I mix it with the hip hop  
I got money like Fort Knox  
I'll forever be the Kid Rock  
Forever  
The junkies are still cigar puffin'  
Still the same 'cuz I ain't changed nothin'  
Huffin' and puffin' I got you rookie  
All in check doin' the redneck boogie  
The king is back to retract the whack  
Repacked my sack with a double back pack  
Forget all that I'm still singing  
And like kids on monkey bars I'm still swingin'  
Thought I got dusty, thought I'd get rusty  
Thought I'd get rich and quit oh, he must be fat and ugly  
Broke black and blue  
But I'm trim fit rich and I'm back for round two  
Red white and the Pabst blue ribbon  
Dead right that's how I'm livin'  
Givin' you more than the frauds and fakes  
They can't make the kind of music I make  
I make punk rock and I mix it with the hip hop  
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The black hat is back in original form

The legible, credible, inevitable storm

Way past the norm still misbehavin'

Finger in the air and the flag still wavin'

Young crones don't test the boss

'Cuz I got this sewn like Betsy Ross

You can floss and front, you can taunt and tease

But you can't fuck with rhymes like these

Thumpin' like a drum kit with riffs that split picks

Pumpin' for the kids who twist spliffs and sip fifths

I got the gift I'm about to unwrap it

8 ball side pocket, 8 ball in my jacket

Pussy and blow you now how I live

Can't say that kid, fuck off I just did

Watch me twirl like Earl the Pearl

Or just keep on Kid Rocking in the free world

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