

# 3 Sheets to the Wind (What's My Name)

## Kid Rock

What's my name?  
Kid Rock, Rock  
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Kid Rock, Rock  
Kid Rock, RockWhat's my name?  
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Kid Rock, Rock  
Kid Rock, RockWhat's my name?  
Kid Rock, Rock  
Kid Rock, Rock  
Kid Rock, Rock  
Kid Rock, RockI'm here an' it's clear, I'm gonna flow, so, yo, black  
Just get on up or you get the bozak  
'Coz it ain't Kojak or Dr. Zeus  
It's the Kid, motherfucker an' I'm gonna get loose'Coz I got the juice to spruce an' get nice  
An' so enticin', strong like a bison  
Ruff like Brandy an' no one knows  
That I got more riffs than Randy RhoadsSmash, slash an' when I trash, I bash  
I get ill, I chill but you don't know the half  
I trip, I rip an' though I think I'm slick  
I'm nothin' but a funky country hickBut I still get down with a sound that pumps  
An' you can hear me from the trucks an' the trunks that bump  
Never been questioned by the F.B.I  
Although I've tried every method just to get highL.S.D. is what I'm trippin' on  
An' O.E., bitch, is what I'm sippin' on  
A big fat booty's what I'm grippin' on  
But for now I'm gonna rock an' keep rippin' onDown to the motherfuckin' A.M.  
As I co bump an' jump an' keep the crowd in mayhem  
No brain, no pain  
Now c'mon y'all an' tell me what's my nameKid Rock, Rock  
Kid Rock, Rock  
Kid Rock, Rock  
Kid Rock, RockKid Rock, Rock  
Kid Rock, Rock  
Kid Rock, Rock  
Kid Rock, Rock3 sheets 2 the wind is the state I'm in  
Half off the wagon with my feet draggin'  
Taggin' hoes, gettin' lots of trim

Gettin' jocks an' props for all the spots I rock I'm true' I'm blue like Captain Kangaroo  
An' for the few who knew, yo, I'ma bang for you  
Because the Kid Rock ain't no bitch, yo  
An' I ain't no radio, wanna get rich, ho So count my props, you can't get with me  
An' fuck all you cops, you ain't shit to me  
But hoes with guns, playin' hard for fun  
So stay off my dick because I ain't the one An' for anyone tryin' to bust me up  
You better chill with that tryin' to fuck me up  
An' if you're talkin' shit, I'm gonna shut ya up  
An' all ya whack DJ's, I'm gonna cut ya up 'Coz I don't give a fuck about no one  
An' when I wax, I tax an' that's just how it goes, son  
Yo, I ain't no sucker  
'Coz I'm the Kid Rock, motherfucker Straight from Motown an' I won't slow down  
I cease an' the cheese MCs, I mow down  
An' I show no shame 'coz I'm down for mine  
Now tell me, what's my name Kid Rock, Rock  
Kid Rock, Rock  
Kid Rock, Rock  
Kid Rock, Rock Kid Rock, Rock  
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Songwriters

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