Paid

Lydia Loveless

And while you're out gang bangin'
Tryin' to catch a murder case
Your hoes on my couch
Gettin' fucked in the face
Bumpin' to the bass of
Some old school rap jam, say what?
This ain't tennis
But yo I'll use my backhand
On any grown man that tries to check rock
I wanna head bang, I gotta hip hop
'Cause I'm gonna stick with what got me paid
Lickin' that coochie with the high top fade
I'm self made like Henry Ford
I'm on this mic but it feels like I been here before
I want more than the next man
Respect, plus the cash big checks
And mack on hoes like Rudy Ray
'Cause the reach around just sounds so gay
I don't even swing that way
I told you hoes before I'm the K
I to the D R O C K'n, rhymes sayin', guitar playin'
Turntable spinnin' at a basement jam
No fame, no money
But you wouldn't understand
What it's like to be so real
You got the beats and the rhymes
But you ain't got no feel
I don't need the fancy music to make mine
Just the beat and the funky ass bass line
Drop a couple cuts on the track
A tracks to the mother fuckin' wax
So while you're makin' record that don't recoup
I'm in the house gettin' paid like Snoop
Kid Rock an' I got all the hoes sayin'
Fuck me baby, Kid Rock, come fuck me baby
Fuck me baby, fuck me baby, all night long
Fuck me baby, Kid Rock, come fuck me baby
Fuck me baby, fuck me till the break of dawn
All night long

I want my khakis washed, starched and creased
I want an order of fries with a side of grease
I wish for peace throughout this land
I want the whole fuckin' world in my hands
I want a band like the US Funk Mob
See, I can rap I don't hafta lay sod

Just to make ends meet
October thirty-first yellin' trick or treat
Boy aren't you a little old to be trickin'?
You see my mask and bag bitch, I ain't bullshittin'
Hittin' homeruns like Rusty Staub
I'm kinda anal 'cause I ain't no fuckin' slob
I'm the cradle that's able to rock any format
But still I'm labeled and treated like a doormat
Where's the whores at?
Westside hoes like cars
So I ride 'em for a test drive
I'm like a pringle, I wont go soft
I got a new jingle, I'm about to go off
Hey hoe, check it out
I really like to turn you out
And if you be good to me
I'll yoodle in your valley
Kid Rock ain't nothin' nice
Got the salt pork boomin' with the beans and rice
Got a head full of lice 'cause I'm such a scum
Got a pocket full of money but I'm dressed like a bum
Got a business mind
So if I lose the funk
I'll still be in the house
Gettin' paid like trump
Kid Rock and I got all the hoes sayin'
Fuck me baby, Kid Rock, come fuck me baby
Fuck me baby, fuck me baby, all night long
Fuck me baby, Kid Rock, come fuck me baby
Fuck me baby, fuck me till the break of dawn
Come on, come on
Come on, come on, baby, all night long
Fuck me baby, let it ride, let it ride
Fuck me baby
Come on, come on, come on
Somebody
Fuck me baby
Love me baby

Come on baby, all night long
Baby, come on, fuck me baby
Come on and do me daddy, all night long
Come on and do me daddy
Come on and do me daddy
Come on and do me daddy, all night long

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