

Trucker Anthem (Feat. Uncle Kracker)

Kid Rock

Oh-e-o ohhhh oh
Oh-e-o ohhhh oh
Oh-e-o ohhhh oh
Oh-e-o ohhhh oh Who's in the house?
Truckerrrrr
Who's in the house?
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Who's in the house?
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Who's in the house?
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Who's in the house?
Truckerrrrr
Who's in the house? Oh-e-o ohhhh oh
Oh-e-o ohhhh oh
Oh-e-o ohhhh oh
Oh-e-o ohhhh oh Singin, hey now people here we come
Here we come motherfuckers
Here we, kinny come come
You know what we do and where we're from
Detroit baby
You got 15 seconds to get this seat now
We're gonna start this show and blow your mind now
Yeahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh(Who's your uncle?)
Uncle krackerrrrr
I'm double wide on the side, in the back of the bus
I'm your uncle kracker sittin' platinum plus
Double platinum (what?) tripple platinum (fuck) You'd be a calm motherfucker if you add that up.
Can you back that up?
Yeah, but what for?
I got a big brick house with 2 gold doors. Was born in that, you need to shut my mouth
I'm the same motherfucker you been hearin' about
Kracker went pop?
Naw, I did the pop bash Floatin' through the air waves, pickin' up cash
I dropped bottom d, people thought I went soft, shit
I'm still very difficult to fuck with Straight outta the sticks of romeo michigan
The early morning stoned motherfucking pimp of the god damn nationnnnnnn
Ye haw motherfuckers lets rock
With the kid, that's all, ya dig, ya don't stop Got rifs to rock, brought boones to slam

Now who's the man? kid rock god damn
Back on the scene like a fiend for beats
Ain't slept in weeks
Got too many freaks Seen too many geeks
Try to rock the rap, so I'm back with heat
To unseat the wack
I'm a unpack, and set up shop I'm a step back and watch you rock
I'm a rock track, so stop the pop
Then I'm a master blastin through the aftershock
I got, dug ditches to burry you bitches Who roll the flow and want to stop the show
So I'm a roll and flow another encore seven
From north of detroit, way south of heaven
Heaven, heaven, heaven Yeahhhh
Turn it up, turn it up turn it up
Ughh come onnnnn
Kid rock motherfucker with the tbt Rollin' through your city like the general lee
You want to fuck with me? don't test the odds
'Cause your arms are too short to box with god
But if ya, send me your address, I'll swing by Call up your friends, I'll get your whole fuckin' crew high
Say bye, bye, bye to the wack
And let it be known kid rock is back
Yeah rollin' with the tbt Were gonna rock the house for my man joe c.
Yeahh, we want to start this show, come on
Come on, yeah

Songwriters

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Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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