Forever

Kym Marsh

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 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 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
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

Punk rock

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