

Early Mornin' Stoned Pimp (feat. Joe C. And Tino)

Kid Rock

This is the true story about mackin
Check it
Times are changin'
Talk about it More so each year,
But the Early Mornin'
Stoned Pimp is here
So let it rain, and let the guitar rock And if ya here me yawn
Just drop that top
Come on
Hey hey hey Well well well well
Hey hey hey
Well well well well And I be catchin' them northern pike
Like on a ten pound test
Success, never fess, take a guess
I be the early mornin' stoned pimp Straight limpi,
Boone's Farm drinkin'
At the party big booty pinchin'
Chillin, like a villain, balloon fillin Whack MC killin, the fine ho drillin
With the million dollar talent
And the ten cent brain,
Been gone too long, too much cocaine, But now that I'm back, on the block
I'm ready to rock
Left to right, all night
My game's tight, I wish you might Take a bite
Out of this here toxic, melodic, neurotic product
Fresh from the harvest
Who'll be the largest, hardest smartest label in town Top Dog get down
Radio won't play me, but still I got the kids around
The world goin' Kid Rock crazy
Wicked witches be flyin' on broomsticks Kid Rock be comin' with the boom boom boom biatch
I from the sticks biatch
Straight from the RO
"Kid Rock I ain't no bitch" Ah, yes you are ho
So quit frontin' like ya don't know,
When I step straight into the party with my homeboy Tino
"What's up?" So get a good look bro
Get a good gander
I'm made in Detroit
But my name ain't Stanzler Spreadin' like a cancer, a virus

While you're lookin' really gay like fuckin' Billy Ray Cyrus
I'm the highest MC of all time
Got my mind on the D And the D on my mind
And the line gets drawn when my eyes can't see
Hit me twice with the Tussin and the morphine IV
I be, what they call an O-G bitch
I'm the motherfuckin' Early Mornin' Stoned Pimp Now throw your hands in the air and let's rock y'all
Just throw your hands up high, hip hop y'all
Just throw your hands in the air and let's rock y'all
Because the Detroit party don't stop y'all Just throw your hands up high, let's rock y'all
Just throw your hands side to side, hip hop y'all
Just throw your hands up high, let's rock y'all
Because the Kid Rock party don't stop y'all Now I'm the self made mack on a mountain on Mars
Got the money green cut it with the high roll clause
A Lincoln Continental and a Grand Marquis
Rag top, drop down, rollin' on chrome D's biatch The purple furs and the gold trim glasses
I only bust the fat asses
And I don't be givin a fuck who da hell can rap better than me
'Cause I'm a true fuckin' player and I mack like a real GH-I-J-K, L-M-N-O-P is for pimpin
Early mornin' stoned pimpin
I been down, been around
From the bottom to the top Partyin' down with the slimmies in the cities that I rock
Ooh baby, baby, baby let me love ya
Or if you want to get your freak on, I'll just fuck ya
With the Ooh, ahh, ooh, ooh, ooh ahhh, biatch, shit I'm the Early Morning Stoned Pimp
Hey hey hey
Come on yo Now throw your hands in the air and let's rock y'all
Just throw your hands up high, hip hop y'all
Just throw your hands in the air and let's rock y'all
Because the Detroit party don't stop y'all Just throw your hands up high, let's rock y'all
Just throw your hands side to side, hip hop y'all
Just throw your hands up high, let's rock y'all
Because the Kid Rock party don't stop y'all I'm Joe see bitch
Let me get them digits
I might be a little small hoe
But I ain't no god damn midget So stick it up your ass where the sun don't shine
I'm verticly challenged, your verticly blind
I'm 3 foot 9, it's 10 foot long
I'm gonna smack that ass after I pack this bong I can flow on like all night long
'Til the break of dawn
'Til the early morn
I'm a thorn in your side Can you feel me stickin
80 pills a day bitch, I ain't bullshittin
So groove baby groove baby call your momma
I'm like Charlie Hooker girl I got the boogie drama

With the boogie drama
With the boogie drama
With the boogie dramaRidin' around the neighborhood
Me and Kid Rock were up to no good
With the boogie drama
With your leather miniskirt and we got some winePlayin' the radio ya look so fine
With the boogie drama
Well, Well, Well, baby
With the boogie dramaLet's get funky, that's my job
Punchin' 9 to 5, 7 times, times 24, times 12
Day in and day out
Let's get funky
Come on everybodyWith the boogie drama
With the boogie drama
With the boogie drama

Songwriters

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