Fuck Off

Quba

A shimmy shimmy cocoa cocoa pu-pu-fuckin' puffs bitch
It's the K-K-Kid Rock with the K-K-Kid Rock shit
I'm on top bitch and rock for tricks
Hella whips and nips and flip trips for whips
I get all the money pussy falls like rain
Been gettin' laid and paid that's why I never complain
If I ain't in it for the money I'm in it for the P
It's 1998 yo and you still can't fuck with me
You don't be fuckin' with the blue eye
Fuckin' with my 2-5 up your fuckin' ass like my shoe size
I got a new vibe, kinda like Voodoo
You do what we say and we'll do what we want to do
We're fuckin' up your city and we're fuckin' up your program
Fuckin' all your bitches we can fuckin' give a goddamn
Twisted Brown gets down with no assistance
We won't quit until we're banned from existence
Persistence pays if that holds true
Then I'm gonna buy this fuckin' planet before the time I'm through
I was praised and raised on the thoughts of no fakin'
So I'm gonna get what I got comin' and the rest I'm takin'
I'm shakin' like Jerry Lee Lewis and shit
You act like the motherfucker's new at this shit
But I've been true to this shit given my heart and soul
Been shinin' like a diamond, gettin' passed as coal
So, fuck off
Shit
With my pants half hangin' off my ass and shit
Bowl filled wit hash, pockets stuffed with cash
I be the mushroom trippin' sippin' shots of Jack
'Cause the kids don't listen gettin' lots of flack
I be the do wa diddy up and down you block and
The 10 karat Kid with my triggers cockin'
The K the I the D R O C
K motherfucker and you still don't know me
So blow me bitch, I don't rock for cancer
I rock for the cash and the topless dancers
Don't have no answers so pass the joint
I'm just paid in full and made in Detroit

And get live with that which gets me high
Strive for perfection this much is true
We do what we say, you say what we do
Kid Rock I couldn't be no Bozo
And I get you what [Incomprehensible]
So Ho to Arizona
I'm an easy rider dreamin' of Wynonna
I roam the country like a Greyhound bus
Put faith in lust and in God I trust
I'm not Peter Pan, I don't fuck with fairies
But I bust more rhymes than virgin cherries
And Harry Carey couldn't call my game
Fucked so many hoes, I'm in the hall of fame
And I show no shame from coast to coast
I don't mean to brag but I like to boast
Fuck off
Yeah, right in your mother fuckin' ass bitch
With that Detroit city shit, ain't shit switched
We're on the same script, nothin' new since 76 Kid Rock
Yo Slim Shady come break these mother fuckers off
Yo, tell the world to hold their breath they're breathing the wrong air
This planet belongs to me and this hippy with long hair
Two white boys who spike punch and light joints
Hang around drugs loud music and like noise
Slim Shady and Brown Trucker another bunch of mother fuckers
Who hate the world just as much as each other
And I ain't leavin' this party tonight
Till I see some naked bitches dancin' around drunk touchin' each other
Rum and Pepsi got your perception of me sketchy
'Cause when I stage dive people are scared to catch me
'Cause all I do is curse and fuck
So when I do 'shrooms you all better give me two rooms
'Cause I'm fuckin' the first one up
So when you see me on your block you better lock your cars
'Cause you know I'm losin' it when I'm rappin' to rock guitars
This is for children who break rules, people that straight fool
And ever single teenager that hates school
Fuck off

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