

Killin Brain Cells

Kid Rock

Kid rock that's right you know I'm back ho
From the dead where I had to lay low
Seems strange but I ain't changed nothing
Pot smokin' beer drinkin' mother fucker that's me
In the flesh and I guess I'm the best
In the muther fuckin midwest 'cause there's no contest
For the pimp in the pimp of the nation
So fuck college and a good education
All we need to learn is how to hold hands
Then we could live in peace in my homeland
God damn the way my pain swells
I spend all my time killin' brain cells
The light shed on me was a dim gleam
So I live life in a bottle of jim beam
Droppin' dots or sniffin' that blow black,
I go to sleep at night watchin' kojak
Fuck hoes 'cause I'm no big fag
Roll with zig zags like to read skin mags
When I shoot I never miss
And if I played the bass I'd probably pluck it like this...
People wanna know what I'm thinkin' but I don't care
So I keep my thoughts in a bottle of cuervo
Just a wild young buck
Got banned from the shelter but I really don't give a fuck
'cause I still be clownin' suckers be frownin'
Forties of busch I be poundin'
I ain't dead in the head like manson
I'm more laid back than muther fuckin' ted danson
Hanson brother style when I'm rumblin'
Couple of shots of don q and I be stumblin'
Fumblin' footballs hangin' in the pool halls
Out late night with my crew stealin' u-hauls

I'm not into havin' clean fun
I step into the party strapped with a machine gun
But I'm no gangster like gotti
"i'm just an m.c. to put the boogie in the party"
Back in black plus a new track
And I won't quit till your ears blow from feedback

When I shoot I never miss
And if I played the guitar I'd probably strum it like this...
So give it up bitch 'cause I'm the kid rock
And today I know you don't wanna get shot
You look gay you're too cliché
So fuck all y'all hoes and yo chuck pass the jay
Sellin' me out like bitches to make a quick buck
But mother fuckers like y'all just have no luck
Your little plan was a flop
Tryin' to get em on by sellin out the kid rock
A part of me was with you but yo he died,
And I'm glad you stepped off 'cause I ain't givin' no free rides
You little bald headed peon
And fuck it mother fucker if you want it lets get the beef on
'cause I'm sure I'm sure ya
Are gonna try to come back around but I'll ignore ya
It only takes one shot to floor ya
'cause I'm kid rock bitch and I'm real mutha for ya
Better jet so 'cause I won't let no hoes from the metro
Take mine "what up doe"
Come look son I'm number one...
"'cause I worked like a bitch to get the job done"
In the twilight zone with rod serling
I ain't goin' bald so fuck sy sperling
When I shoot I never miss
And if I played the harmonica I'd probably blow it like this...

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