Blow Me

Kid Rock

A bottle of jack's got my manager grinnin'
Yeah that's me that keeps the turntables spinnin'
I'm countin cards and I keep on winnin'
I know God hates me 'cause I'm always sinnin'
U don't know me blow me ho you wanna get hot
You'll get your ass blown out fuckin with the kid rock
Eatin up ya suckers just the same way a beast could
Tearin thru your town like muther fuckin clint eastwood
'cause I be fakin the rhymes that keep ya shakin'
Makin a lotta money but don't let me be mistaken
I never thought about climbin up the pop chart
And I don't give a fuck u can't buy my tape in k-mart
Give me a choice between soundin like an ass wipe
Or sittin in an alley smokin crack from a glass pipe
I'd be as skinny as a junkie with the aids plague
But still I'd look better than a puppet tryin to get paid

Now check the rhyme as I climb and I co get rude
And send ya runnin' playin' pussy like shaggy and scoob
'cause I'm the wrong dude to fuck with my mouth is mental
And I'm a tear shit up like they did in south central
Son of a bitch I'm the son of a bitch
Nobody ever loved u so you're the son of a dick
I'm a product of a young girl top in her class
You're a product of a hooker who was sellin that ass
And your styles in the past it's old and dusty
So from now on I'm callin u m.c. crusty
'cause to face me u must be blitzed or blasted
So now I'm gonna drop ya like a hit of acid
And when I rip ya people they might stare
'cause I got more rhymes than donahue's got white hair
An yo buck won't you please be a friend
And tell your mom I wanna fuck and I'll pick her up at 10

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