

Back From The Dead

Kid Rock

Back from the dead second L.P. here we go
Comin' at ya from the R.O.M.E.O.
Pistol packed with a crew'o fly slimmys
Hat turned back in some Airwalk jimmys
Never slackin' hoes I be mackin'
Not wacked I don't try to act black when
I came up I came at ya from the outskirts
Bag of weed in the pocket of my sweatshirt
Bone to the bone, to the bad to the bad to the bone
Hit bound from the Mo town Allen fuck a 40 I drink it by the gallon
I started out in Mount Clemens as a D.J.
Park parties gettin' drunk on Sunday
Tweeked in the heat to a beat I'd rock to the and rip shit up
And now I've toured this nation, pimp of the nation, pullin' hoes
Rock the set in each city then step
Me, Blackman and Funk Daddy Def Stef
Bitches, they think I'm sexist
But all I want baby is your grits for breakfast
Eggs, bacon, home cooked fries
And gimme a plate of that pussy on the side
Triple x on the set showin' no class
Just a foul mouthed little fuckin' smart ass
No fool I went to high school dumb ass
Smoked dope and I flunked every class
Slash and I smash 'cuz I thrash when I bash
Invite me to a party and your house'll get trashed
An outcast sick of being harassed so I dashed
Moved out of the crib 'cuz I hated cuttin' grass
Now I reside on the eastside lovin' it
Cold 40 dog in a brown bag chuggin' it
Flex, sex, run of the next flippin' and trippin' and rippin' and shakin'
The suckers who wanted to
Front an get around to the to get up or get down to the rhyme
I'm shakin' and takin' and breakin' I rip the mic like
Every time fuck I don't eat no manwich
Kickin' back coolin' with a cold grits sandwich
Somebody said, "I'm the best in the Mo town"
But this town ain't shit but a ghost town
Who ever said it they lied, they fessed

Bitch I'm the best in the motherfuckin' midwest
Wanna be heard when I rap so I yell it
Sport a Tigers cap like my man Tom Selleck
One bad bitch I smoke hash from a stick
Got more cash than fuckin' White Boy Rick
My first L.P. wasn't pushed for shit
So jive records yo, go and suck a fat dick
'Cuz I'm rippin' like a chainsaw
Yes, I'm that raw laughin' at ya suckers like Hee Haw
Roll it up, take a hit and then pass it
That's how we do it when we roll down Gratiot
In my Grand Marquis I pimp to the beat
Two in the front and two hoes in the back seat

Lyrics provided by

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