

Ya Keep On

Kid Rock

My name ain't Jack Tripper but I'm a day tripper
So watch me whip another funky rhyme
East side swinging with the Bones wine
Getting mine, just like I'm supposed to And if you fuck with the Rock, I'll roast you
A little toast to the real emcee's
Ain't no love for the wannabes
So hey, ho, don't call me Joe
'Cause the Joe's I know, can't even flow I can battle rap and all that other crap
So if ya don't want none, better step to the back
I'm from the motherfucking ole school
Basement party's and the Klem fool
Talking that trash, I wish you would
Come step to rock, it's all good Ya' keep on, ya' keep on
Ya' keep on, ya' keep on Now it's the Marlboro smoking, fine hoe poking
Kind bud, be the bud's I'm toking
Hitting you straight with the fresh shit
Wid western funk and I'm the best bitch The K to the I to the chrome D's
I'm the Grand Marquee's sipping O E
Pimping Rock, it's my name, my game
Serving you hoe's like it ain't no thing Like a kid when I rap, rock when I'm singing
I don't care who comes but what the fuck you bringing
Shit, one time, one rhyme
'Cause I'm that motherfucking I'll one with a steel dick
Hitting you hoe's with the real shit Ya' keep on, ya' keep on
Ya' keep on, ya' keep on Now if you don't know hoe, I'm the man in the dark
I got more rips than Stanly Clark
Or George Clint, shoot, I'm the kid with the funky loot
So if ya want some, get some if ya need some, here's some
If ya don't just step to the rear, son I'm coming with the quickness
If you dis this bitch, you'll wind up on my hit list
I'll put a bounty on your head
McLough County [unverified] bitch, ain't a good place to wind up dead
'Cause I'm a real relevant, eleventh, type menace But it ain't Rocky Dennis
Watch me bang this rhyme in half
I'm like Moses, with the mic as my staph
Laying down them ten commandments
Tho shall not dis the Rock goddamn it Ya' keep on, ya' keep on
Ya' keep on, ya' keep on
Ya' keep on, ya' keep on

Ya' keep on, ya' keep on

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