

# Abdul Jabar Cut

## Kid Rock

Uh, kick on back to the rap I format  
When it's through what you do is just play it back  
Rewind it, find it  
That's how I designed it  
And fellas if you see a big butt get behind it  
And grind on it  
I mean push and bump  
'Cause it's about time we made this party jump  
Take a drink of your forty  
And let's get naughty  
Get on the floor  
And just move your body to the sound  
I found and also developed  
Let's trip don't sit, come on get the hell up  
Look at the black man, now what'd up  
He's not a skin head that's the Abdul Jabar Cut  
Yeah, yeah  
Streets of Romeo  
Mt. Clemens  
Detroit  
All over  
Now people always me and KDC  
If we take this activity a seriously  
I reply, with a sigh rather uniquely  
And say does Donald Trump have a lotta money  
Yes a stupid question but I won't quote ya  
'Cause I'm the Geraldo, Philmore, Oprah  
I'm the K I D R O C K  
Down with Jive, RCA  
Hey how could you judge me 'cause what I am  
Be blind to my mind and take a look and say fuck him  
Look at the black man, now what up  
He's not a skin head that's the Abdul Jabar Cut  
Okay, yeah  
Like I said  
Top Dog  
One, two to the three  
And we always come back for more  
Kenny wears a low fade

Danny wears no fade  
I wear the high fade  
And we all get paid  
Tryin' to blow my rap down the sink  
But go ahead 'cause my rap's made of brick  
And it sticks, kicks  
Hits and uplifts  
At shows, it flows but never drifts  
It's too swift and moves with quickness  
Top Dog again and you say what is this  
It's the under rated MC on top  
The young six foot one Kid Rock  
Look at the black man, now what's up  
He's not a skin head  
That's the Abdul Jabar Cut  
Okay, yeah  
Get down, come back  
The black man from New Jersey  
KDC, Kid Rock  
It's the crew right here  
Bitch  
Now Patty keep it going with the guitar  
Yeah, all you punk ass bitches  
Ha, ha, ha, ha  
This is Kid Mother fuckin' rock  
The beast crew is in the house  
All you suckers  
This is a mother fuckin' party  
You better ask somebody  
So get your mother fuckin' hands up in the air  
This ain't no joke  
Yo this is the mother fuckin' east side  
Detroit is in this mother fucker  
Uh, ha, ha  
Yo the black man  
From parts unknown  
Can you dig it?  
You bitch  
Yeah, yeah  
For the nineties, hoe

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