Cramp Ya Style

Kid Rock

Everything I do gonna be funnyNew Player on the field so yield and get back to the wall

'Cause I'm playin' ya all like a game K-I-D is the name

Some complain' and they got a little fame

And it's a shame for what its worth I'm down with earth

Pourin' it on like Ms. Butter worth

Rich and thick Kinda quick not slow

The rhymes I fit into flow all in a row, from the intro to the end so, hoPut down the microphone and go

Step a side as I make room to bloom

Any opposing goo gets placed in a tomb

As soon as I grip the mic to get loose

Don't dispute 'cuz ya got no juice

Meanwhile I kick a rhyme from the pile

Huh, as I cramp ya style

Cramp ya styleGet down on your knees and pray when I break you

Down with a sound comin' down with a pound or a bang

If you can't hang with the slang that I exploit

Comin' straight from DetroitRough without a doubt or a question

Kid Rock here in the flesh

And addressin' and defining certain issues

To diss youSo wipe the tears from your eyes

You cant hide so don't be surprised

When I dismiss you from your throne and send you home

As a Kid Rock clone Cause I can hold my own like ya hold a milk bone

Simple as this with a grip that won't quit

So when I hit the skit

That's itSo don't come in face with the base

And remember your just an imitation

Don't get buck while in fact don't smile

'Cause I'll pull your file as I cramp ya style

Cramp ya styleI'll claim the boundaries of my domain

Detroit, detroit

Fresh, I'm from the Midwest

From Mo Town, from Mo TownI'm like steel or concrete yo 'cause I'm the hardest

Down with a label known to be the largest

Not bein' modest don't even think of tryin' to hang

'Cause yo Kid Rock rolls like a Stop OI roll thick, I roll heavy

D-Nice justs keeps the pace steady

So get ready to feel the pain

I'm Kid Rock drivin' girls insaneSo listen rappers and get to the program

Breakin' ya down is the Kid rock slogan
And any rapper who thinks about dissin'
You know what I'll say?
I got a great big dickSo anyone who can't adjust
Gets rust and then bites the dust
Be ready to walk a mile
'Cause I'll smack that Kool-Aid smile as I cramp ya style
Cramp ya style

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