

# Paid

## Al Lewis Band

And while you're out gang bangin'  
Tryin' to catch a murder case  
Your hoes on my couch  
Gettin' fucked in the face  
Bumpin' to the bass of  
Some old school rap jam, say what?  
This ain't tennis  
But yo I'll use my backhand  
On any grown man that tries to check rock  
I wanna head bang, I gotta hip hop  
'Cause I'm gonna stick with what got me paid  
Lickin' that coochie with the high top fade  
I'm self made like Henry Ford  
I'm on this mic but it feels like I been here before  
I want more than the next man  
Respect, plus the cash big checks  
And mack on hoes like Rudy Ray  
'Cause the reach around just sounds so gay  
I don't even swing that way  
I told you hoes before I'm the K  
I to the D R O C K'n, rhymes sayin', guitar playin'  
Turntable spinnin' at a basement jam  
No fame, no money  
But you wouldn't understand  
What it's like to be so real  
You got the beats and the rhymes  
But you ain't got no feel  
I don't need the fancy music to make mine  
Just the beat and the funky ass bass line  
Drop a couple cuts on the track  
A tracks to the mother fuckin' wax  
So while you're makin' record that don't recoup  
I'm in the house gettin' paid like Snoop  
Kid Rock an' I got all the hoes sayin'  
Fuck me baby, Kid Rock, come fuck me baby  
Fuck me baby, fuck me baby, all night long  
Fuck me baby, Kid Rock, come fuck me baby  
Fuck me baby, fuck me till the break of dawn  
All night long

I want my khakis washed, starched and creased  
I want an order of fries with a side of grease  
I wish for peace throughout this land  
I want the whole fuckin' world in my hands  
I want a band like the US Funk Mob  
See, I can rap I don't hafta lay sod

Just to make ends meet  
October thirty-first yellin' trick or treat  
Boy aren't you a little old to be trickin'?  
You see my mask and bag bitch, I ain't bullshittin'  
Hittin' homeruns like Rusty Staub  
I'm kinda anal 'cause I ain't no fuckin' slob  
I'm the cradle that's able to rock any format  
But still I'm labeled and treated like a doormat  
Where's the whores at?  
Westside hoes like cars  
So I ride 'em for a test drive  
I'm like a pringle, I wont go soft  
I got a new jingle, I'm about to go off  
Hey hoe, check it out  
I really like to turn you out  
And if you be good to me  
I'll yoodle in your valley  
Kid Rock ain't nothin' nice

Got the salt pork boomin' with the beans and rice  
Got a head full of lice 'cause I'm such a scum  
Got a pocket full of money but I'm dressed like a bum  
Got a business mind  
So if I lose the funk  
I'll still be in the house  
Gettin' paid like trump  
Kid Rock and I got all the hoes sayin'  
Fuck me baby, Kid Rock, come fuck me baby  
Fuck me baby, fuck me baby, all night long  
Fuck me baby, Kid Rock, come fuck me baby  
Fuck me baby, fuck me till the break of dawn  
Come on, come on  
Come on, come on, baby, all night long  
Fuck me baby, let it ride, let it ride  
Fuck me baby  
Come on, come on, come on  
Somebody  
Fuck me baby  
Love me baby

Come on baby, all night long  
Baby, come on, fuck me baby  
Come on and do me daddy, all night long  
Come on and do me daddy  
Come on and do me daddy  
Come on and do me daddy, all night long

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