

# Lay It On Me

## Kid Rock

Lay it on me King Cowboy baby, you know my credits  
Don't ask if it's true, "Fuck it", I said it  
Regret it? Never, pimpin'? Forever  
Pull more hoes than the free cash levers So you better never, question the clever, clever  
I sever whatever, forget her and turn 'em redder than ever  
You better wet her and leave her makin' her miss me  
'Cause that's how we do it up in Detroit city 7 super charged big block HEMI  
Ya eldavarge, I'm livin' more like Lemmy  
B-B-Benny and the jet's is hot  
But you ain't never met a motherfucker like Kid Rock And twisted brown truckers like a loaded gun  
We're the band that other bands run from Doin' the backstage boogie is where you'll find me  
If you want some of that flash a pass, come back  
And lay it on me Lay it on me, baby you got  
Lay it on me  
Uhh, just lay it on me  
Lay it on me Now, people always say I ain't livin' right  
But it ain't my fault you misplaced your light  
Replaced your wife with some 2 bit missy  
Now she's gettin' fucked up in Detroit city Kickin' with the hippies, bikers, thugs  
Hit me with a micky, fast women and drugs  
1 love, for 2 minutes a 3rd minute I'm gone  
Wake me up to eat around the crack of dawn I'm makin' pancakes baby, if ya crack the eggs  
You'll feel the Iris Tornado when you spread your legs  
No need to bag and don't trail behind me  
Just step up front a little lady and lay it on me Lay it on me  
Lay it on me  
Just lay it on me  
Lay it on me Here we go, let's, let's jam We're comin', we're comin', we're comin'  
Live from Detroit it's Saturday night  
Got the funky fresh rhyme, no beat to bite And to y'll hee haws who thought I'd never rank  
I'm goin' hahaha all the way to the bank, bitch  
I got rich off a keepin' it real  
While you Radioheads are reinventin' the wheel Got critics all trippin' off I don't know what  
While I'm sippin' King Louie not givin' a fuck  
Trash me in the news, give me wack reviews  
But you'll never find another who can fill my shoes Who can roll the blues, who can rock the rap  
Who can rock, who can roll, who can flow like that Uhh, black rim and a pocket full of phone numbers  
From Pam Anderson to Suzanne Summers  
Understand, I want peace like Gandhi

But until that day I'ma walk this way so Lay it on me, I'm talkin' all night long  
Lay it on me like a bang a gong  
Lay it on me with AC/DC on  
From hell's bells to the next 9 songs Lay it on me, I can love you like that  
Lay it on me, I'd rather fuck to Foghat  
Lay it on me, yeah I can make you shake  
Slow ride it baby through the piano break, come on So step up front little lady  
Lay it on me, come on lay it on  
Lay it on me, got to lay it on  
Lay it on me, yeah, yeah Oh, lay it on me  
You gotta 1, 2, 3 give it up Lay it on me  
Lay it on me  
Lay it on me  
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