Rollin' On The Island

Kid Rock

Bellisle b-b-bellisle
Bell-bellisle bell-bell-bellisle
Hey kid rock, tell 'em how your livin
Man I spend my birthdays at denny's eatin southern slams
I'm not a butt nut you know that I never bang
But I lick more coochie than k.d. lang
But I'm not gonna kick an x-rated rap
And even if I did you know that you couldnt fade it black
Cause my rap's liek gold, or precious gems
While your rap's like an 8th full of beeners and stems
Kid rock I love to sing
Call me the king of pain, but my name ain't sting
Or roger clinton, I'm not riding off my brothers fame
Cause all you sap suckers don't even know my brothers name
Bill ritchie he lives in chicago
He rides through town in an eldorado
Maldo black, real white so I'm lookin
And I gotta give it up to my homies in brooklyn
Romeo mt. clemens to metro beat
From huston, to l.a., back to stoney creek
Like I said, roll it up take a hit and then pass it
That's how we do it when we roll down grass shit
It's guarenteed everytime we get hoe's
I play on my guitar, puff loud through my big nose
You'll never see me in thyland
But you can catch kid rock on a hot day rollin on the island
Bellisle b-b-bellisle
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(here in detriot)
Now wes chill you know we go way back
Kid rock I remember guzzlin 40's in your ford track
Yeah wes your still my man so
Get on the mic and do the best ya can
Oh yes, yes y'all, yes y'all, and ya don't stop
Oh yes, yes y'all, yes y'all, and ya don't quit
Oh yes, yes y'all, yes y'all, and ya don't stop
Come on wes, give 'em what ya got
Give me the mic and i'ma wreck ya from the start to end

But gimme brew and gimme that and i'ma do you in
You talkin trash, I smoke that ass so fast you wouldnt know
What hit you bro, so here I got you thought I couldnt flow
To a track layed back by kid rock g
Now even white bitches in the subberbs they jock me
With a smile pow wow they want this getto thing
So pow wow freaky chow, and ima let it hang
Born and raised in the e.d. so i'ma let cha know
Is that wrong I stand strong and i'ma getto bro
Crew yo, I thought you knew when I'd be rollin deep
No fuckin nytol needed to put your ass to sleep
I fly heads where there's dreads with the curly do
I screw hoe's from shamiqua down to curly sue
You think I'm jokin, I'm pokin your girl, she lovin me
Sugar walls to my balls that how I'm shovin it
Wham bam thank you mam a dirty nigger wrote
And if your man wanna trip I'll let the trigger go
Pop, pop, pop, pop, now watch that nigger drop
There goes my girl, yell the phone somebody call the cops
When they come I'm gonna run outta my fuckin steals
And watch them hoe's in the flow like they was johnny gill
Want a real deal with 2 gettin wild bucks wallet
That's how we do it when were rollin on the island
Bellisle b-b-bellisle

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(here in detriot)
Now prince vince I remember hangin in your hood
With the 40's, hoe's, do I make myself understood?
Yeah, I put you on them black hoes
They used to like your white ass, your blue eyes and your pionty nose
Yeah we poked hoe's in heards (word)
Then I took your black ass out to the subberbes
People don't know about you and me (or unity)
Aint it funny how were still down in 93
Dont let me catch them slimmys when you roll 'em through
Cause if you do then ima hafta choose the weapon that I gotta use
And light my infared dead on that forehead
Woof, woof, woff mother fucker now your left in red
Your runnin around with a string of chicks
Now nigger you don't wanna see me or the k to the I to the mother fuckin d
Straight g's from the streets
Im droppin your lyrics on your best kid rock beat
Now ima kick ya like this and like that

I'm kickin a funky track with kid rock because we go way back
Back in the day's to the late 80's
When I dropped the gang stuff, drunk, and dirty young niggers
Crazy, but now were kickin it in the 90's
And cruew st. is where the niggers were frontin
Just coolin with my buds, slangin shit late at night
But the jealous niggers trying to tell us
Slangin ain't the way to get paid
But fuck the bullshit all I'm thinkin about is ponytail
I gotta get made, I got a pocket full of lint
Too much late former rate, and I gotta rest it
Shit the hookers, the hoe's the takers, the pros
A nickle plated nina ready to explode
On any nigger tryin to jack, rat-a-tat-tat
Put his ass on his back for the comosat
Now can I keep my style and get wild?
Me, kid rock and wes chill, just coolin on the island
It's like this and like that
I told you mother fuckers better pack your back
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(here in detriot)
I got my harley on the highway revvin
If a whip-it was a nipple I'd be lost in heaven
I'm rollin straight 7 so what up?
Like bush wisk said you play pussy get fucked, your outta luck
Cause I'm the best mother fucker from this time
For breakfast I snort cocaine and eat pork rines
Shockin signs is what I'm sowin
I'm the hoe and I'm knowin the mind blowin home growin
In my back yard, lyin in the sun you know I fry quick
Gettin lit when I be smokin that tye stick
Cause that's what the kids all about
I like rollin up on hoes and screamin balls in your mouth
From south alabama, north montana, I'm smokin and
Chackin cause you know I am a
Little long haired high on, and you can find kid rock
In the gutter on the mother fuckin island
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