

# WCSR (feat. Snoop Dogg)

## Kid Rock

Kid Rock, I got the sex rhymes  
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All world class Kid Rock, mother fucker, yo, I ain't no fag  
I fuck bitches dry, I fuck 'em on the rag  
Tag their toes, check 'em off my list  
Hoes get fucked, they don't get kissed A simplistic pimp getting much respect  
I'll fuck your mouth and leave your ass in debt  
Jet set the country on your world perks  
Just to show you how a real pimp works Remove your shirt, show me them titties  
I'll drive my dick right through your twin cites  
Around your bends over your curves and ass  
Park it in your mouth till I run out of gas Snoop Dog, I got the sex rhymes  
Snoop Dog, I got the sex rhymes  
Snoop Dog, I got the sex rhymes  
All world class It ain't nothing like black pussy on my dick  
Word to your mama and your sister, bitch  
I play hoes like a mother fucking football game  
I pull my dick out and you'll say it's good y'all came Y'all did y'all thing, worked a nigga front to back  
In the Bill Clinton Presidential Cadillac  
We smoked a sack, the bitches couldn't handle that  
Blew out my brains and left no stain I can't complain, shit it's all done with game  
I've fucked so many hoes, I can't remember their name  
But it ain't about that bitch, I really doubt that  
Just turn the lights out and put my dick where yo mouth at Kid Rock, I got the sex rhymes  
Kid Rock, you got the sex rhymes  
Snoop, I got the presidential sex rhymes  
My nigga I'm on a private jet out of JFK  
Sippin' the Beck's and feeling A Okay  
Looked across the aisle and who did I see  
Bill motherfuckin' Clinton sittin' next to me We kicked it talked had a couple of laughs  
The stewardess walked up and asked us for our autographs  
I thought I was mackin' gave her two free shirts  
Bill stuck five fingers up in her skirt So, I stuck five and that made ten  
Shit two roosters and only one hen  
Billy winked at me, it was all too sweet  
We tag teamed that freak at 30,000 feet Yeah, 30,000 mother fuckin' feet flying high  
Kid Rock Beeped Out?  
And we thought we do's it the most on the coast

Shit we got the sex rhymes Hold it, hold it, hold it, hold it  
Let me see if you got some gangster shit homey  
'Cause if you do, I'm gunna kick something for you  
A little something like this Oh shit,, some gangster shit  
All I need is a gangster bitch  
If gangster shit is all I kick  
I fucked with a black brown or a white chick Bitch, you can act like you ain't with the shit  
I'm here to strip a bitch and cold pimp a bit  
Lookin' for love in all the wrong places  
Lookin' for love, fuck love, it's too racist Smoking it up in too many places  
Busting a nut in too many bitches faces Well, I'm Kid Rock, got pussy galore  
You might get a lot of pussy, I gets much more  
Got scores of whores and macks knows what's up  
You's a player, nope, I'm a flat out slut Got what you came for, yes indeed  
Ecstasy and a sea of weed  
Got a seed to plant in your field of crap  
I'll wear a cowboy hat and be your farmer Jack You can hold my sack while I pack your bag  
You can rub my back while I tack a keg  
One leg on the dash and one on the floor  
I'll pop a cork in your ass and make you scream for more  
Pissed off, pissed off Money, hoes, tits and asses  
We got the goods and the bullshit passes  
We got whatever you need  
I got ecstasy, I got pounds of weed Money, hoes, tits and asses  
We got the goods and the bullshit passes  
We got whatever you need  
I got ecstasy, I got pounds of weed Let's do it  
Should we do it?  
Can we do it?

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