

# Early Mornin' Stoned Pimp

Kid Rock

This is the true story about Mackin  
Check it, times are changin'  
Talk about it, more so each year  
But the early mornin', stoned pimp is here, yeah  
So let it rain, and let the guitar rock  
And if ya hear me yawn, just drop that top  
Come on, girl, hey, hey, hey  
Well, well, well, well, hey, hey, hey  
Well well well well, well, come on, girl, yeah  
And I be catchin' them northern pike, like on a ten pound test  
Possess, never fess, take a guess, I be the early mornin'  
Stoned pimp, straight limp'in', Boone's farm drinkin'  
At the party big booty pinchin', chillin', like a villain, balloon fillin'  
Whack MC killin', the fine hoe drillin' with the million dollar talent  
And the ten cent brain, been gone too long, too much cocaine  
But now that I'm back, on the block, I'm ready to rock  
Left to right, all night, my game's tight, I wish you might  
Take a bite, out of this here toxic, melodic, neurotic product  
Fresh from the harvest, who'll be the largest, hardest, smartest  
Label in town, top dog get down, uhh, radio won't play me  
But still I got the kids around the world goin' Kid Rock crazyin'  
Wicked witches be flyin' on broomsticks, Kid Rock be comin'  
With the boom, boom, boom biatch, I from the sticks biatch  
Straight from the RO, Kid Rock I ain't s no bitch  
Ahh, yes you are hoe, so quit frontin' like y'all don't know  
When I step straight into the party with my homeboy Tino  
What's up? so get a good look bro, get a good gander  
I'm made in Detroit, but my name ain't Stanzler  
Spreadin' like a cancer, a virus, while you're lookin' really gay  
Like fuckin' Billy Ray Cyrus, I'm the highest MC of all time  
Got my mind on the D and the D on my mind  
And the line gets drawn when my eyes can't see  
Hit me twice with the tussin' and the morphine IV  
I be, what they call an OG bitch  
I'm the motherfuckin' early mornin' stoned pimp  
Say what?  
One time for you  
Now throw your hands in the air and let's rock y'all  
Just throw your hands up high, hip hop y'all

Just throw your hands in the air and let's rock y'all  
Because a Detroit party don't stop y'all  
Just throw your hands up high, let's rock y'all  
Just throw your hands side to side, hip hop y'all  
Just throw your hands up high, let's rock y'all  
Because a Kid Rock party don't stop y'all  
Now I'm the self made mack on a mountain on Mars  
Got the money green, cut it with the high roll gloss  
A Lincoln Continental and a grand Marquis  
Rag top, drop down, rollin' on chrome D's biatch

The purple furs and the gold trim glasses  
I only bust the fat asses, and I don't be givin' a fuck  
Who da hell can rap better than me, 'cause I'm a true  
Fuckin' player and I mack like a real G H I J K L M N O P  
Is for pimpin', early mornin' stoned pimpin'  
I been down, been around  
From the bottom to the top  
Partyin' down with the slimmies in the cities that I rock  
So ahh, ooh baby, baby, baby let me love ya  
Or if you wanna get your freak on, I'll just fuck ya  
With the ooh, ahh, ooh, ooh, ooh ahh, biatch, shit  
I'm the early mornin' stoned pimp  
Hey, hey, hey come on yo  
Now throw your hands in the air and let's rock y'all  
Just throw your hands up high, hip hop y'all  
Just throw your hands in the air and let's rock y'all  
Because a Detroit party don't stop y'all  
Just throw your hands up high, let's rock y'all  
Just throw your hands side to side, hip hop y'all  
Just throw your hands in the air, let's rock y'all  
Because a Kid Rock party don't stop y'all  
I'm Joe C bitch, let me get them damn tits  
I might be a little small hoe but I ain't no goddamn midget  
So stick it up your ass where the sun don't shine  
I'm vertically challenged, you're vertically blind  
I'm three foot nine, it's ten foot long  
I'm gonna smack that ass after I pack this bong  
I can flow on like all night long  
Till the break of dawn, till the early morn  
I'm a thorn in your side, can you feel me stickin'  
Eighty pills a day bitch, I ain't bullshittin'  
So groove baby, groove baby call your momma  
I'm like Charlie hooker girl  
I got the boogie drama

With the boogie drama, what?  
With the boogie drama, yeah  
With the boogie drama, ohh, yeah  
Ridin' around the neighborhood  
Me and Kid Rock were up to no good  
With the boogie drama, yeah  
With your leather miniskirt and we got some wine  
Playin' the radio, ya look so fine  
With the boogie drama, yeah  
Well, well, well ohh, baby  
Let's get funky, that's my job  
Punchin nine to five, seven times, times twenty four, times twelve  
Day in and day out  
Well, with the boogie drama  
With the boogie drama

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