

Where U at Rock

Kid Rock

Huh I grew a herding cattle
I got more rhymes than heroin in Seattle
You wanna battle with the rock quite frontin'
I'll spit on your ass and then tell you that you ain't nothin'
Grab your honey and your beer and I'll break south
Take your money then I'll tell ya get the hell out
I'll put your head out this is my night
Are you gonna step with rock when I got the mic
I shot the sheriff and the deputy too
Paid off the feds now its all about my crew
What you hoes wanna do
One at a time or all at once I'll still roll through your whole crew
Like a south bound trucker
Hoss and mother fuckers take shorts mother fuckers take a loss
And when you step with your anger
I'm like the robot from lost in space (danger danger)
I give a warning but if you don't take it
I'll put my arm around your neck like we're cool then I'll break it
It's all real cop a feel from my steel
Here's the deal when I say clap your hands like a seal
Or better yet give respect where it's earned
You eat me up I'm like a hot pepper and you might get burned
You took a turn for the worst
Walked up in my face rode away in a hurse
Now how you gonna front on that
Kid Rock's in the house that's where I'm at Where you at rock where you at
Over here in the rear with your girl the fourties of beer
Where you at rock where you at
Over there with the bad attitude 'cause I just don't care
Where you at Rock where you at
Where you at Rock where you at One, two and it don't stop
Three, four and it don't quit
One, two and it don't stop From the depths of hell to god's right hand side
I'm what's left of the get paid, self made pride
I'll step in stride I'm raw as cow hide
My first lp is still sellin' that ain't no jive
Am I the chosen one
Some people ain't gettin' where I'm comin' from
Or where I'm goin' to stand back

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 Rock the house yo And I'll be the long haired wizard with the lazy eye
 Ask the ladies and they'll tell ya that I'm crazy fly
 I'm steppin' to the mic like a soldier bro
 I hate to sound like a dick but I told ya so hoe
 Old crow and a soul full of desperation
 I'm rockin' up on the mic with no consideration
 For you're church or you're family
 I am rand couldn't stand me so she banned me
 I'm like a dandy lion jack
 You can cut me down and then I'll pop right back
 And attack from the back like a great white
 I'm not down with the scrappin' but I'm down for the gun fight
 Behind my back talkin' shit
 But when I front your ass you wanna act like a little bitch
 Keep on and you get your ass macked
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Songwriters

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