

# Black Chick White Guy

Kid Rock

Black chick white guy, does it mean shit, maybe?  
I don't know but yo, it never fazed me  
But either way here's one tale  
Of two like that and what prevailed  
It started way back in the eighth grade  
In the small old town where the two both stayed  
He came from a family of middle class  
Where everything he did he always had to ask  
She came from a place that was so alone  
You know the same old tale of a broken home  
Her momma was an alkie and more like a friend  
Had three different kids from three different men  
And that's just the way shit was  
Couldn't change it, couldn't rearrange it, so there it was  
Anyway the two kept on  
With the phone calls notes and so on and so on  
And after the bullshit and whattn'  
That day came the two started fuckin'  
All the time, you know kids' habits  
Every single day fuckin' like rabbits  
Sneakin' out the car when he was fifteen  
Climbin' in the window and fuckin' all night, see  
Fuckin' during lunch in the junior high bathrooms  
Drinking champagne and trippin' on mushrooms  
His dick was metal her pussy was a magnet  
Ninth grade came, I'm pregnant  
Shit got frantic and man, oh, Lord  
It was a tuff decision, but they decided to abort it  
It might have been right it might have been wrong  
But one thing's for sure it really fucked his head up  
Where is it, who is it, how is it, was it right?  
These are the things he thought in bed at night  
A lot of people might laugh at this  
But fuck, 'em they don't know the half of it  
Ain't no sunshine when you're low, I'm low  
People tell me life's a game I'm not playin'  
Bitches don't mean shit to me anymore  
I have taken my blows, I'm still standin'  
Now as time went on the the two kept on  
They kept seeing each other off and on  
See she moved to the city and you know what happened

Black chick with a real white accent  
Pretty girl in the ghetto, go figure  
Yeah, she got macked by some dope-dealin' nigga  
Still seein' that other kid on the side  
She kept most of her thoughts inside  
See all the first guy did was just love her  
While that punk mother fucker used to beat her and punch her  
She was livin' all wild  
I think all she ever wanted was the love of her own child  
She asked the first guy to have his baby  
He looked at her like she must be crazy  
He was makin' records and goin' on tour  
Twenty thousand people hip hoppin on the floor  
And all that while she sat at home and got macked  
If she stepped out of line, she got slapped  
And then one day she prayed to the Lord to take that guy away  
And he did he got caught with a loaded gun  
And went to jail but first she had his son  
Oooh, and now what to do?  
She had no man, no money and no clue  
Now the other guy came back from tourin'  
And she called him up early one mornin'  
They hooked up her mind was blown  
As he began to raise her son as his own  
And that's a lot of shit to deal with, man  
And if you ain't been there you wouldn't understand  
And people still laugh at this shit  
Fuck 'em, they don't know the half of it  
Ain't no sunshine when you're low, I'm low  
People tell me life's a game I'm not playin'  
Bitches don't mean shit to me anymore  
I have taken my blows, I'm still standin'  
Now for the next year there was some good times  
A few bad times mostly good times  
See, he was a ramblin' man to the bone  
He liked women and wine and he loved to roam  
Not like she was any kind of saint  
See in this story there's a lot of red paint  
But time kept slippin' and made her crazy  
And she talked about havin' another baby  
The guy was like, "oh Lord"  
We got one now that we can't afford  
But she convinced she could handle even two  
Said "I want your child or I'm leavin you"  
I can't figure out why then he didn't run  
I guess he was attached to her and her son  
All confused about what to do

That girl met another guy and was fuckin' him too, slut  
Could barely pay her rent  
And then the same old shit, I'm pregrant  
And if that ain't some shit 'cause  
The girl didn't even know who the father was  
And still by her side the first guy stayed  
Head gettin' more fucked by the day  
He stuck it out for nine months I don't know why  
And then a little girl on the Fourth of July  
Was born in the front seat of his car  
It was amazing, kinda like a shooting star  
He was happy, told his family and friends  
Only to realize later his little girl wasn't his  
And that crushed him quick  
Suicidal thoughts were in his head real thick  
But before he found all that out  
From the same chick, another kid popped out  
And that shit's real ill  
Girl told him that she was takin' the fuckin' pill  
She must have known all along  
The little girl wasn't his and she was tryin' to latch on  
Three different kids from three different men  
History repeats itself again  
And after some more shit got stirred  
He kicked that bitch to the curb  
And now from her he's got a little boy that makes him laugh a bit, huh  
Huh, and he loves him  
But still you don't know the fuckin' half of it  
Ain't no sunshine when you're low, I'm low  
People tell me life's a game I'm not playin'  
Bitches don't mean shit to me anymore  
I have taken my blows, I'm still standin'  
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