

Kid Loco

"Trucker Anthem"

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Oh-e-o ohhhh oh
Oh-e-o ohhhh oh
Oh-e-o ohhhh oh
Oh-e-o ohhhh oh

Who's in the house?
Truckerrrrr
Who's in the house?
Truckerrrrr
Who's in the house?
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Who's in the house?
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Who's in the house?
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Who's in the house?

Oh-e-o ohhhh oh
Oh-e-o ohhhh oh
Oh-e-o ohhhh oh
Oh-e-o ohhhh oh

Singin, hey now people here we come
Here we come motherfuckers
Here we, kinny come come
You know what we do and where we're from
Detroit baby
You got 15 seconds to get this seat now
We're gonna start this show and blow your mind now
Yeahhhhhhhhhhhhhh

(who's your uncle?)

Uncle krackerrrrr
I'm double wide on the side, in the back of the bus
I'm your uncle kracker sittin' platnum plus
Double platnum (what?) tripple platnum (fuck)
You'd be a calm motherfucker if you add that up.
Can you back that up?
Yeah, but what for?
I got a big brick house with 2 gold doors.

Was born in that, you need to shut my mouth
I'm the same motherfucker you been hearin' about
Kracker went pop?
Naw, I did the pop bash
Floatin' through the air waves, pickin' up cash
I dropped bottom d, people thought I went soft, shit
I'm still very difficult to fuck with

Straight outta the sticks of romeo michigan
The early morning stoned motherfucking pimp of the
God damn nationnnnnnn
Ye haw motherfuckers lets rock
With the kid, that's all, ya dig, ya don't stop
Got rifs to rock, brought boones to slam
Now who's the man? kid rock God damn
Back on the scene like a fiend for beats
Aint slept in weeks
Got too many freaks
Seen too many geeks
Try to rock the rap, so I'm back with heat
To unseat the wack
I'ma unpack, and set up shop
I'ma step back and watch you rock
I'ma rock track, so stop the pop
Then i'ma master blastin through the aftershock
I got, dug ditches to burry you bitches
Who roll the flow and wanna stop the show
So i'ma roll and flow another encore seven
From north of detroit, way south of heaven
Heaven, heaven, heaven
Yeahhhh
Turn it up, turn it up turn it up
Ughh come onnnnn
Kid rock motherfucker with the tbt
Rollin' through your city like the general lee
You wanna fuck with me? don't test the odds
Cause your arms are too short to box with god
But if ya, send me your address, I'll swing by
Call up your friends, I'll get your whole fuckin' crew
high
Say bye, bye, bye to the wack
And let it be known kid rock is back
Yeahhh rollin' with the tbt
Were gonna rock the house for my man joe c.
Yeahh, we wanna start this show, come on
Come on, yeahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh

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