

## Kid Rock "American Bad Ass"

Visit "[American Bad Ass](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Yeah

And I set up and tore down this stage with my own two hands

We've travel this land packed tight in mini vans

And all this for the fans, girls, money, and fame

I played their game

And as they scream my name

I will show no shame

I live and die for this

And if I come off soft

Then chew on this

Are you scared?

Devil Without A Cause

And I'm back with the beaver hats

And Ben Davis slacks

Thirty pack of Strohs

Thirty pack of hoes

No rogain and the propane flows

The chosen one

I'm the living proof

With the gift of gab

From the city of truth

I jabbed and stabbed

And knocked critics back

And I did not stutter when I said that

I'm going platinum

Sellin rhymes

I went platinum

Seven times

And still they ill

They wanna see us fry

I guess because Only God Knows Why

Why why why why

Ohhhhhhhhhhhh

They call me cowboy, I'm the singer in black

So throw a finger in the air and let me see where you're at

Say hey hey

Let me hear where your at and say hey hey

I'm givin it back, so say hey hey  
Show me some metal and say  
Hey hey hey hey  
Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh Gat!!!!  
Fuck all y'all

I like AC/DC and ZZ Top  
Bocephus, Beasties and the kings of rock  
Skynyrd, Segar, Limp, Korn, the Stones  
David Allen Coe and no show Jones  
Yeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeehhhh  
Pass that bottle around  
Got the rock from Detroit  
Soul from Motown  
The underground stoned fuckin pimp  
With tracks that mack and slap back the whack  
Never gay, no way, I don't play with ass  
But watch me rock with Liberace flash  
Punk rock, The clash  
Boy bands are trash  
I like Johnny Cash and Grand Master Flash  
Flash flash flash flash

ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh  
They call me cowboy, I'm the singer in black

So throw a finger in the air and let me see where you're  
at  
Say hey hey  
Let me hear where your at and say hey hey  
I'm givin it back, so say hey hey  
Show me some metal and say  
Hey hey hey hey  
Uh, uh, uh, Gat

Yeah, I saw your band  
Jumpin around on stage like a bunch of wounded ducks  
When you gonna learn sucker  
You just can't fuck with  
Twisted Brbrbr Brown Brown...TRUCKER  
TRuuuuuccckeeeeeerrrr

I'm an... American Bad Ass  
Watch me kick  
You can roll with rock  
Or you can Suck My Dick (unedited version) or Radio  
Edit (edited version)  
I'm a porno flick, I'm like amazing grace  
I'm gonna fuck some hoe's after I rock this place  
Super fly, livin double wide  
Side car my glide

So Joe C can ride  
Full sack to share  
Bringin flash and glare  
Got the long hair swingin middle finger in the air  
Snakeskin suits, Sixty-five Chevelle's  
See me ride in sin  
Hear the rebel yell  
I won't live to tell  
So if you do  
Give the next generation a big, Fuck You!  
Who knew I'd blow up like Oklahoma  
Said fuck highschool, pissed on my diploma  
Smell the aroma  
Check my hits  
I know it stinks in here  
Cause I'm the shit, shit, shit, shit, shit

Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhh  
They call me cowboy, I'm the singer in black  
So throw a finger in the air, let me see where you're at  
Say hey hey  
Let me hear where you're at and say hey hey  
I'm givin' it back so say, hey hey  
Show me some metal and say  
Hey hey hey hey  
Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh...huh huh  
I'm a cowboy  
Bad ass in black  
Singin  
Hey hey hey hey  
From side to side  
From front to back  
Say hey hey hey hey  
I put Detroit city back on the map  
And singin  
Hey hey hey hey  
Kid Rock's in the house  
And thats where I'm at

Hahahaha

Visit [Kid Rock](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.