

## Kid Rock "Black Chick, White Guy"

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Black chick, white guy  
Does it mean shit, maybe  
I don't know, but yo it never phased me  
But either way here's one tail  
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 tail 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 bullshitin and whatten  
That day came the two started fuckin  
All the time you know kids habit's  
Every single day fuckin like rabbits  
Sneakin out the car when he was 15  
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 tough  
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 nigger  
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  
20,000 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  
Ooohh 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



