

## Kid Rock "Cramp Ya Style"

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Everything I do gonna be funny

New Player on the field so yield and get back

To the wall

Cause I'm playin ya all

Like a game

K-I-D is the name

Some complain

And they got a little fame

And it's a shame

For what its worth

I'm down with earth

Pourin it on like Ms. Butterworth

Rich and thick

Kinda quick not slow

The rhymes I fit into flow

All in a row, from the intro

To the end so, ho

Put down the microphone and go

Step a side as I make room to bloom

Any opposing goo gets placed in a tomb

As soon as I grip the mic to get loose

Don't dispute cuz ya got no juice

Meanwhile I kick a rhyme from the pile

Huh, As I Cramp your style (style...style)

Cramp your style (Cramp your style...cramp your style)

Get down on your knees and pray when I break you

Down with a sound

Comin down with a pound

Or a bang

If you can't hang with the slang

That I exploit

Comin straight from Detroit

Rough without a doubt or a question

Kid Rock here in the flesh

And addressin and definin certain issues

To diss you (he diss me..aheo)

So wipe the tears from your eyes

You cant hide so don't be surprised

When I dismiss you from your throne

And send you home  
As a Kid Rock clone

Cause I can hold my own  
Like ya hold a milkbone  
Simple as this with a grip that won't quit  
So when I hit the skit  
That's it  
So don't come in face with the base  
And remember your just an imitation  
Don't get buckwhile  
In fact don't smile  
Cause I'll pull your file  
As I Cramp your style (style...style)

Cramp your style (cramp your style...cramp your style)  
I'll claim the boundries of my domain  
Detroit...Detroit  
Fresh, I'm from the Midwest  
From MoTown...From MoTown

I'm like steel or concrete yo cause I'm the hardest  
Down with a label known to be the largest  
Not bein modest don't even think of tryin to hang  
Cause yo Kid Rock rolls like a Stop O  
I roll thick  
I roll heavy  
D-Nice justs keeps the pace steady  
So get ready to feel the pain  
I'm Kid Rock drivin girls insane  
So listen rappers and get to the program  
Breakin ya down is the Kid rock slogan  
And any rapper who thinks about dissin  
You know what I'll say?  
I got a great big dick  
So anyone who can't adjust  
Gets rust  
And then bites the dust  
Be ready to walk a mile  
Cause I'll smack that Kool-Aid smile  
As I Cramp your style (style...style)  
Cramp your style (cramp your style...cramp your style)

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