

Kid Rock

"F* Off"**

Visit "[F*** Off](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

A shimmy shimmy cocoa cocoa pu- pu - fuckin puffs
bitch
It's the K-K-Kid Rock with the K-K-Kid Rock shit
I'm on top bitch and rock for tricks
Hella whips and nips and flip trips for whips
I get all the money pussy falls like rain
Been gettin laid and paid that's why I never complain
If I ain't in it for the money, I'm in it for the P
It's 1998 yo and you still can't fuck with me
You don't be fuckin with the blue eye
Fuckin with my 2-5 hope your fuckin ass like my shoe
size
I got a new vibe, kinda like voodoo
You do what we say and we'll do what we want to
We're fuckin up your city and we're fuckin up your
progam
Fuckin all your bitches we don't fuckin give a god damn
Twisted Brown gets down with no assistance
We won't quit until we're banned from existence
Persistance pays if that holds true
Then I'm a buy this fuckin planet before the time I'm
through
I was praised and raised on the thoughts of no fakin
So I'm gonna get what I got coming and the rest I'm
takin
I'm shakin like Jerry Lee Lewis and shit
You act like a motherfucker's new at this shit
But I've been true to this shit given my heart and soul
Been shinin like a diamond but gettin passed as coal

So Fuck Off
Yeah

With my pants half hangin off my ass and shit
Bowl filled with hash pockets stuffed with cash
I be the mushroom trippin sippin shots of Jack
Cause the kids don't listen gettin lots of flack
I be the do wa diddy up and down you block and
The ten karat Kid with my triggers cockin
The K the I the D R O C K motherfucker and you still
don't know me
So blow me bitch I don't rock for cancer

I rock for the cash and the topless dancers
Don't have no answers so pass the joint
I'm just paid in full and made in Detroit
I ride like Setta in the Indy five
And get live with that which get's me high
Strive for perfection this much is true
We do what we say you say what we do
Kid Rock I couldn't be no Bozo
And I get too much P to ever be no homo
Rock from So Ho to Arizona
I'm an easy rider dreamin of Wynonna
I roam the country like a Greyhound bus
Put faith in lust and in God I trust
I'm not Peter Pan I don't fuck with fairies
But I bust more rhymes than virgin cherries
And Harry Carey couldn't call my game
Fucked so many hoes I'm in the hall of fame
And I show no shame from coast to coast
I don't mean to brag, but I like to boast

Fuck Off

Yeah right in your mother fuckin ass bitch
With that Detroit city shit ain't shit switched We're on
the same script
Nothing new since 76 Kid Rock
Yo Slim Shady come break these mother fuckers off

Yo tell the world to hold their breath they're breathing
the wrong air
This planet belongs to me and this hippy with long hair
Two white boys who spike punch and light joints
Hang around drugs loud music and like noise
Slim Shady and Brown Trucker another bunch of
mother fuckers
Who hate the world as much as each other
And I ain't leaving this party tonight
Till I see some naked bitches dancin around drunk
touchin each other
Rum and Pepsi got your perception of me sketchy
Cause when I stage dive people are scared to catch me
Cause all I do is curse and fuck
So when I do shrooms you all better give me two rooms
Cause I'm fuckin the first one up
So when you see me on your block you better lock your
cars
Cause you know I'm losin it when I'm rappin to rock
guitars
This is for children who break rules
People that straight fool
And ever single teenager that hates school

Fuck Off

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

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.