

## **Kid Rock "Fist Of Rage"**

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Gotta make this money and I make this money  
This money is me this money is everything I do and see  
Who you to judge me  
Just let me be and let me breathe  
I see this whole world headin for damn nation and I'm  
ready to leave  
I can't believe, this whole world twisted me  
You fuckin biggots, you fakes, you wannabe's  
I see the future and it's lookin grim  
A lake of fire lookin like a long trip

I'm a fist of rage  
One foot in the grave  
I'm a fist of rage  
Far from saved  
I'm a fist of rage  
In a broken state  
I'm a razor blade slittin through a wrist of hate  
I'm a fist of rage  
I'm a fist of rage  
I'm a fist of rage  
Now crack another bottle and let me knock one back

Slim Jim's and a Tin Man grins, deadhead's with dreads  
And now the Feds growin shark fins  
My girl's knocked, up we're in love  
But she's young and yo I think I'm gonna get locked up  
I couldn't cut the mustard with a ginsue  
And I'm twisted brown from all of the bullshit that I've  
been through  
I'm lookin' for love, but it's got too many damn faces  
I can't win even with these four aces  
My place is here in the mix with the tricks  
And the sicko's I spend G's but only make nickles  
My soul tickles, but this ain't even fun and games  
My heart bleeds from the pleasure of the pain

My fuse is short and it's lit  
Like me I should have fought sketchy, it's gettin hard to  
see  
My heart bleeds, believe it every dying breath  
These people they take and they take until there's

nothing left

I'm a fist of rage  
I'm a fist of rage  
I'm a fist of rage  
I'm a fist of rage  
One foot in the grave  
I'm a fist of rage  
Far from saved  
I'm a fist of rage  
In a broken state  
I'm a razor blade slittin' through a wrist of hate  
Come on  
Uh...Yeah  
Come on...Uh

You're feeling old with me you're up a creek and you  
don't know it  
Finger on the trigger but your punk ass is scared to pull  
it  
And I know, cause the fear you hide your eyes show it  
Payback on your ass cause you're over due and I know I  
owe it  
And when you're going down bet I'll be blowing up  
With the sound of a shotgun cocked and realized  
you're fucked  
I hope you see my middle finger from the stage  
Feel me coming feel me coming feel me coming

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