

## Kid Rock "Rollin' On The Island"

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Bellisle B-B-Bellisle  
Bell-Bellisle Bell-Bell-Bellisle  
Hey Kid Rock, tell 'em how your livin  
Man i spend my birthdays at Denny's eatin southern  
slams  
I'm not a butt nut you know that i never bang  
But i lick more coochie than K.D. Lang  
But i'm not gonna kick an X-rated rap  
And even if i did you know that you couldnt fade it  
black  
Cause my rap's liek gold, or precious gems  
While your rap's like an 8th full of beeners and stems  
Kid Rock i love to sing  
Call me the king of pain, but my name aint Sting  
Or Roger Clinton, i'm not riding off my brothers fame  
Cause all you sap suckers dont even know my brothers  
name  
Bill Ritchie he lives in Chicago  
He rides through town in an Eldorado  
Maldo black, real white so i'm lookin  
And i gotta give it up to my homies in Brooklyn  
Romeo Mt. Clemens to Metro Beat  
From Huston, to L.A., back to Stoney Creek  
Like i said, roll it up take a hit and then pass it  
That's how we do it when we roll down grass shit  
It's guaranteed every time we get hoe's  
I play on my guitar, puff loud through my big nose  
You'll never see me in Thyland  
But you can catch Kid Rock on a hot day rollin on the  
island  
Bellisle B-B-Bellisle  
Bell-Bellisle Bell-Bell-Bellisle  
Bellisle B-B-Bellisle  
(here in Detroit)  
Now Wes Chill you know we go way back  
Kid Rock I remember guzzlin 40's in your ford track  
Yeah Wes your still my man so  
Get on the mic and do the best ya can  
Oh yes, yes y'all, yes y'all, and ya dont stop  
Oh yes, yes y'all, yes y'all, and ya dont quit  
Oh yes, yes y'all, yes y'all, and ya dont stop  
Come on Wes, give 'em what ya got

Give me the mic and i'm a wreck from the start to end  
But gimme brew and gimme that and i'm a do you in  
You talkin trash, i smoke that ass so fast you wouldnt  
know

What hit you bro, so here i got you thought i couldnt  
flow

To a track layed back by Kid Rock G

Now even white bitches in the suburbs they jock me  
With a smile pow wow they want this getto thing

So pow wow freaky chow, and im a let it hang

Born and raised in the E.D. so i'm a let cha know

Is that wrong i stand strong and i'm a getto bro

Crew yo, i thought you knew when i'd be rollin deep

No fuckin Nytol needed to put your ass to sleep

I fly heads where there's dreads with the curly do

I screw hoe's from Shamiqua down to curly Sue

You think i'm jokin, i'm pokin your girl, she lovin me

Sugar walls to my balls that how i'm shovin it

Wham bam thank you mam a dirty nigger wrote

And if your man wanna trip i'll let the trigger go

Pop, pop, pop, pop, now watch that nigger drop

There goes my girl, yell the phone somebody call the  
cops

When they come i'm gonna run outta my fuckin steals

And watch them hoe's in the flow like they was Johnny  
Gill

Want a real deal with 2 gettin wild bucks wallet

That's how we do it when were rollin on the island

Bellisle B-B-Bellisle

Bell-Bellisle Bell-Bell-Bellisle

Bellisle B-B-Bellisle

(here in Detriot)

Now Prince Vince i remember hangin in your hood

With the 40's, hoe's, do i make myself understood?

Yeah, i put you on them black hoes

They used to like your white ass, your blue eyes and  
your pionty nose

Yeah we poked hoe's in heards (word)

Then i took your black ass out to the subberbes

People dont know about you and me (or unity)

Aint it funny how were still down in 93

Dont let me catch them slimmys when you roll 'em  
through

Cause if you do then ima hafta choose the weapon that  
i gotta use

And light my infared dead on that forehead

Woof, woof, woff mother fucker now your left in red

Your runnin around with a string of chicks

Now nigger you dont wanna see me or the K to the I to  
the mother fuckin D

Straight G's from the streets  
Im droppin your lyrics on your best Kid Rock beat  
Now ima kick ya like this and like that  
I'm kickin a funky track with Kid Rock because we go  
way back  
Back in the day's to the late 80's  
When i dropped the gang stuff, drunk, and dirty young  
niggers  
Crazy, but now were kickin it in the 90's  
And Cruew St. is where the niggers were frontin  
Just coolin with my buds, slangin shit late at night  
But the jealous niggers trying to tell us  
Slangin aint the way to get paid  
But fuck the bullshit all i'm thinkin about is ponytail  
I gotta get made, i got a pocket full of lint  
Too much late former rate, and i gotta rest it  
Shit the hookers, the hoe's the takers, the pros  
A nickle plated nina ready to explode  
On any nigger tryin to jack, rat-a-tat-tat  
Put his ass on his back for the comosat  
Now can i keep my style and get wild?  
Me, Kid Rock and Wes Chill, just coolin on the island  
It's like this and like that  
I told you mother fuckers better pack your back  
Bellisle B-B-Bellisle  
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Bellisle B-B-Bellisle  
(here in Detriot)  
I got my Harley on the highway revvin  
If a whip-it was a nipple i'd be lost in heaven  
I'm rollin straight 7 so what up?  
Like Bush Wisk said you play pussy get fucked, your  
outta luck  
Cause i'm the best mother fucker from this time  
For breakfast i snort cocaine and eat pork rines  
Shockin signs is what i'm sowin  
I'm the hoe and i'm knowin the mind blowin home  
growin  
In my back yard, lyin in the sun you know i fry quick  
Gettin lit when i be smokin that tye stick  
Cause that's what the Kids all about  
I like rollin up on hoes and screamin balls in your mouth  
From South Alabama, North Montana, i'm smokin and  
chackin cause you know i am a  
Little long haired high on, and you can find Kid Rock  
in the gutter on the mother fuckin island  
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(here in Detroit)

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